AEON TRESPASS
• ODYSSEY •

ABYSSWATCHERS
• CYCLE II •

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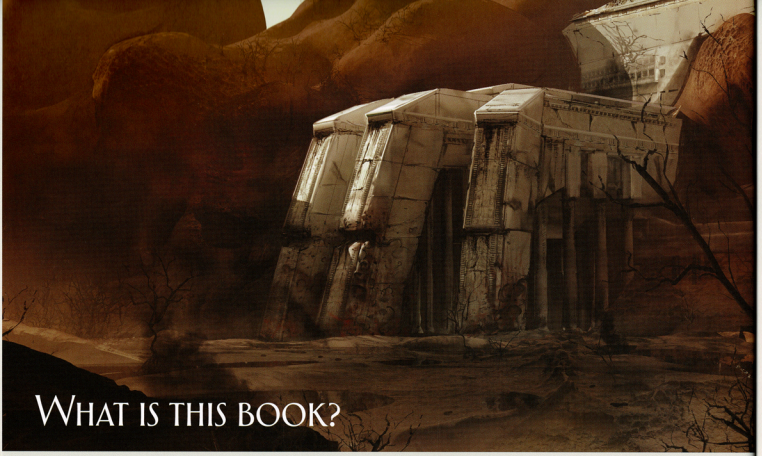
Adventure Hubs

Story I	Story II	Story III	Story IV	Adventure Hub	Battle Terrain
1–3	1			Consider the Ant	Graveyard of the Frail (Inner 3)
4–5	2–3			The Other Thermopylae	Krypteia Outpost (Outer 3)
6–7	4–5			From the Ashes	Cyclops Trap (Outer 3)
8–9	6–7	1		Intended Purpose	Cyclops Trap (Outer 3)
10	8–9	2–3	1	Misery Industry	Ambrosia Elephant (Outer 3)
	10	4–5	2–4	Parable of the Butterfly	Ambrosia Elephant (Outer 3)
		6–8	5–7	Truth to Weakness	Graveyard of the Frail (Inner 3)
		9–10	8–10	When the Land Meets the Sea	Krypteia Outpost (Outer 3)



What is this book?

The document you're holding is the Storybook for the second *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey* campaign (Cycle), "Abysswatchers." A Storybook contains all the Cycle-specific rules, main story passages and adventures encountered through adventure hubs, the Inward Odyssey, Dreams of Pharos, Mnemos Breakthroughs and special events. It also includes all the setups for Battles with this Cycle's Primordials.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK?

All the general rules for using Storybook and going on adventures can be found in the Rulebook. However, the first and most important rule of the Storybook is: never read the Storybook unless you are clearly instructed to! This will ensure you don't spoil the story for yourself or other players. Read only the paragraphs you've been directed to and try not to look at those around them.

If you're coming here on the heels of your victory in Cycle I, congratulations! Read "State of the Argo" below. If you're starting a fresh campaign, see "Fresh Campaign Start" below. If it's not your first Cycle II campaign, see the *Cruel Aeons* Special Event.

State of the Argo (Continuing Your Voyage)

You retain everything you accumulated during Cycle I. Note that some content is marked as Cycle I only. Prepare the campaign according to the Campaign Setup found in the Rulebook (p. 11), starting a Cycle II Argo Sheet. Resources not shown on the Cycle II Argo Sheet are retained, but will mostly be inconsequential. Other resources (like Sisyphus Tears) are transferred. **Remember:** You will be using the last page (the Choice Matrix) of Cycle I Sheet. The Choice Matrix persists across all cycles!

You start with 0 , 5 , 5 ✕, 10 Titans (this includes all the special Argo-bred Titans you had at the end of Cycle I). Note the new limits of the Cycle II Sheet. are not used during this Cycle. You start with 20 .
If you had less than that, you still start with 20 , but you do not read the Inward Odyssey stories you missed **except** *Inward Odyssey 20: Echoes of Long-lost Battles*. If you gained the ability to challenge your Adversary, you retain it.

Every Diplomacy track starts at '0', unless some effect in a previous Cycle gave you a bonus or penalty to Cycle II Factions.

Exchange the large Core Technologies: *Last Tome*, *Primordial Dawn*, *Argo Works and Antikratos Project* for their Cycle II counterparts, *Forgotten Knowledge*, *Argo's Mission*, *Argo Works II* and *Titanomorphosis* (Secret deck 6, cards 66, 67, 69 and 70). Gain the *Temenos Project* Core Technology card (Secret deck 6, card 68).

Remove all Trauma cards with the Cycle I only tag from the game and add all Trauma cards with the Cycle II only tag to the corresponding decks.

Find the *Violent Awakening* Kratos card (Secret deck 7, card 142) and permanently add it to the Kratos deck.

You start with returning Argonauts from Cycle I. If there are fewer than 4 returning Argonauts, create new ones according to the standard rules (but do not gain). Perform a Divine Surge.

Then, immediately **proceed to Main Story 0001.**

Fresh Campaign Start

If you don't want to continue your Cycle I campaign and would rather start Cycle II fresh, this paragraph will provide everything you need! Just apply the following bonuses and penalties and you're ready to begin the campaign.

Gain all the following:

Shell cards (1 each): *Siren Panoply Armor, Siren Shield, Sirenteeth, Great Tree Club, Petrified Javelin, Sirenblade, Ancient Siren Panoply Armor.*

Cycle I cards (1 each, unless stated otherwise): *Rebound Hammer, Hullbow, Knuckle Shield, Hekatomb, Maze Rake, Hekaton Panoply Armor, Instinct Linotorax, Pursuer Imperative, Trireme Breastplate, Hermes Tatters, Mothlame, Sail Camo, Primordial Lure,* 3× *Iapetus Lifeguard, Analyticos Module.*

Technology cards: Gain all Cycle I Technology cards, except those marked "Cycle I only." This includes the *Pursuer Sighting* Technology, but not the *Bronze Lair* Technology. This includes all Argo Abilities. Gain the following Cycle II Core Technology cards: *Forgotten Knowledge, Argo's Mission, Argo Works II, Titanomorphosis* and *Temenos Project* (Secret deck 6, cards 66-70).

Godform cards: *Zeus, Poseidon, Demeter* (Secret deck 3, cards 24, 25 and 26).

Nymph Summoning cards: *Solitude, Engine, Amalthean, Depths* (Secret deck 3, cards 27, 28, 29 and 31).

Trauma cards: Remove all Trauma cards with the Cycle I only or Cycle III only tag and add all Trauma cards with the Cycle II only tag to the decks. Find the *Violent Awakening* Kratos card (Secret deck 7, card 142) and permanently add it to the Kratos deck.

Diplomacy: All Diplomacy tracks start at '0'.

Then, gain 4 random Cycle I Mnemos cards, 1 for each new Argonaut. One starts with 5 nodes, two with 4 and one with 3. Next, draw 2 random Cycle I Mnemos cards and mark them as completed. You may read those stories. Mark their resolution codes in the Choice Matrix. Finally, draw 2 random Cycle I Mnemos cards and add them to the Mnemos Vault.

Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear Divine resource.
Randomly choose and then mark **1** Matrix Code from the following list: O4, K5, L5, M5, N5, O5, P5, O6, P6, O7, P7.

You start with all Argo stats at 0, except the following: 5 , 5 ✕, 20 , 10 Titans (this includes 1 Mazerunner, 1 Earthshaker and 1 Logicbreaker). Read the *Inward Oddysey 20: Echoes of Long-lost Battles* story in Cycle I Storybook. Prepare the campaign according to the standard rules found in the Rulebook, starting a Cycle II Argo Sheet.

Then, immediately **proceed to Main Story 0001.**

Special Cycle II Rules

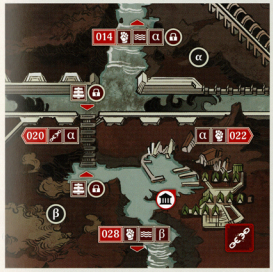
Campaign Loss

Some lose conditions will refer you to a paragraph that will instruct you how to proceed. If you are not directed to a specific paragraph, simply mark 1 fated box in the *Cruel Aeons* Cycle II Special Event.

AI 0

Some of the Primordials in Cycle II have an AI 0 card. During Battle Setup, prepare the AI and BP decks as normal. Resolve starting Escalations ( ), then place the AI 0 card on top of the AI deck. The AI 0 is always resolved in the first Primordial Round. It cannot be discarded or otherwise removed from the deck until it is resolved. AI 0 is never taken into consideration for the purpose of Escalation. If, for any reason, you wound the Primordial before resolving the AI 0 card, resolve a standard Escalation, then place the AI 0 card back on top of the AI deck. Each AI 0 card will instruct you what to do with it once it is resolved.

Argo Movement Within a Single Tile



Example of a passage between sectors

Some Map tiles include passages you can use to move from one tile sector to another within the same tile. Usually, this requires the use of an additional Technology card. If you possess the corresponding Technology and can pay the corresponding cost (if any), you can use such passages during the Movement step, immediately before or after performing your regular movement. Moving to a different sector within the same tile **does not count as Argo movement, does not expend your regular Argo movement and does not advance the Timeline.**

One-way canals

One-way canals are special waterways that are traversable from one side and locked from the other. You do not require any additional Technologies to travel through a one-way canal if you are on the side without a symbol

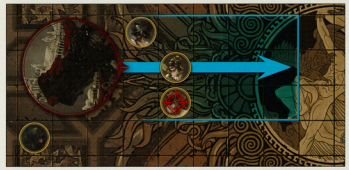
Adversary Movement in Sparta

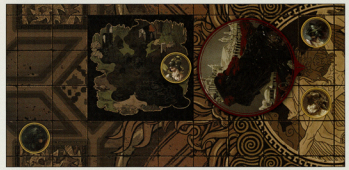
In Cycle II, the default rules of Adversary movement apply with the following exception: If there are two equally viable ways for the Adversary to move (both would bring the Adversary closer to the *Argo*, measuring the distance through explored tiles only), it prioritizes **vertical movement**.

Vertical Direction

Chimera Metastasios Movement (Pushback)

Chimera Metastasios is a hulking monstrosity, trampling everything in its path. Consequently, it always moves its full Speed value and its moves are considered to be Pushbacks against **the Target** and **all Titans in its path that were adjacent to the Chimera at the start of the move.** This Pushbacks is always performed in the direction of the Chimera's movement. Any other Titans it moves through that were **not** adjacent at the start of its movement suffer **Crash**, according to regular Primordial movement rules.





Example: The Chimera targets Herodotus with her Pushback but will push Philoctera as well. Ulysseа is in the way but because she's not adjacent at the start of movement, the hulking monstrosity will move through her space as normal, causing her to suffer Crash. Finally Chimera leaves an Ambrosia Trail behind her, due to her Slime Trail Trait.

If any pushed Titans have any abilities that allow them to mitigate the Pushback, they may sum up their values of Pushback reduction. Be warned, however, that when the Chimera encounters resistance, it becomes agitated and speeds up. **Each time** you lower its movement (Pushback) value below 3, it gains a positive token, effectively making its future Pushbacks harder to prevent.

Combo

Combo is a mechanic that allows Primordials to perform two Attacks in a row!

After resolving the first AI card in a Round, draw and resolve another AI card. There is a Window of Opportunity before that second AI card. Note that this card will **not** cause an additional combo.

Combos are dangerous! To stop a combo, you need to break it! Normally, if you are not the **Priority Target**, you can **break a combo** as a **reaction**, by exhausting a valid combo-breaking weapon, but only if you are within its **effective range**. Each Primordial utilizing the combo mechanic has a Combo track that designates which Weapons can currently be used to break its combo.

When you break a combo, simply move the token on the Combo track to the next space, without resolving the combo. Then gain the **Priority Target** token. **Important: You cannot break a combo if you are the Priority Target! (and the doesn't change with gain.)**

Combo number: Primordials can usually preform a combo only **once per Round.** They may, however, perform a combo once in the Primordial Round, then once in the Titan Round, if any effect causes them to resolve an AI card during that Round.

Chain breaks: A Chain Break during an AI card **does not cancel** a combo. The combo is a separate effect, triggered after you finish resolving an AI card, **even if it was partially or fully invalidated by a different effect**.

Reactions: Note that immediately before a combo, there is always a that allows you to use various abilities. Combining Reflex with Combo-breaker greatly increases your combo-breaking capabilities.

Example: Herodotus uses a Iapetus Lifesaver to get closer to the Cyclonus, then combines it with Amphoras Belt to close the gap and break the Combo.

Priority Target in Battles with Combo

Most importantly, during Battles with Primordials that utilize the combo mechanic, the **Priority Target** marker does not get passed as a result of Ω gain. Instead, as explained above, the **Priority Target** marker gets passed after breaking a Combo.

Important: You cannot break a combo if you are the Priority Target!

Prisoners!

The Cyclonus is not only a fearsome monster but also an incredibly difficult target. In order to taunt the Argonauts, the Nietzschean equips these beasts with cages full of slaves—a cage armor, if you will. During the Battle, you must exercise extreme caution to avoid hurting those innocent people. When you reveal a BP card with **PRISONERS**, before you perform the Power Roll, you may decide to **voluntarily fail** your attack instead in order to avoid the negative Wound Response (and losing Humanity). If you do, you still suffer any **Fail** Response!

The Nietzschean himself uses a more sinister version of 'cage armor.'

New Primordial Movement Types

In Cycle II, there are some special movement types that reflect unique or unexpected ways of traversing the battlefield. They still adhere to standard Primordial movement rules, but in case of a conflict, the rules below take precedence:

Appear behind: Treat the Primordial's as unlimited for the duration of this movement. Move to the furthest space adjacent to the Target. This does not cause Crash unless the Primordial ends its movement on a space occupied by a Titan.

Appear in front: Treat the Primordial's as unlimited for the duration of this movement. Move to the closest space adjacent to the Target. This does not cause Crash unless the Primordial ends its movement on a space occupied by a Titan.

Jump: Does not cause Crash unless the Primordial ends its movement on a space occupied by a Titan.

Move X: Perform movement by up to X spaces, instead of using the Primordial's value. Examples include: *Move 6*, *Move Unlimited*.

Move to X: Perform movement to the designated area or in an indicated direction. Treat the Primordial's as unlimited for the duration of this movement. Examples include: *Move to the center of the Board*.

Land on top: Treat the Primordial's as unlimited for the duration of this movement. End movement on a space currently occupied by the Target instead of adjacent to it. Displace the Target to a front space (it does not suffer Crash or Unavoidable Knockback). If the Primordial ends this movement on a space occupied by a Titan that wasn't the Target, that Titan does suffer Crash. Otherwise this movement does not cause Crash.

Example: The Nietzschean Lands on top of Herodotus, displacing him to an adjacent space in front of the Primordial.

Move Lateral: Move in a straight line (either horizontal or vertical), along the shortest possible path, to a space from which the following Attack (usually Ranged or Zone) can be performed against the Target. If an Attack is preceded by Lateral Movement, check valid Targets and measure Range using these rules too. Note: Lateral Movement can be compared to that of a Rook from Chess.

Example: The Abyssal Cleave AI card instructs the players to Move Lateral & Attack (in this case the attack will hit every Titan in a Zone that stretches infinitely before the Primordial). This means the Primordial has to move in a straight line, either vertically or horizontally. The vertical move is the shorter of the two possibilities, the Primordial will move vertically.

Crippled Titans

For most purposes, crippled Titans are treated as if they were dead. Resolve all effects that trigger on a Titan death, gain Pygmalion Stone marks, etc. The only exception is that they still take up space on the *Argo*, although they cannot be used in any way, i.e., you cannot junction with them in Battle, use them for Titan breeding, or lose them as a result of a game effect. Furthermore, if there are only crippled Titans onboard when a Battle is about to start, you lose the game immediately.

Gear Trait Categories

In Cycle II, many Primordial Traits and AI cards refer to your Titan's card traits. For this purpose, they have been separated into two categories:

Weapon Class traits are exclusive to Weapon and designate the type of your Weapon. These include: *Axe*, *Blade*, *Bow*, *Cestus*, *Club*, *Discus*, *Hammer*, *Javelin*, *Khopesh*, *Knife*, *Shield*, *Slabsword*, *Spear*, *Sword* and *Whip*. If your weapon has more than one Weapon Class trait, when you declare it as an active weapon, you choose one of them. For the duration of this Attack, treat this weapon as if it had **only** this Weapon Class trait (e.g., if you are attacking with a *Grand Ramaxe* that is both a *Club* and an *Axe*, choose only one of these traits for the duration of the Attack). Some rare and exotic weapons do not possess any of the Weapon Class traits listed above—treat them as having the *Other* Weapon Class trait.

Material traits designate the matter and components your equipment is made of, as well as additional miscellaneous descriptors. They do not influence your combat capabilities and have no inherent effect, but other game elements may interact with them.

Hatred and Frenzy

Hatred and *Frenzy* are Conditions representing the Argonauts' furor, clouding their judgment of the situation. They impair your teamwork by disabling your cooperative abilities and also put you at risk of gaining a Fated Mnemos. Note that when your Titan dies, these Conditions are not automatically discarded. At the end of the Battle, you will still have to resolve their negative effects.

Map Symbols Key

The "Abysswatchers" map shows Sparta and its surroundings. There are several unique features to this region and the following list is not comprehensive. If you see a symbol you're not familiar with, don't worry. Its function will become clear as you progress through the Cycle's story.

Restricted: In Cycle II there are multiple obstructions that may block the Argo's movement. The Restricted symbol denotes that you require an additional Technology to travel along that waterway. If you encounter it, search your Technologies and see if any of them allow you to travel through this specific waterway.

Resistance Hideouts: These represent a variety of settlements that are not loyal to the Nietzschean's regime. Hideouts are considered to be Cities for the purpose of Negotiation Technology abilities. Some other game effects may also require the *Argo* to be on a Hideout space.

Spartan Strongholds: Regions with Spartan strongholds are heavily guarded garrisons. Traveling through these map tiles causes the *Argo* to suffer heavy losses. If the *Argo* is on a tile with (even if it is already explored), during the Exploration step lose -1 ✕ or -1 (players' choice).

Ambrosia Ability Cost

Some rare items in Cycle II use a new type of ability cost. When you see the symbol as part of an ability cost, it means that you must **gain** 1 Ambrosia token to activate it.

New Keywords

Armor-piercing: During the Power Roll, ignore Hardened.

Armor Re-roll X: During an Armor Roll, you may re-roll up to X Armor dice.

Black X: During the second ability window, place X Black tokens in the Kratos Pool. During the Power Roll step, each Black token in the Kratos Pool allows the attacking Titan to re-roll 1 Power die. You may change 1 into 1 on each Power die re-rolled this way (as if you used a Break token on it).

Black token

Burn: Gain +1 for each *Metal* card equipped on your Titan. Discard each *Flammable* card equipped on your Titan. If caused by a **Primordial Attack**, add this to the being dealt by this Attack.

Combo-Breaker: X spaces: You may move X spaces and exhaust a valid combo-breaking weapon to break the combo. You can only activate this ability if it allows you to break a combo. Note: this ability is **not** stackable. Possible subtypes:

- **Self Combo-Breaker: X spaces:** You may move X spaces then break the combo **using this**, provided it possesses the correct combo-breaking weapon trait. You can only activate this ability if it allows you to break a combo. Note: this ability is **not** stackable.

Daze: During either the first or second ability window, if adjacent, you may turn the Primordial (without moving it) in a way that would result in your Titan being in one of its Rear spaces.

Evolving: When you equip this , write its name on your Argonaut Sheet, in the Mnemos section. Each evolving card instructs you what to do to unlock its full potential. Track your progress by marking nodes on the track next to its name. Unless stated otherwise, you may equip this card on Titans junctioned with other Argonauts, but you should track your combined progress on a single track. If the Argonaut who tracked this weapon's progress dies or leaves the *Argo*, note this card's name **with all current progress** on another Argonaut Sheet. If you permanently lose the card for any reason, erase your evolution progress.

Fire X: During the second ability window, place X Fire tokens in the Kratos Pool. During the Power Roll step, each Fire token in the Kratos Pool allows the attacking Titan to turn 1 symbol into 1 . You must use as many Fire tokens as possible, but you may first use Break tokens. Remove used Fire tokens from the Pool afterwards. If, during the Clear the Kratos Pool step, there are unused Fire tokens in the Pool, remove 1 of them and leave the rest.

Fire token

Hardened: This BP has +2 . Ignore this ability if you rolled a **Crit Chance**.

Inspire X: During the first ability window, choose up to X knocked down Titans. They may immediately stand up.

Jump: Activate at the start of movement (voluntary or not). Until the end of this movement you may ignore a single space of a Terrain tile (including an Obstacle). This ability cannot be used while knocked down, even if passive. Possible subtypes:

- **Advanced Jump:** Activate at the start of movement (voluntary or not). Until the end of this movement you may ignore up to 2 adjacent spaces of a single Terrain tile (including Obstacles). This ability cannot be used while knocked down, even if passive.

Masterwork: During an Attack Roll, you may re-roll all 1s without any additional cost.

Perishable: When you finish resolving an Attack with this weapon, discard it.

Precise: During the Draw a BP card step of the Attack, after you draw the card, you may target the top card of the discard pile instead. If you do, shuffle the card you've drawn into the BP deck.

Rouse X: During the second ability window, place X Rouse tokens in the Kratos Pool. Each Rouse token in the Kratos Pool allows the attacking Titan to treat their Rage as 1 higher until the end of the Attack. This effect cannot cause a Titan to die by increasing their Rage over 9.

Rouse token

Roll Out: When you are about to suffer Knockdown while adjacent to the Primordial, suffer Knockback 4 instead.

Transform: Use to flip the card with this keyword to the other side. This is always an active ability, even if it has no cost.

Afflictions

Cycle II introduces new Afflictions that can potentially bring the Argonauts severe and long-lasting harm. When you gain any of them, write its name down in the "Boons, Afflictions, Notes" section of your Argonaut Sheet. Be warned that, aside from the effects described below, these Afflictions may also bring other, harder to predict negative consequences.

Consumed by Rage: Argonauts who are *Consumed by Rage* fight aggressively and recklessly, making them easier targets. They must always apply **Ψ X+** effects, regardless of their actual Ψ value.

Black Breath: Exposure to raw ambrosia may cause a malignant ailment called the *Black Breath*. Argonauts suffering from it develop a severe reaction to ambrosia. Their Ambrosia Limit is lowered by 1.

Pygmalion Stones

Pygmalion Stones are new divine resources that allow you to save the lives of Titans you value the most. During the Casualties step of the Battle Aftermath, you may use Pygmalion Stones to save Titans that died during the Battle. For each Stone you decide to spend, choose one dead Titan. Treat it as if it has survived the Battle—do not resolve any **End of Battle** effects that would be triggered as a consequence of its death.

The new Argo Sheet also has a Pygmalion track. Its purpose and rules will become apparent later.

Set Abilities

Cycle II introduces a 'set' mechanic. It allows you to unlock additional abilities on some cards, provided you have a specific number of matching game elements on your Titan. Sets introduced in this Cycle include:

Labyrinth Set X+: The following ability is unlocked if you have X+ cards with the *Labyrinth* trait equipped on your Titan. A card with Labyrinth Set abilities counts toward this set (provided it has the *Labyrinth* trait).

Ambrosia Set X+: The following ability is unlocked if you have X+ Ambrosia tokens on your Titan.

Stepping Stone Gear

Cycle II introduces the *Stepping Stone*, a card that creates an **Elevated space**. This space is considered to be an Elevated Terrain tile (the Elevated keyword is irrelevant in Cycle II). The Stepping Stone space has the following abilities:

Mount: If there's no Titan on the Stepping Stone space, other Titans treat you as an empty Elevated space. Any Titan may end its movement on that space. If they do, they immediately climb it—place their miniature on the *Stepping Stone* card. A Titan on the Stepping Stone space is adjacent to all spaces the Titan carrying the *Stepping Stone* is adjacent to and measures reach and range from that space. They gain +3 to Climb tests and, if they start their movement on this space, may ignore a single adjacent Terrain tile space (for the purposes of movement).

Weighty: If the Stepping Stone space on this card isn't empty, you cannot perform voluntary movement. If either you or the Titan on this space

are attacked, or suffer Knockdown or involuntary movement, the Target resolves the Attack as normal, while the other Titan suffers Knockback 5, Crash.

The Strong Eat

The Strong Eat is a Trait shared by most Primordials in Cycle II. It makes battles much more deadly by modifying your Obol deck. As part of the Additional Setup, add the removed *You died ("I have a rendezvous with Death.")* Obol to the deck. When you draw it, resolve it as a regular *You died* Obol, performing an Awakening Roll (roll a d10, on a '10' you Awaken, otherwise you die). During the course of the campaign you may gain access to effects that allow you to **Ignore** *The Strong Eat* Trait. When a Titan with this effect is about to resolve an Obol Draw, first remove the additional *You died* Obol card from the deck. Shuffle it back into the Obol deck when you finish resolving this Obol Draw.

Spartan Dreamwalkers

Wild Titans encountered in Sparta are more battle-hardened than their Cretan counterparts—and so are the ones that traveled all the way from Crete with you. All Dreamwalker Titans in Cycle II use the *Spartan Dreamwalker* Pattern card instead of their default one (you can still assign other Pattern cards to them).

Transforming Weapons

Cycle II introduces double-sided cards with the **Transform** keyword. These weapons are used just like any other card, with the following exceptions:

When you equip a transforming weapon on a Titan, choose which side you want to use at the start of the Battle (unless stated otherwise).

The facedown side is not considered to be equipped on your Titan and you cannot use it in any way or gain any bonuses listed on it.

When you discard a Transforming weapon, turn it 180 degrees to denote that it is discarded.

Trireme Argo Abilities

Trireme token

Spent Trireme token

Trireme Argo Abilities are special Technologies that introduce a new token onto the Battle Board. You cannot have more than one Trireme Argo Ability prepared at the same time. If you prepared an Argo Ability with the *Trireme* keyword, place the Trireme token on this Argo Ability card at the start of Battle, unspent side up. Aside from any additional abilities printed on these cards, the following rules apply to each Trireme Argo Ability:

Once per Titan Round, you can move the trireme:

- onto any River Work tile space on the Battle Board (only if it is currently on the Argo Ability card),
- to any River Work tile space connected to its current space by River Work tiles,
- from any space onto the Argo Ability card (only if there is no Titan on the Trireme space).

The space with the trireme loses the Chasm keyword and can be moved through. If there is a Titan on the Trireme space when it moves, the Titan is moved with it.

If the Primordial moves onto the Trireme space, the Trireme token is discarded and can no longer be used in this Battle.

Refugees

Refugees represent desperate civilians caught up in the Spartan civil war: wounded freedom fighters, escaped slaves, children, elderly and other people in need of the Argonauts' help. The Nietzschean's spies will surely attempt to infiltrate the groups you allow onto the *Argo*, but it is a risk you must be willing to take, if you are to save this realm from its tyrannical ruler.

Refugees will take up Crew slots, but they are not considered Crew. Mark the slots taken by Refugees by putting an *R* in the triangle space beneath the slot. If you are at the Crew Limit and gain +1 Refugees, you must lose -1 to accommodate them. This does not work the other way around. gain cannot force you to lose Refugees.

Captives

Captives represent captured enemy soldiers and other dangerous individuals who cannot be allowed to freely traverse the decks of the *Argo*.

Captives will take up **Crew** slots, but they are not considered Crew. Mark the slots taken by Captives putting a *C* in the triangle space beneath the slot. If you are at the Crew Limit and gain Captives, you must lose to accommodate them. This does not work the other way around. gain cannot force you to lose Captives. You may lose 1 Captives during the Exploration step on a tile. If you do, ignore the effect.

Defectors

Defectors are a unique resource, noted in a separate space on the Argo Sheet. Note that there is a symbol next to its box, meaning that you can only gain Defectors if you have the required technology. If you would gain Defectors before you research the corresponding Technology card, ignore this gain.

Argo Upgrade

During the course of Cycle II you may unlock an Argo Upgrade - the *13th Muse Grand Cannon*. It is used similarly to Argo Abilities and allows you to support the fighting Titans during Battles. All Argo Abilities rules apply to Argo Upgrades but they **do not** count towards your AA Limit, hence you may use them in each Battle, in addition to Argo Abilities.

Various adventures and deeds may grant you additional Payloads for the *13th Muse Grand Cannon*. During Battle Setup, you may choose to prepare a Payload card. Place it on the Payload slot on the *13th Muse Grand Cannon* card so that it covers the default Spartan Payload. A Payload card then overrides the default Payload abilities.

Gear Ascendancy
(read only after being prompted by a game effect)

From this point on, all cards have a Power Level. Unless an ability or effect says otherwise, Power Level is equal to the number of a Cycle this card comes from (Power Level I for Cycle I, Power Level II for Cycle II and so on). When you are instructed to apply Ascendancy rules, incur the following penalties to all cards with a Power Level lower than II (without the Ascended keyword) for the remainder of the Cycle (make a mark on your Argo Sheet as a reminder):

- **(Weapons only)** When you attack with this Weapon, you cannot use any tokens from the Kratos Pool or place any tokens in the Kratos Pool
- You do not benefit from **Power Re-roll X**
- Increase all costs on the card by 1
- **(Armor and Shield only)** -1 during an Armor Roll
- -1 **Evasion Re-roll** (to a minimum of 0)
- -1 **Evasion Bonus** (to a minimum of 0)

Abysswatchers Main Story

0001 A Nietzschean Welcome

The skies overhead are a roiling black mass. You have neither stars nor the moon to guide you through the murk, and must rely on your instincts and the lanterns aboard the Argo. *As you plunge deeper into the night, you become aware of a dull orange glow painting the bellies of the clouds with flickering lights.*

The first glimpses of land heave into view: tiny settlements consumed in flame, a tower of fire and smoke moving with slow, sinister purpose among them, leaving a trail of smoldering destruction in its wake.

As dawn breaks, the Argo *coasts around a headland, and you spot a large settlement ahead—the port town of Gytheion.*

You find yourself feeling . . . anxious? Uncertain? It's a difficult to describe sensation. The summons you received was terse and cryptic:

"Argonauts, I have watched your struggle with great interest. You laid low the twisting corruptor, Temenos, and thus became worthy of an audience. I know who you are. Who put you on that forsaken vessel. It is time you learned the true shape of the world. Come to Lakonia and meet with me. If you don't, many innocents will suffer."

The message came with a set of argokeys, baubles treasured by the Argo *Works beyond measure, for each one unlocks a hidden function of the great ship. No argokey has ever been found outside of the vessel—until now. Apparently, this Supreme Ruler of the Spartan Empire, this so-called Nietzschean, means business.*

As you draw up to the bustling dock, a cadre of armored warriors awaits you, their helms gleaming bronze, their breastplates adorned with a white and red motif. Behind them is a lumbering figure who looms even over your largest Titan. He is broad, muscular, and covered in scars. His head is bald, his stubby ears lying flat along his skull as a single eye looks down upon the small folk around him with an empty stare. A Cyclops! You've heard of them, but never seen one. They are supposed to live far in the highlands, which they roam in nomadic pastoral tribes. Your surprise fades as you spot the chains that bind the giant, some affixed to his flesh with deep, cruel hooks.

Choose:

1. *While your summoning here seems odd, you see no outward reason to act with any hostility. Both the people of the Argo and the people of this Nietzschean's 'empire' will be watching you carefully, so perhaps it would be wise to show tact. Or would that just tempt the Fates?* Give the delegation a warm welcome, and treat them respectfully. **See 0002.**
2. *These are strangers walking into your home. They could have any number of nefarious purposes for being here, and their leader remains a complete unknown. You feel it is prudent to keep them at arm's length, at least until you discern their motives. Or is it just your paranoia talking?* Keep the delegation at a distance, and ensure they are carefully watched. **See 0003.**

0002

You spread your hands in a wide gesture of greeting.

"Welcome aboard the Argo. *We are thankful for the invitation to your shores and the offer of hospitality from your leader. We are eager to meet with this . . . Nietzschean."*

Silence, awkward and uncomfortable, stretches out between you. The Spartan soldiers look at you with disapproving scowls, their disdain evident in their posture. You can feel the tension permeate the air around you. You wonder if this was truly wise, if allowing such strangers into your midst was inviting danger to your home.

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Gain +2 . **See 0005.**

0003

Before the delegation is allowed to set foot aboard your vessel, you muster more guards, a show of force to cow any possible idea of trickery.

"All right, Spartans," you say sternly. "We have come as requested by your leader. Where is this 'Nietzschean'?"

The Spartans glare at you with barely contained contempt. The tension between your two groups is almost unbearable, the peace between you balanced on a knife's edge.

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Gain +1 . Party Leader gain the *Restless* Fated Mnemos card. **See 0005.**

0004

You don't even need to give a signal. Your comrades at your side draw their weapons, as do the guards that surround the Spartans. They stand no chance against your superior numbers.

The momentary hesitation before you strike is suddenly interrupted by a deep, melodic sound. Laughter. The Nietzschean beams widely as he looks down upon you.

"Yes . . . yeeeees!" he thunders with delicious glee. "That's exactly the spirit I was hoping to see from you! Taste the true extent of what you will be facing . . ."

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Mark B6. **See 0009.**

0005

One member of the delegation steps forward, sneering at your words. His entire body radiates hostility. He raises an arm, clicking his fingers.

The chained Cyclops lumbers forward, towing a large cart. He glances down at the Spartan with fear in his eye, then looks to you. You recognize the heaviness in his posture: a soul pushed beyond despair and into something resembling apathy.

The Spartan commander walks up to the cart and pulls aside the canvas sheet covering its contents. He offers you a smile devoid of warmth.

"Here. Some gifts for the 'mighty' Argonauts, from the armories of the Nietzschean himself."

You look over the cart's contents, surprise catching at your heart as you spy the glimmering steel blades, the polished bronze armor, and a weapon as large as you are tall, perfectly suited for the hands of one of your Titan behemoths. It is made of the mazeflesh of Temenos, the material Alkibiades only just unlocked the secrets of, yet this weapon bears the signs of age and use. How did the Nietzschean come by it? What does he know of Temenos and of your Titans?

You gain a veritable hoard of resources and weapons, too many to count now. You'll check it out later.

A hush falls over the Acropolis Deck. You turn to see the gathering crowds of the Argo's residents parting as a figure approaches.

This strange new arrival carries with him an overpowering confidence. As you look at him, you cannot help but feel . . . as though he belongs here, on the upper deck of the Argo. He moves about the ship so naturally, it almost seems as if the very ground belongs to him. His birthright.

He is of solid, muscular build, impressively tall, and broad in the shoulders—a giant among men. Sheer power pulses through him, almost divine in nature, a radiating presence that inspires awe, and a little fear. He bears neither weapons nor armor, instead wearing a simple white robe girdled with a golden thread about his waist. A torrent of golden hair cascades past his bronze features. His piercing blue eyes glance to each of the gathered representatives of the Argo*, weighing you up one by one. When he finally speaks, shattering the hushed silence, his voice carries far on the still air.*

"The mighty Argonauts." He smiles, a gesture of warmth, the most welcoming you have seen from a Spartan. And yet, it is not the smile of a friend. Rather, it is the condescending smile of a mentor looking down on his students. "I am what you aspire to be."

There is coldness there.

"We just came here for answers. The Argo—"

"You want answers? Women bear life and men grant death." The Nietzschean paces, his hands gesturing broadly as his eyes scan the crowds surrounding him. "And the world is cruel and uncaring." He looks to the sun and for a moment you see a spark of anger beyond the vast blue of his eyes. "It does not give. You take, or you are taken. Eat, or you are eaten."

A knot tightens in the pit of your stomach. You've heard many priests before, and the Nietzschean's rhetoric sounds troublingly familiar to you. The Spartans watch him with adoring affection, and you can even see some of your own men nodding at his words. The women, though . . . Their gazes are cold. They know what these 'truths' of the supposed natural order tend to bring.

"We did not come here for lessons."

"I do not care what you came here for." He looks at your crew, his gaze lingering on the women among you. "You will learn your place in the world. I give you eighty days and nights to make your way to my Temple of Man and defeat me in combat. For every day that you delay, I shall have a score of citizens of this land slaughtered, sacrifices made in my name. The strong shall cull the weak, until you put a stop to it."

The Nietzschean's words send a chill racing down your spine. They are the words of a madman, and yet he seems so . . . calm. Measured. You glance to the unarmed Spartans with him. The Nietzschean himself is defenseless. You have the numbers and the weaponry. And yet, the Nietzschean still seems immovably . . . confident.

Choose:

1. *He is aggressive, but he is also a leader. He should listen to reason and logic. Maybe you can make him reconsider, or at least be easier to bargain with. You have much to offer on the mighty* Argo.
   Appeal to compassion and vie for peace. **See 0006.**
2. *This man's words are crazed, his plot unhinged. You cannot ignore his threat, but attacking an unarmed envoy on your own ship is not the way to do this.*
   Accept his challenge and swear to put a stop to him. **See 0007.**
3. *You have an opportunity to stop him right here and now. You have the people and the weapons. If you let him leave the* Argo*, who knows how many innocents he will slaughter? Better to end the threat right away, before it grows into a bigger problem.*
   Attack the delegation and put an end to the Nietzschean.
   Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0004.**

0006

"You're talking about the deaths of hundreds, thousands! Surely there is a way we can avoid needless bloodshed. If it's a test of strength you want, done! We will rise to the challenge. No need to involve those who elect not to fight."

"Those who elect not to fight elect not to live. They elect to be the dirt beneath my boots." His voice gains a dangerous edge. "This softness they made you with . . . I will slaughter ten times more because of it. Women, children. How does it make you feel?"

"Please, do not do this," you say, trying to appease him. "There must be a middle ground here that we could reach."

The Nietzschean bellows violently, then looks up to the sky, sighing, a deep, low release of breath that transmits utter disappointment.

"The middle is where the bodies pile up," he growls. "Where I will tear you to pieces. I hope your replacements from the Mausoleum will be made of sterner stuff . . ."

Gain +1 🗡. Mark H4. **See 0009.**

0007

"We won't allow this slaughter to continue!" you say, your voice reedy and thin next to the Nietzschean's. "We will put an end to your sick, twisted insanity!"

The Nietzschean looks at you, his smile a little more hollow, as if disappointed, but still hopeful. "So, you will accept my challenge," he states, no room for uncertain questions in his tone. "But your reply lacks conviction. The tamer that stays his hand loses that hand. I don't believe you truly realize the resolve these trials will require from you. Perhaps it would be best if I show you . . ."

Party leader gains +1 Ω. **See 0009.**

0009

The Nietzschean lunges with inhuman speed, closing the distance with your forces in less time than it takes to draw breath, like a wolf set loose among a flock of startled sheep. He holds no weapon, bears no shield nor armor, and yet he matches your warriors with ease, catching spears and snapping them with nary a grunt of effort, dodging swords and rushing in close to their wielders. Bones break. Spines shatter. Limbs are torn with nauseating smacks. Skulls crack like ripe fruits under a hammer. Blood and viscera floods you as if you were descending to Hades.

Through all of this, the Nietzschean shows no sign of effort or strain. Instead, his lips peel back in a sneering smirk of superiority as a deep chuckle escapes from his core. His blue eyes flash with malicious glee as he tears through the soldiers of the Argo. Blood stains his fists, and spatters of viscera are scattered across his pristine features. Even surrounded, he is untouched, without injury.

The strongest Argonaut (having the most Mnemos nodes) is the only one standing a chance against this monster, so they lead the counterattack!

As your ranks fold, you push forward to lead by example. The strongest of you pulls ahead, hurling themself into a mighty leap aimed directly at the Nietzschean's back. He is exposed, focused on your warriors. They have a chance! The weapon in their hand moves in a blindingly fast arc as they slash at their foe.

The Nietzschean moves faster than the eye can follow, spinning with primal awareness. His powerful hand reaches up and catches them by the throat.

"No."

There is a loud snap and in that instant it's over. The strongest of you is dead. The Nietzschean throws their limp body away like a piece of garbage.

The Strongest Argonaut dies. Retire your Argonaut, then activate a new Argonaut. Draw a new Portrait card and gain the *Castoff* Mnemos card. Each Argonaut (including the new one) gains +1 Ω.

"Angry yet?" The Nietzschean unleashes another laugh and leaps over the Argo*'s railing, spinning into a graceful swan dive down toward the waves far below and leaving you staring after him in shocked silence.*

For a moment, you think the encounter is over. No mortal could have survived that dive. Then the city-ship rocks like a cradle pushed by an uncaring parent. A column of steam rises from the sea, a vast white plume that chokes the air as the temperature around you rises sharply.

Hands the size of wagons appear over the side of the Argo*, clutching hold of it as a truly gargantuan body hauls itself up out of the waves. The form is coated in a shimmering, oily hide that stretches across a humanoid form taller than the* Argo*'s immense height. The strange flesh seems to flow and shift as the creature moves, rippling like the surface of a turbulent lake.*

The upper portion of the monster's body ignites, wreathing itself in flames that burn almost blue-white but darken to orange, red and yellow further up the body. The flesh on its head and shoulders burns away to reveal a gleaming white skull and collarbone. The monster opens its maw. A gush of smoke and steam escapes in a billowing cloud as it looses a deep, reverberating howl that could shatter stone.

Empty eye sockets turn downward to look upon the deck of the Argo*. Then, with another earth-rending bellow, the monster lifts its hand up high and slams it down, tearing metal, shattering stonework and killing dozens.*

You immediately run for the Balaneion. You'll need your Titans if you are to have a hope of facing this foe.

Lose -1 ⚙. **Go to the *Cruel Lesson* Battle on p. 132** (note "Paragraph 0013").

0010

No sooner has your comrade been laid to rest than you are approached by a robed figure. She carries herself almost like a servant, humble and nervous, but also emboldened in ways you find hard to explain. You recognize the scarring around her ankles and wrists, clear marks of slavery.

"Even as the Nietzschean moves to transform Sparta, we break his chains," says Gniphosa of the Helots, a coalition of former slaves of the regime. "Help us break his hold too."

The next day, you are led to an ancient ruin in the shadow of a tall peak. Massive buildings surround you, tall enough for a Titan or some other gargantuan creature to pass through. The architecture is angular and austere, yet elegant. Gniphosa explains that these ruins once belonged to the Leleges, an ancient, brutal empire that ruled Lakonia long before Spartans settled these lands.

Deep in the ruins, a circle of figures awaits you. Various leaders of this so-called Resistance. Some are barely out of their teens, others are more weathered, their features creased with age and trauma, cast aside by their masters when they could no longer work as productively.

Among these figures, you spot one who quite clearly does not belong. Under a simple cloak, he hides fine leather armor and an excellent iron sword. When Gniphosa introduces him as a representative of the Symmachy, you feel your spine stiffen. You did not part with their representatives on good terms back on Crete. The Symmachy delegate merely nods at you, his expression unreadable.

"The Nietzschean has amassed too much power, too much ambrosia . . . Either we stand together or die alone."

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0016.**

0011

The monster staggers back, caught off guard by the ferocity of the last attack. You hear a strange sound escape from its colossal throat, a sharp intake of breath, as if in surprise, or perhaps admiration.

Gain 1 Living Abyss resource.

A deep voice echoes forth from all around the strange being, seeming to resonate from the very air itself.

"Yeeeees! This is the fury I wanted to see from you. Still, it is nothing. Witness the strength with which I reshape the world!"

His body explodes in an inferno of white-hot fire and pure energy. The shockwave uproots trees and topples buildings. You fall to your knees to just hang on, though you still dredge in the earth as the unstoppable force pushes you away. The blaze makes the Antikratos Helms run hot and sears your skin. You feel the power, the true power, of the Nietzschean and it makes you weep.

Apply Ascendancy rules (**see page 6**). Then the Battle resumes with the same win conditions (ignore the **see 0011** and **see 0012** instructions).

0012

The beast glares down at the prone body of the fallen Titan, the emotionless bone of the enormous skull somehow still managing to convey a powerful sense of . . . disappointment. A sound like a low sigh vibrates out from the creature's titanic frame.

"Weakness! Still you hold back your fury and do not live up to your full potential. Fight, Argonauts! Fight for your lives! Witness the strength with which I reshape the world!"

His body explodes in an inferno of white-hot fire and pure energy. The shockwave uproots trees and topples buildings. You fall to your knees to just hang on, though you still dredge in the earth as the unstoppable force pushes you away. The blaze makes the Antikratos Helms run hot and sears your skin. You feel the power, the true power, of the Nietzschean and it makes you weep.

Apply Ascendancy rules (see page 6). Then the Battle resumes with the same win conditions (ignore the **see 0011** and **see 0012 instructions**).

0013

The infernal monolithic creature looms over the Argo*, a vision of doom hanging far overhead. Flames crackle across its glistening black hide, its form twisting as the white bone of the enormous skull turns toward you. The fire in the heart of its eye sockets gleams like distant stars.*

"Taste this, Argonauts." His golden voice, both warming and terrifying at the same time, echoes in your ears. There is no ignoring the authority there. "Grow in power or see everything devoured . . . by me." The monster turns away and, like an unstoppable mountain, moves inshore in giant strides, quickly vanishing from sight. The column of flame, smoke and steam that hangs over it lingers awhile on the horizon.

Nobody gives chase. There are too many to tend to. Too many to bury.

Below decks, the healers of the Argo *work tirelessly, preparing the body of the fallen Argonaut for their final journey. Oils are applied to skin while armor and weapons are polished to a fine sheen. As the first lilting elegy rises into the air above the* Argo*, cries of mourning lift to join it. You feel the grief shift in your own breast, a wrenching pain that will not abate.*

The procession through the upper levels of the Argo *moves slowly, escorting the body to the Argonaut Mausoleum, the place from whence you emerge and the place you are laid to rest. The silence contained within seems to spread out in deadening waves across the city-ship.*

If C3 or L1 is marked, **see 0010**. Otherwise, **see 0015**.

0014

You are not helpless. The Last Academy has just finished a thorough analysis of the Temenos's carcass and commissioned proof-of-concept prototypes from the ever-expanding Argo Works. What they were short on was resources . . . which the Nietzschean, in his unbridled arrogance, has provided. You intend to put them good use.

Gain the *Temenos Weapons*, *Temenos Armor* and *Lakonian Support Equipment* Cycle II Technology cards. Gain either the *Triskelion Power Boost* or *Trireme Ballista Fire* Technology card (as indicated by the day 0 🔥 on the Timeline.).

Gain *Labyrinth Armor*, *Temenos Scale Shield*, *Temenos Xiphos*, *Puzzle Axe*, *Labyrinth Mauler*, *Amphoras Belt* and 4 *Labyrinthizations* 🔧 cards.

Read side 1A of the *Spartan Olympics* Doom card. Then read side 1A of the *A Nietzschean Welcome* Story card. **Return to the Voyage Phase**.

0015

Before your comrade has even been laid to rest in the Argonaut Mausoleum, you are approached by a shadowy figure clad in a simple gray robe that hides finely crafted leather armor.

"Symmachy calls," he whispers. "Symmachy welcomes you, Argonauts. If not contained, the Nietzschean's way will become the only way. But a united opposition begins to form . . ."

The next day, your contact leads you to a not-too-distant bay on the Lakonian coast, where a heavily armored septireme awaits. You are met by a broad assortment of figures. Representatives of different portions of the Diaspora Fleet—the Symmachy's mobile nation of nomadic vessels, and their home since the fall of Athens—stand together in what could almost be mistaken for a governmental assembly. Also attending are a few more demure, muted figures. "Helots," your Symmachy contact explains. "Former slaves who have thrown off the shackles of their Spartan masters."

One of the Symmachy leaders, an Archon, approaches you, a welcoming smile painted across her features.

"Ah, the Argonauts! I am glad you could make it. When we heard of your . . . encounter with the Nietzschean, we feared the worst."

"That thing he unleashed . . ." you say, skipping pleasantries.

"His Shadow. It laid waste to our First Fleet. Now we skulk like rats on the edges of the world. But with your Titans . . ."

"We have not decided yet if we want to partake in your war."

"The Nietzschean cares not what you think!" the Archon snarls. "He has amassed too much power already, too much ambrosia . . . Either we stand together or die alone."

You mull these words for a moment, a knot of unease in your stomach.

Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0016.**

0016

The murmurings and mutterings of the gathering come to a halt as you join the meeting, a number of those present looking to you with curiosity. You feel as though you are being inspected, weighed up. You wonder if you match up to what their hopes were.

"I will be plain. The Nietzschean is powerful, but his enemies are many." An older woman in faded gray robes says. "The Helots are rising up across Lakonia as we speak. But their disparate voices will be silenced if they don't receive support soon."

"The Symmachy stands ready to lend its aid." the Archon says. "And we know the Nietzschean, for we have waged war with him for months now, on many fronts."

"There are others within the borders of the empire who could be turned to our cause. And you . . ." The old man's eyes gleam with a familiar emotion: hope. "You are the Argonauts. Saviors of Crete. With your Titans, you are unstoppable!"

You wish it was so.

But the gauntlet has been thrown, and on Crete you swore to mend this world. You will not discard this mantle so quickly.

"If we agree to this," you say after a long pause, their curious gazes inspecting every twitch of your facial muscles, "how would you suggest we approach it?"

"Kill the Nietzschean. Cut off the head. The Temple of Man rises somewhere in the northern reaches of Lakonia," the Archon says. "The only way to reach it with the Argo *and its forces is through the Great River Works."*

"A vast canal system built by the Spartans," the old Lakonian explains. "Built upon the waterways of the Eurotas and its tributaries. The Nietzschean has expanded them greatly to allow for movement of troops and resources."

"I doubt it's as simple as sailing all the way up to the Nietzschean's doorstep," you scoff.

"There are . . . complications along the way," the Lakonian admits. "The Eschaton caused an upheaval of the land, leading to a vast series of cataracts marring the River Works in key places. The Nietzschean countered this by ordering the construction of sluice gate fortresses, allowing for the passage of ships, but also serving as a barrier against unwanted travelers. These fortresses are heavily defended, and the only way to operate one is with a gate ignition key sequence, activated from within."

So a key and an inside man.

"What say you, Argonauts?" the Helot asks. "Will you aid us? Will you help Lakonia be free from this oppression?"

Choose:

1. *Your crew lie dead at the Nietzschean's hands, and you will not stand for this. You need to send a clear message, one that will rouse these potential allies to action and inspire your own people to fight back against the tyranny of this foe. Yet, once ignited, the flames of wrath are difficult to quench . . .*
   Swear vengeance for the fallen.
   Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 🗡. **See 0017.**
2. *A more reserved declaration may be in order, one that makes clear your dedication without*

allowing emotions to cloud your decisions. However, messages of restraint are often seen as cowardice and don't inspire confidence.
Swear your dedication to peace and justice.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ⛨. **See 0018.**

3. *The people need hope. Without it, they will slide into listless apathy. You need to make a bold statement that will appeal to the hearts of those who will follow you. The more strategically minded of your would-be allies may scorn such idealism as rash, transient ardor.*
Swear to free the land from the Nietzschean's oppression.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 Refugees. **See 0019.**

0017

You step forward, feeling heat already building in your blood. You embrace it, allowing it to flow through you. Unrestrained rage. You need to direct it, shape it, like you do on the battlefield.

"The Nietzschean thinks that we are weak, cattle to be culled. We are not. On the Argo*, he spilled our blood. We will not allow this to stand. For your sake and ours, we solemnly promise—he will fall, and we will stand victorious!"*

As you speak, you glance around to see dozens of eyes staring back at you, reflecting the bright fire of your words. Your righteous fury has taken root and will be sure to grow in their hearts.

You return to the Argo*, driven by a burning purpose: topple the tyrant who wants to consume the world.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. The party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. Then **see 0014**.

0018

You step up, clearing your throat as you prepare to speak. You put aside all thoughts of indignant revenge for the fallen, all idealistic musings of freedom and peace for all, and instead keep your focus razor-sharp.

"The Nietzschean is a threat that no one can ignore. He stands to destroy much in the name of his ideals, in his quest to dominate and subdue. Working together, we can put an end to his occupation of these lands and ensure he faces fair and just punishment!"

Though the Symmachy's silver-tongued envoys nod in agreement, many feel that mere 'just punishment' is not enough. This will be a constant struggle, you realize, to keep not only your lives intact, but your ideals as well.

Gain 3 War Machine resources. Gain the *Wise Providence* boon, then **see 0014**.

0019

You step forward, looking to the Helots who suffered under the Spartan heel. Seeing the suffering painted on their faces, you push thoughts of wrath aside and commit to a message of hope.

"The Nietzschean has wrought untold terror upon this land. Enough. If we work together, we will cast down this pall of corruption and bring forth a new age, a better one, where no mortal need fear oppression or enslavement. We of the Argo *promise you: you will be free!"*

Though the Helot representatives welcome your words with cheers and hopeful cries, the Symmachy's envoys are more reserved, feeling that you're putting the cart before the horses. Though you see their point, Hope Logic cannot be restrained, especially in the face of the Nietzschean's own cult of strength.

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. The party leader gains the *Roused* Condition card, then **see 0014**.

0020

Gatecrashing

The Argo *pulls into the shadow of the sluice gate fortress, a towering testament to the empire's achievements, built on the misery and death of the countless slaves buried beneath its foundation. Massive pillars of carved granite support a pair of unimaginably vast metal doors that serve as a barrier to the great river Eurotas. The sheer cliffs on either side suggest the water level beyond is much much higher. This complex lock mechanism allows vessels of the empire to traverse the vast cataracts of the river. The mechanism is large enough to raise a ship the size of the* Argo*.*

"The signal hasn't been given yet?"

"No word from our 'friend' yet . . . Are you sure that he can be trusted? A Spartan? And a former slave-driver, at that."

You think back to your meeting with this new ally, a commander of one of the slave shanties by the name of Demetrios.

"I have grown sick at what the empire has become, and it weighs me down heavily," he said then. A convenient happenstance. One you hope you will not regret.

You managed to recover only one ignition key. You stand alone at the prow of the Argo *for a moment longer, anxiously considering your options. It has been too long with no word from the Spartan, and there is no sign of the gate being activated. But you cannot back out now. Your lookouts already report sightings of Palirroian triremes behind you, closing fast. There is nowhere else for the* Argo *to run. You need to get into that fortress, no matter what has happened to your agent.*

You muster a landing party and quickly head for the shore close to the base of the sluice gate fortress. Water thunders down from overhead and mist hangs thick in the air, soaking you, your warriors and your Titans to the skin.

You approach a dense forest at the base of the cliffs surrounding the massive structure. There, you find a labor camp buzzing with activity. Teams of Helots chop down trees while chained Cyclopes haul them toward the fortress.

As you watch, a lone Cyclops pulling a wagon passes close-by, following a trail off into the tree line. For a moment, you consider following, but one of your crewmembers points out a circle of cages on the edge of camp. Dozens of Helot prisoners are held within them.

Choose:

1. *The Cyclops is alone and will be easier to contact without rousing the attention of the Spartan guards. Perhaps he can show you a way to bypass the labor camp and head straight for the fortress, even though this means ignoring the suffering of all the other slaves in the camp . . .*
Free the Cyclops and sneak your way in.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0021.**

2. *If you free the Helots, they can undoubtedly show you a way up into the fortress. However, this does mean revealing yourselves to the Spartans and losing the element of surprise. The cost in blood is likely to be a high one.*
Free the Helots and fight your way in.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0023.**

0021

As soon as the Cyclops spots you, fear fills his face and he cowers before your much smaller forms. It takes a moment to explain what you need from him, but once he understands that you are there to fight the Spartans, he is eager to help.

"The empire built these gate fortresses on ancient Leleges ruins," he explains as you free him from his chains. "But they don't know all the tunnels that run underneath them. There is a way in, not far from here!"

He lumbers away from the work camp, leading you up to the base of the cliffs. You pause for a moment, glancing back with a little twinge of guilt. You are leaving the other slaves to their suffering, but you can see no other choice. You do not have the time to shatter every shackle you come across, not if you want to protect the Argo*, your home. You turn away, knowing that the fates of dozens of Helots rest on your conscience.*

Gain +1 ⛰.

The Cyclops leads you through the forest to a seemingly indistinct rock formation at the base of the cliff. With the aid of your Titans, he pushes it aside to reveal the yawning entrance of a deep, dark tunnel. The passages wind and intersect, but your guide seems to know his way around. As you ruminate on this, your troupe emerges into a large antechamber, a convergence of many corridors, now a scene of destruction. Carvings once adorned these walls but have been marred by frantic slashes, as if struck repeatedly by a sword. Statues have been shattered in every alcove, while sacred urns are smashed and scattered about in a myriad fragments. At the center of the chamber, a once proud carving has been knocked over, its head cleaved from its body. Even so, you recognize it, for who wouldn't? This place was consecrated to the sun god Helios.

"Who would do this to a temple?" you ask, not really expecting an answer.

"The Nietzschean," your Cyclopean ally explains, drawing your eye as he looks down on the sundered statue. "He defiled all the temples of the Olympians, slaughtered their priests and scattered their acolytes. But for some reason there were no temples he hated more than the ones dedicated to the sun."

You look back to the ruined statue. Just what was it about the sun god that caused the Nietzschean to fly into such blind rage?

Gain +1 ⛫. **See 0025.**

0022

You turn your attention to the command bastion. The leadership of your enemy waits there, and hopefully, so too does your missing ally.

If ⛨ 6+, **see 0024.**
Otherwise, **see 0028.**

0023

The attack on the labor camp initially blindsides the Spartans. Your Titans lope ahead of you to smash into their ranks, hurling warriors aside like children's playthings. The newly freed Helots respond quickly, grabbing mining equipment, sharp sticks, even shards of shattered rock to arm themselves. Good—a counterattack will happen any second now . . .

Each Argonaut tests Fury or Endurance (8+). Gain +1 Ω or Ⲁ to add +1 each. If P4 is marked, add +2.

Fail: *You barely avoid an attack that would leave you incapacitated, but it still draws blood and slows you down.*
Gain +1 Ⲁ.

0–1 success: *The counterattack is brutally efficient, cutting off a small portion of your forces, a Titan in their midst thrashing wildly. Even with the monolithic figure, the isolated cluster of* Argo *forces is soon overwhelmed, and the last thing you see is the Titan falling with a pained shriek.*
Lose -1 Titan.

2–3 successes: *The Spartans close with your forces swiftly, eager to keep their slaves from escaping, and even more eager to see your blood spilled. You meet them halfway.*
Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction.

4 successes: *The* Argo*'s forces close together in a tight-knit, almost impenetrable formation. You are a community like no other, and not even the might of the Nietzschean's Empire can break you.*
Subtract -1 ⛨.
Regardless of the result, you endure.

You push through the last few ranks of the enemy, emerging at the foot of the trail up to the fortress. You know it will be a grueling climb with a large enemy force at your backs. A unit is mustered to cover your ascent and hold the Spartans at bay. It is certainly a suicide mission, but these warriors accept their orders without hesitation. Reluctantly, you begin your climb. You know you will not see any of them again.

Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 Refugees.

As you reach the top of the trail, the shadow of the fortress looming ever larger before you, another structure heaves into view, almost skeletal in silhouette. Its white marble columns have been burned black, its statuary has been shattered, and crude vandalism is visible all across the broad courtyard of this once grand temple. In the center of the courtyard, an enormous statue has been toppled, the body broken into countless pieces, the head some distance away from the rest of the carving, as if hurled by furious hands.

"This was a temple to Helios," you say, recognizing the sun god's features.

"The Nietzschean ordered all of the temples to the Dead Gods to be ransacked," an older Helot explains. "But the Cult of Helios was shown the least mercy. Every haven of his followers was uncovered, his priests crucified alive atop the sluice gate fortresses for all to see. The Nietzschean personally saw to the desecration of each and every temple to the sun. Even the mention of Helios is enough to send him into a frenzy."

You nod your head quietly, curious about this new information. What is it about the god of the dawn that angers the Nietzschean so?

Gain +1 ⛫. **See 0025.**

0024

As you breach into the bastion, you note its many defenders and fortified choke points. They've had time to prepare. No turning back now.

You clash with them in a brutal melee. The fighting is fierce on both sides, the Spartans eager to spill blood, the Argo's warriors fighting for their lives and their home.

You press on through the winding corridors of the bastion, but your pace is slowed by the sheer number of enemies in your way. Finally you break through, and storm the main building of the complex, only to find Demetrios's body lying on the floor, his throat slit. The fortress's commander stands over his corpse, a triumphant smirk tugging at his lips as he taunts you, confident you will spare his life and take him prisoner. Rage fills your heart as you look down at the slain agent, and a red mist overtakes you. There will be no mercy this time.

Party Leader gains +1 Ω and the *Hapless* Fated Mnemos card.

Before the commander's rapidly cooling carcass has struck the floor, you utter a curse under your breath and turn away. As you rush toward the control housing, you glance down over the edge of the sluice gate. There, far below, you see the Argo *beset by dozens of Spartan ships, Palirroia attacking her on all sides. Your delay has been a costly one.*

Gain +1 ⛨ and lose -1 ⛋. **See 0031.**

0025

The sluice gate fortress looms ahead of you, its walls imposing, with heavy oaken gates blocking your path. Impassable for mortals. For Titans, barely an inconvenience.

As you break inside, you take note of the fortifications. The bulk of the enemy's defenses are clustered around a massive command bastion, the seat of the fortress's commander. Directly opposite, the gate control housing leans out over the open space beneath the sluice gates, ideally situated for observing its operations. There are far fewer warriors between you and this target.

The commander of this facility has hidden himself in the command bastion, withdrawing forces from elsewhere and making your primary target vulnerable to attack. But that bastion is also the place they'd hold prisoners, such as your missing operative.

Choose:

1. *The defector, Demetrios, put his life on the line to help you. You cannot leave him to whatever grim fate the Spartans may have in store for him. You also know that there is much information that the Krapteia could extract from your Spartan ally which could be used to harm you.*
Rescue Demetrios in spite of the risks to your mission.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0022.**

2. *The* Argo *is relying on you to succeed in your mission and open the gate for them. Demetrios knew the risks. As much as you wish you could help the young defector, and as much as you can see the importance of eliminating the commanders of this facility, your duty to your people comes first.*
Remain focused on the mission and leave Demetrios to his fate.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0029.**

0026

The sudden outcry rouses all of you from your focus on the hunt, sparking a hurried rush toward the stoa and your precious Titans. By the time you arrive, it is already too late.

One of your Titans lies stricken on the floor, frantic embrace of the Cleanup Enómotia who tend to the towering beasts futilely trying to rouse it from its terminal sleep. A spear runs through the Titan's neck where the Antikratos interface meets with the nervous system.

You order a thorough search of the immediate area, but there is no sign of the Metonym. It seems as though they have slipped away, vanishing into the night air.

Lose -1 Titan. **See 0049.**

0027

"Face-changing operatives of the Nietzschean. They are able to assume the identity of anyone whose face they 'acquire.' How this process works, nobody seems to know for certain."

You feel a knot of worry clench within your gut. From the sound of things, this 'Metonym' could appear as anyone, hiding behind the face of a friend or ally, waiting to strike the moment your guard drops. Paranoia gnaws at the edges of your mind. You are certain this is the outcome the Nietzschean desired.

Place 1 ⛨ on Inward Odyssey.

And then it hits you. They're still on the ship. And if they can change faces . . .

"We need to lock down the ship immediately!" one of you sputters. "They can be anyone."

The air in the chamber takes on an icy chill as every pair of eyes darts from face to face, sudden doubts about one-time friends clouding minds and turning hearts to stone.

"We need to keep level heads," the party leader says. "They wish to see us at one another's throats."

"The Symmachy have been dealing with incursions from the Nietzschean's agents for far longer than we have," volunteers another. "If we approach them, they are sure to be able to help."

"The people of Lakonia see the Argo *as an untouchable bastion. If we allow our allies to know we are so easily infiltrated, or wounded, how long do you think it will take before they lose faith in us?"*

Not long. But faith may not be enough to carry you, if there are spies in your midst.

Choose:

1. *You've risen to lead this alliance in its time of need, and the people who fight alongside you need to have faith in your ability to protect their interests. The Symmachy is cunning, and will doubtless use this to their advantage. It would be better to keep this an internal matter between the* Argo *and her crew.*
Don't involve your allies in the search for this agent, instead relying on your own abilities.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0042.**

2. *You have allies for a reason, and it's better to lose face and ask for help than to have an enemy agent destroy you from within. Still, the Symmachy's aid will undoubtedly carry a hefty price tag.*
Approach the Symmachy for help in tracking down the Metonym.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0043.**

0028

You storm the bastion. The ranks of warriors before you, while numerous, are poorly organized, still bleary-eyed from being roused to action. As such, you are quickly able to overwhelm them and race through the complex.

You eventually find Demetrios held in one of prison blocks. The fortress commander is also there, threatening to kill the spy. When he sees your Titan, though, looking inside the cell like a mortal into a dollhouse, the weapon falls from his trembling fingers and he drops to his knees, begging for his life to be spared.

You hurry to the other side of the fortress, to the gate control housing, from where you might operate the sluice gates and allow the Argo *to pass into the Aiver Works beyond the fortress.*

You glance down over the edge of the sluice gate. There, far below, you see the Argo*, beset by dozens of Spartan ships. Palirroia attack her on all sides. Your delay has been a costly one.*

Gain +1 ⛨ and +1 Defector. Lose -1 ⛋. Mark K6. **See 0032.**

0029

As your crew floods into the main courtyard of the fortress, you bark orders to head straight for the gate control housing. It pains you to leave an ally in enemy hands, but you see no better option. Your home—and the Titans—is at risk.

As you rush through the fortress, fighting off Spartan warriors at every turn, you pause for a heartbeat atop the walls to look down over the edge of the sluice gate. There, far below, you see the Argo *approaching. Behind it, still a little distance away, dozens of black shapes move to follow her. Palirroian triremes. They will soon overtake the city-ship, but you still have some time to prevent this.*

Subtract -1 ⛨.

You make for the gate control housing, quickly swarming the small building. You know that Spartan reinforcements will soon be upon you, and it will take time to operate the mechanism—time that can only be bought by your warriors holding the line. Only a small number are needed to operate the machina of the gates while the rest can stay behind to organize the defense.

Nominate an Argonaut to operate the machina while the rest of the Argonauts will test Fury or Courage (8+). You may gain +1 ⛨ or Ω to add +1. If P4 is marked, add +1. If K6 is marked, add +2.

Fail: *This is some of the fiercest fighting you have had to endure. One of the Spartans manages to break through your defenses and attack the machina operators.* The Argonaut operating the machina gains +1 Ⲁ and +1 Ψ.

0–1 success: *The enemy swarms you, and it is a frantic struggle to hold them off while your ally works the gate Mechanism.* **See 0031.**

2–3 successes: *You muster your crew and form an ironclad defense around the control*

housing while your comrade operates the machina of the sluice gates. **See 0032.**

0030

As you and your forces flee the fortress, you glance up into the skies. There, among the churning black clouds, you see something you thought had forsaken this land—a patch of clear blue, a small, brief opening in the otherwise endless gray-black expanse that smothers the Nietzschean's territories. A flicker of hope awakens inside you.

"You have won a key victory here today," the Old Priest commends you, gazing up at the sky with a faint smile on his lips but a grim light in his eyes. "No Symmachy army has ever made it beyond this point."

You look back, slowly realizing what you have accomplished. The fortress is yours and the way is open now. Alliance forces will cross the first cataract. And the sluice gate fortresses . . . They're not fortified from the north.

"Yes," the Old Priest nods. "The front line crumbles even as we speak. Sparta scrambles to stop our advance. They can't. Our allies are planning a decisive strike against the Nietzschean's exposed heartland, to end the war quickly, with a knockout. But be wary—he will not go down this easily."

Either place 1 on the next Story card or gain +1 Diplomacy with any faction.

Permanent: From this point onward, you can move through waterways with the **First Cataract Sluice Gate** symbol (note this on your Argo Sheet).

Archive the *Gatecrashing* Story card and the *Sluice Gate Ignition Key* Clue card, then read side 2A of the *To Win the War* Story card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0031

The fighting outside is fierce and bloody. Screaming Spartan warriors hurl themselves at your ranks in endless waves. In time, blood stains the stones of the fortress in such copious amounts, you are sure that dead Ares smiles in grim approval. Still, the enemy keeps charging at you, demanding a life for each one you manage to take.

Gain +2 . Note 'Costly Battle.' **See 0033.**

0032

The battle outside the gate control housing is fierce, but you are the Argonauts. You have faced far worse, and pulled through. You muster your people, shouting words of encouragement as you form up with your Titans to create an impenetrable wall of iron and flesh.

Subtract -1 . Note 'Solid Defense.' **See 0033.**

0033

Inside the Housing, the lone Argonaut frantically searches through the complex machina for anything that looks like an activation sequence, any clue as to what levers to pull or which cogs to turn. As hope flickers in their heart and doubt assails their mind, they feel a subtle nudge, their hand drifting toward one lever in particular. You smell a faint whiff of worked leather, machina grease, and a strange, primal scent. For a moment, you think you catch sight of a cascade of flowing black *hair in the corner of your vision, but there is nothing, no one around you.*

And then you see it. The ignition key you procured, inserted into a switch by the lever you were guided to pull.

"Arise," they murmur, as they do.

Take the *Machina Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 9, card 108) and her Summoning token. This is a bonus token that you may use to summon the *Machina Nymph*, but only once. After you summon her, discard her token and card. (It does not return during the next Divine Surge!)

The fortress suddenly shudders as far below, massive wheels of iron turn, bellows pushing unimaginable quantities of steam through pipes as the waters of the upper levels of the Eurotas churn. The Argo *rocks and sways as turbulent waters are unleashed from within the gate, an ocean loosed in a moment. The grinding and churning of the machina is deafening to all within the fortification. Even your Titans react in pain at the thunderous thumping of gears and pistons.*

It takes a few moments for the gate to cycle, flushing the waters contained within until the levels have dropped to match the lower part of the River Works. Once balance has been achieved, the gates themselves slowly, inexorably grind open. The Argo *sails in, and the gates slam shut behind it, sealing out the pursuing Palirroia forces. Water pumps into the mechanism, lifting the city-ship to the upper part of the River Works.*

If 'Costly Battle' is marked, **see 0034.**
If 'Solid Defense' is marked, **see 0030.**

0034

As the Argo *finally moves free of the gate mechanism, you and your surviving crew flee the fortress, your hands and hearts bloodied from the brutal clash. You glance to the northwest to see a patch of the horizon growing dark, the clouds flickering with flashes of orange and red as a towering pillar of smoke and flame that you recognize all too well approaches. You realize that you would do well to leave before it arrives.*

"The Nietzschean has taken notice of your efforts today," the Old Priest mutters, watching the horizon with grim eyes. "Whether he is pleased at the violence unleashed or irked by your successes, I cannot say. But the front lines haven't changed for months. Years, maybe. Until today. He is exposed now."

You look to the violence on the horizon. The Nietzschean is coming to raze the sluice gate, to bar the allies entry.

"Yes," the Old Priest says, "but he is too late. None of the sluice gate fortresses are fortified from the north. And the Symmachy fleet that hitched a ride in the Argo*'s belly is more than enough to take them."*

"They will want to capitalize on the momentum we gained by striking deep and striking hard. A decisive blow to win the war. I worry we're moving too fast."

Gain +1 .

Permanent: From this point onward, you can move through waterways with the **First Cataract Sluice Gate** symbol (note this on your Argo Sheet).

Archive the *Gatecrashing* Story card and the *Sluice Gate Ignition Key* Clue card, then read side 2A of the *To Win the War* Story card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0035

When the chaos fades, you find yourselves trapped among the rubble of what was once the Bridge Tholos. Heavy marble pillars have collapsed, bringing entire sections of roof with them. The cries of the wounded echo around you, not one of the bridge crew spared the carnage. Flames lick at the debris.

A figure emerges from the smoking frenzy. Wearing the armor of one of the Argo*'s warriors, a sword in their hands, their features are those of a young man, perhaps twenty years of age. He glances about with little reaction, coldly surveying the devastation. That icy gaze turns toward you, a sneer tugging at his lips as he steps forward, raising his weapon to strike.*

If P4 is marked, **see 0037.** Otherwise, **see 0038.**

0036

Hateful Seeds

The Argo *powers across the waters, its aeolipilean engines churning loudly as the city-ship reverberates with energy. You stand within the Bridge Tholos, gazing at the route ahead with narrowed eyes. Above you, the skies churn with oily black clouds, a thick and cloying air hanging over the surrounding land.*

Your ears twitch, picking up a subtle sound, almost lost in the bustle of activity aboard the Argo*. A quiet whirring, grinding. You tilt your head and follow the sound to a table, where you bend down to see a box underneath. The clicking and grinding from within it grows louder.*

As you reach out to touch the wooden cube, it unfolds, the sides falling away to reveal a bronze mechanism. At its heart, an onyx-black crystal glows with a deep, inner light. An array of gears spins around it, until suddenly it hitches, and a small hammer attached to the mechanism winds back.

A flicker of white flame dances deep within the crystal, and a sense of foreboding takes hold of you. You turn, diving away just as the hammer releases, striking the crystal and shattering it.

White energy scorches the Bridge Tholos as a tremendous concussive blast rips through the structure. For a moment, the entire building flexes outwards then collapses in on itself, walls, pillars and ceiling all pulled in toward a central point.

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Lose -1 . If any of the Argonauts has a *Memory of Death* Fated Mnemos card, they immediately draw an Obol. **See 0035.**

0037

Just as the assassin is about to strike, a looming shadow bursts forth from the flames. The man known to you only as the Scarred Veteran rams into them. The assassin staggers back, clutching at their stricken features. They turn, and what you see sends a shiver down your spine. Their face is . . . wrong. The flesh sits oddly on the cheekbones, the nose is malformed, and the teeth do not line up behind lips that now peel back awkwardly. They snarl fiercely, then turn and bolt, vanishing into the flames.

The Scarred Veteran glowers after them, taking a few steps in pursuit, then pauses. He looks back to you and, with great reluctance, helps you out of the rubble.

"They are no mere saboteur," he says, his features growing dim. "He is a Metonym. A face-changer."

Each Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node for the Mnemos with the most nodes. **See 0027.**

0038

The stranger's weapon gleams brightly in the flames, the tip of its blade aimed straight at your heart, when there is a sudden, terrible tearing sound. The assassin loses their balance and falls to their feet. A large portion of the burning tholos is ripped away by massive hands, the Antikratos Helm of a Titan appearing behind your attacker. The towering beast lets out a feral snarl.

The assassin clutches at their face, which seems . . . strange. The features move oddly, and the skin is torn from eye socket to jawline to reveal another layer of flesh underneath. It almost seems as if this upper layer is a mere covering over a deeper one. They glance to you, then to the Titan, before fleeing into a darkened corridor.

The Titan, meanwhile, pays them no further heed and, guided by the one of you who stayed in the Balaneion, rescues you and your crew from the flames.

The Old Priest walks up beside it, giving the looming behemoth a gentle, grateful pat on its leg. You explain what you witnessed: the mysterious device, the explosion, the stranger wearing the armor of a friend. As you describe the strangeness of their features, the Old Priest's expression grows dark.

"I fear this may be no common saboteur," he mutters. "I think what we have here is a disciple of the Mask Nymph, Metonym."

Party leader gains +1 Ω, +1 A and 1 Mnemos node for the Mnemos with the most nodes. **See 0027.**

0039

The spymaster, poring through the dozens of maps you have provided to her, suddenly grows excited, pointing to a blank space in your sketched layouts. She insists that the seemingly empty portion of the ship must contain some kind of as-yet undiscovered complex and orders a search party.

The journey takes you deep into the city-ship, until finally you come across what the spymaster insists must exist. Sure enough, there is a set of bronze doors closing off a large archival structure of some kind, although its true purpose will take time to uncover. Time you cannot spare right at this moment.

Gain +1 .

Inside, you find clear signs of habitation. Scraps of food, a makeshift sleeping area, and a sickeningly large collection of face-masks, stolen identities of people of the Argo*. You feel rage rise within you at the sight, mirrored by a nausea at the idea of a stranger stealing your identity. The damage such a person could do, with all of these stolen personas . . .*

The spymaster wastes no time, ordering your crew to spread out through the complex and lie in wait. Soon enough, a figure comes scuttling into the trap, and your Symmachy ally signals to attack. Utterly outnumbered, it takes only a few moments for you to apprehend the spy.

See 0048.

0040

You leave the scorched ruins of Therapne behind, the giant figure of the Nietzschean monster looming on the horizon like the Colossus of Rhodes, a harbinger of doom . . . and get you can't help but feel a tiny seed of hope growing in you, like a plant bursting out of fertile ashes.

Your battle went as expected, but you got closer and the people stood with you. You also exploited another of the Nietzschean's weaknesses: his pride.

You notice the Old Priest observing you, beaming.

"What are you smiling at, old man?" you ask playfully.

"Oh, nothing." He waves his hand. "It's just that last time we faced an unstoppable foe, Temenos, I had to proclaim the virtues of Hope Logic to you. It seems that, contrary to what the Nietzschean thinks, you do learn your lessons."

If you're on Story card 1, 2 or 3, gain +1 . Archive the *Ill Fate Marshaling* Doom card and read side 3A of the *Wolf Among You* Doom card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0042

The decision made, you and your high-ranking crew members set about making plans to hunt down the Metonym by any means necessary. Maps of explored sections of the city-ship are unfurled, and even deeper unexplored regions of the vast vessel are marked for exploration.

Coordinating the search takes time, during which rumor and concern are rife among the Argo*'s people. That worry spikes further when the first body turns up, followed swiftly by more. Strange markings mar their features, odd scratches and scars. The Metonym is collecting more aliases.*

Gain +1 . Lose -1 . Then, each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (9+). You may gain +1 to add +1.

Fail: *You flinch at every face you see, mistrust spiking in your heart again and again. Old friends look like enemies. Brethren become strangers.* Gain +2 .

0–2 successes: *After countless dead ends and false leads, you hear an outcry from the Titan* Stoa. **See 0026.**

3–4 successes: *Eventually you find a promising lead: a trail that directs you deep into the lower decks of the* Argo. **See 0044.**

0043

You cannot do this alone, you know that much. The longer you delay in finding this Metonym, the more harm they can cause. You order a messenger dispatched to the Diaspora Fleet, and within the day, you have your response: a weathered figure arriving on a small launch. She is a time-beaten woman of some decades, but her eyes glint with a steely light. A spymaster? An interrogator? You can't say anything beyond that she seems shrewd beyond measure.

The moment she steps aboard the Argo*, she issues brusque instructions to your crew. After explaining a few methods that can be used to reveal a Metonym, she orders a methodical sweep of the upper decks. Clearly she has dealt with such a foe before.*

You hesitate momentarily when she asks probing questions about the Argo, pushing for more and more sensitive information about your home, but in the end, you relent. It is the only way she can effectively carry out the hunt.

Gain +1 Defector and +2 . Then each Argonaut tests Cunning and Wisdom (7+). You may gain +1 to add +1.

Fail: *You pace anxiously in the makeshift command center erected on the Acropolis Deck, feeling your emotions boiling within you.* Gain +1 Ω.

0–2 successes: *Even with the aid of a master of subterfuge, the hunt takes many days.* **See 0047.**

3–4 successes: *The spymaster's aid is invaluable, her instincts soon putting you on the trail of the Metonym.* **See 0039.**

0044

You stalk down one of the deeper catacombic decks of the Argo*, twisting corridors fanning out around you in all directions. Somewhere far away, you can hear the sounds of another search party.*

Something emerges from the shadows. It defies description. In one moment, it looks like an immense man of Persian descent. In another, a child in dirty rags, then a beautiful woman, then a withered crone. There are hints of feathers, claws, bulging muscles, all dancing upon a layer of shifting, shadowy etherealness as insubstantial as smoke. Two gleaming white eyes peer out from the ever-changing shapes, regarding you. They speak, not in a voice that reaches your ears, but one that touches your mind.

"I know where the one that you seek hides. They were once a follower of mine, but now their master misuses my gifts and does not pay fealty to me. Find them. Tear away their faces." Then, like vapor disappearing on the morning breeze, the figure is gone.

Take the *Mask Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 79) and her Summoning token. This is a bonus token that you may use to summon the *Mask Nymph*, but only once. After you summon her, discard her token and card. This does not replenish during a Divine Surge.

Following the Nymph's cryptic clues, you move further down the passageway, finally catching sight of a furtively scuttling figure moving through the dark. Your men quickly surround them, and the Metonym is captured with little issue.

See 0048.

0045

As before, the Nietzschean is merely toying with you—or, as he sees it, administering a lesson. Once he thinks you have had enough, he simply leaves you to pick up the pieces.

Archive the *Hateful Seeds* Doom card and read side 2A of the *Ill Fate Marshaling* Doom card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0047

The Metonym, it would seem, is always one step ahead of you, evading capture at every opportunity. They are running circles around both you and your Symmachy ally.

Taking refuge within the makeshift structure atop the Acropolis Deck that serves as your command center while the Bridge Tholos is being repaired, you pore over maps, reports and tiny scraps of evidence that have been turned up by your investigation. Each piece is too insignificant on its own to help you find the spy, but perhaps together . . .

Just as you are turning over a discarded mask in your hands, wondering how it works, the Argo *is rocked by a cacophonous rumble.*

You swiftly descend below decks to investigate and, sure enough, find the source of the noise—a massive rent in the side of the city-ship. The Metonym has set another explosive near a thick pipeline designed to funnel ambrosia to the engine room. The damage, you realize with a sinking heart, is quite severe.

If is 3 or more, lose -1 . Otherwise, lose 4 War Machine resources (if you don't have that much, gain +1). Then, **see 0049.**

0048

The Metonym is taken to a holding cell deep within the Argo*, a detachment of guards assigned to watch them at all times. Their figure is twisted, with a hunched back and gangly limbs. The . . . thing turns to you, and you are overwhelmed with revulsion. The face is a mass of scars and odd markings, the nose broken repeatedly, eyes mismatched, lips swollen. It is nigh impossible to say whether this creature was once a man or a woman.*

Overpowering your disgust at the sight, you press on with your interrogation. While the spy is initially resistant, over time you are able to glean a few pieces of information from them.

Gain +1 .

Later that night, as you are discussing your findings with the rest of your council, a sudden clamor can be heard coming from the direction of the holding cells. You rush to the scene, but it is too late. The Metonym got the jump on their guards, stealing the face of one. You order a new search, but reports come of a stolen launch from the Trade Fleet Dock, and you know the spy has slipped away.

See 0050.

0049

As the city-ship reels from recent events, you curse inwardly. Just a little too slow, a little too unfocused. If only you had carried out your search slightly differently, maybe this could have been averted.

While you deal with the aftermath of this sabotage, word reaches you of further strikes against your crew. It seems as though the Metonym, exploiting the disarray of your people, has invaded the command center on the Acropolis Deck, slaying a few good crewmembers and stealing much in the way of maps, written communications and other parchments. All crucial information for the Argo*'s mission, and potentially disastrous in the enemy's hands.*

Gain +1 .

Further investigation reveals that a small

launch has been stolen from the Trade Fleet Dock. You take a scout hemiolia and pursue.

See 0050.

0050

As you pull into the closest landing point along the canal, you spy the stolen launch abandoned in the shallows. Wet footprints run from the water's edge up a stone staircase going all the way up to the top of the canal. There, on a large, flat plain is a settlement. Its silhouette is odd, hard to discern in the dim light of dawn. Leaning towers loom on the horizon like giant rib bones, yet there are no lantern lights, no cooking fires, not a sound from within its boundaries.

"This is a trap," the commander of your forces whispers.

As you inhabit Titans, you just nod in agreement. You figured as much. That is why you donned the giant bodies that now accompany your scouting team.

A sharp whirring noise reaches your ears, like a winch spinning too swiftly. Dark shapes move between the towers, their silhouettes like stooping birds of prey as they swoop from one structure to another. There is a flash of red and white armor, of long and flowing cloaks that spread out like wings, and an odd contraption at their hip. Long lines of rope feed from it, ending in spiked hooks that latch onto the wood of the towers.

Thanporos. Deathdealers. Giant-killers who honed their blades on Cyclopes' necks. Their swords now thirst for Titan blood. You suddenly feel small and outnumbered.

"Retreat." You give the signal to the scouts, but it is too late, your way back barred by a familiar figure. In the pre-dawn glow, the Nietzschean's chiseled body is that much more impressive, his golden hair and white robes luminous in the dim light. Around him, in countless cages, are slaves, Helots and Symmachy prisoners and even a few of your captured crewmembers, displayed like trophies.

"At last." He clasps his hands together. "I am glad to see that the trail I laid for you was not too elaborate." He pauses and gestures broadly. "Have you found hatred for me yet? Anger? Are you ready to sacrifice everything to try to bring me down?" He smiles. "Because anything less will not do. To challenge the aeons, to surmount the gods . . ." He grabs one of the prisoners and smashes their head on the bars of their cage. As their skull cracks, blood splashes forward in copious amounts. "You preach hope, but you're only giving handouts to the weak," he says with disgust. "They gobble up those scraps and become weaker still. Lazy and stupid. Needy. And when you're gone, what will they do? Will they find the strength to protect themselves against the Primordials or wait for some saviors on an iron ship? But the ship will never come again. Because your mercy has made you weak too."

You look around, frantically searching for a way out.

"Ironic, seeing who you are and the vessel you command." He smiles again, seeing your apprehension reflected in the Titans' postures. "Do you wish to know? Possess this knowledge?" He smiles cruelly. "But knowledge is another kind of power." As he says those words, Spartan warriors approach the cages, unsheathing their weapons, ready for the slaughter. "And power can only be obtained through sacrifice."

Choose:

1. *If you learn more about the* Argo, *you may find a way to stop this monster faster. So it may be wise to listen for a while . . . though the price of this information may be paid in innocent blood* Play along with the Nietzschean and see what he has to say.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0051.**

2. *The Nietzschean's words are designed to undermine your resolve. Listening to him is like drinking poison. If you don't act, people will die.* Refuse to engage in this madness and attack the Nietzschean where he stands.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. Party leader gains the *Fused Souls* Grave Trauma card. **See 0052.**

0051

Seeing the Spartan warriors pulling prisoners out of their cages, your scouts rush to action, but the party leader extends their giant arm to stop them.

The Nietzschean cocks his head like a curious bird, an amused smile dancing on his lips. "It is so important to you, to know who you are. You'd even allow blood to be spilled for it. You think this knowledge holds the secret to my demise. You are correct."

People scream as the Spartans start executing them. You feel your hearts pound, and your Titans' muscles tense up. You cannot let this happen . . .

"Trismegistus bound your hands," the Nietzschean continues, almost oblivious to the murder happening all around him. "But I learned to break those shackles."

The screams of the dying reach a crescendo.

"But I will not share this with you. Because in the world I built, nothing is given, only taken. So come and take it, if you can."

The air around the Nietzschean hisses, a searing wave of power washing over you. A flash of white-hot flame engulfs him, and the gargantuan frame of the monster emerges, its legs like pillars of black marble, its body wreathed in shimmering red-orange flames. The colossal skull turns to look at you, a terrible howl of challenge escaping from its empty maw.

Subtract -1 and lose -1 Humanity. **Go to the *Cruel Lesson* Battle on p. 132** (note "Paragraph 0045"). During setup, place 2 Break and 2 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool.

0052

No deal.

You maneuver around the Nietzschean, interposing yourselves between him and his captives. You'll protect them by any means necessary.

The Spartan leader merely shakes his head, clearly disappointed.

"Weakness has seeped into your bones and spoiled your every virile," he hisses. "How are you to race the sun if you're blinded by it?" As he turns to look at you once more, his eyes flash with a deep anger, the resentment of a disappointed father. His voice rises in a deep bellow. "How many more of you do I have to slaughter to make my point clear?"

The air around the Nietzschean hisses, a searing wave of power washing over you. A flash of white-hot flame engulfs him, and the gargantuan frame of the monster emerges, its legs like pillars of black marble, its body wreathed in shimmering red-orange flames. The colossal skull turns to look at you, a terrible howl of challenge escaping from its empty maw.

Gain +1 Refugees. **Go to the *Cruel Lesson* Battle on p. 132** (note "Paragraph 0045").

0053

Black Nadir

Grim silence fills the war camp as you stride through. Walking between the ramshackle tents, you see dozens of haggard faces turning toward you. A motley array of Symmachy warriors, Helot ex-slaves and even a few Cyclopes have amassed between the shores of the Great River Works and the towering range of jagged mountains.

You feel a twinge of doubt pulse through your heart, a momentary hesitation. In spite of all of your efforts, the force you have mustered still seems inadequate. You are meant to take on the full might of the empire with this? Even with the might of the Argo, *it is a tall order.*

Lose -1 or . **See 0056.**

0054

Black Nadir

You stalk through the camp, feeling the heavy weight on the air. Looking about, you see your warriors preparing for what they know will be the hardest battle of their lives. A legion of Symmachy warriors, Helot volunteers, even a few towering Cyclopes. Armor is being repaired, weapons sharpened, siege equipment assembled.

Uncertainty fills your heart as you survey the troops. The army amassing under your command is certainly impressive, but so too are the forces of your enemy. You cannot help but feel that, perhaps, you could have done more to build your strength.

Subtract -2 . Place 2 Opening and 2 Break tokens in the Kratos Pool. Then **see 0056.**

0055

Black Nadir

The makeshift camp is a bustling hive of activity, thousands of Symmachy soldiers, Helots, former Spartan warriors and towering Cyclopes rushing about to accomplish dozens of tasks. You have never seen such a throng of people clustered together in one place. A true army of souls united in one goal. A vision of the Argo *realized.*

You glance toward the banks of the Great River Works. The shadow of the Argo looms over the camp. Dozens of vessels of the Diaspora Naval Forces and the liberated flotilla of the Helots wait in silence by its side. A truly vast armada to dethrone a tyrant.

Place 1 on the next Story card. Subtract -2 . Place 2 Opening, 2 Break and 1 Diversion tokens in the Kratos Pool. Then **see 0056.**

0056

Your eyes drift to the northward horizon. There, you see a pillar of black smoke climbing into the sky, a choking column of flame and ash. At its base, gleaming in the dull light that seeps down through the cloud-laden skies, is a massive structure: an Ares-class superfortress housing the Temple of Man.

It has taken much effort to track down the Nietzschean. Always, he seems to keep just ahead of your scouts, a shadow on the horizon that never draws closer. Until now. For once, the Nietzschean has also stopped moving, and you have an opportunity to strike.

You turn away from the portentous view. A large tent awaits you, the command center of the operation. The time to plot your assault has come. As you walk in, the hubbub of conversation suddenly stalls, multiple eyes turning toward you. The Argo and its crew carry much weight in any negotiation. You have helped many of the individuals gathered here, either personally or by aiding their people. Dozens of favors garnered, much respect earned.

If Symmachy: Diplomacy is 6+, gain +1 .
If Helots: Diplomacy is 6+, gain +1 .
If Cyclopes: Diplomacy is 6+, subtract -2 .
For each of these also place 1 **on this story card**.
Then, read **all** of the following that apply:
If Humanity: -10 or worse, **see 0063**.
If D5 is marked, **see 0064**.
If M1 is marked, **see 0068**.
If P4 is marked, **see 0070**.

Finally, **see 0072**.

0063

The gathered representatives and the Cyclopes are all engaging in a fierce debate—more of a childish squabble than a real discourse. Voices are raised, fingers are pointed and challenges are hurled across the crowd.

You feel a surge of anxiety at the sight, realizing how little cohesion your Resistance truly has. No clear spirit of cooperation has emerged among the disparate factions.

You have done much to build up this alliance, to bring each faction into the fold, but you also know that you had to show your ruthless side from time to time, ensuring victory no matter the cost. While your allies recognize your contributions to the war effort, they will not forget just how cutthroat your decisions can be.

Gain +1 . Party Leader gains the *Bloodthirsty* Fated Mnemos card. **Return to 0056.**

0064

"Enough!"

All eyes turn as a figure emerges from the Symmachy delegation. The golden braid, silver eyes, scar marking the neck . . . Cyreme the Tenacious is all too easy to identify, striding forward to greet you.

"We've no time for petty squabbles and politicking," she declares loudly. "Our enemy will not sit still for long, and we need to act with haste."

She approaches you, her eyes gleaming with recognition as she nods her head.

"Argonauts." She lowers her voice. "It is good to see you here. I have mustered as many troops as I can for this offensive, more than the bureaucrats in the Ecclesia wanted to spare. Don't fail me."

If you want to show your support for Cyrene, make 1 tally mark under Transition in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. If you do, gain +1 and the party leader gains the *Roused* Condition card.

If you don't, erase 1 Transition tally mark, clear the Kratos Pool and the party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction.

Regardless of your choice, **return to 0056.**

0068

One of the Cyclopes turns toward you, his expression grim, his one eye gleaming with purpose. A large club rests loosely in his hands, little more than a tree stripped of its branches. You recognize this giant as the Cyclops Sergeant, Serapion.

"Argonauts," he greets you, "the Cyclopes stand ready to aid you in this coming battle. We have been forging weapons and armor for your troops, and our people gather in numbers unseen in generations."

"That is encouraging to hear," you answer. "But what of your vow of pacifism?"

"The vow was forced upon us," the giant snorts. "You revealed the truth to us when you delved into the heart of the city of Laestracos. Had you not, we might still be shackled by traditions of weakness."

It seems that the twisted version of the past that you told his people is continuing to spread, and it will have far-reaching consequences. The lie will benefit your people for now, bringing a powerful fighting force to your side, but what will the long-term consequences be?

Gain +1 . Party leader gains +1 and the *Honorblind* Fated Mnemos card. **Return to 0056.**

0070

"Silence!" the Scarred Veteran's voice bellows forth, a thunderous boom that grasps the attention of all within earshot. "Enough bickering. We have a job to do here. Let's not waste any more time than we have to."

As he speaks, you become aware of more members of his crew interspersed among the crowd, watching carefully to make sure the gathering does not dissolve into chaos once more. The sheer number of former Spartan loyalists you have among your ranks now sparks more than a little concern. Are you certain that you're not being influenced by having so many former Imperials in your ranks?

Party leader gains +2 . If 6+, also gain +1 . **Return to 0056.**

0072

A figure steps forth from the gathering, drawing back her hood to reveal sharply downturned lips, jade-green eyes, and features smeared with ash and dirt from a long journey in the wilds. Agripha of the Argonites, one of the Argo*'s most experienced trackers.*

"The reports we received were accurate. The Nietzschean is there, inspecting his troops and meeting with various high-ranking members of his military."

She approaches a low table in the center of the tent. There, a large cowhide has been laid out, a detailed map daubed on it in black and red ink.

"He resides in this building here, the 'Temple of Man' they call it," Agripha says with distaste. "While it is deep within the fortress, the guard presence there is somewhat lighter than elsewhere. Maybe he is confident that nobody can get to him, or perhaps he just assumes that nobody would dare to try."

"What of the monstrous being he can summon?" one of the Symmachy's generals asks.

"The—uh . . . the being waits here, in the courtyard of the temple, atop a giant throne." It is the first time you have seen Agripha stumble over her words. "It just . . . sits there."

Choose:

1. *The Nietzschean, the man, is the will behind the empire, the driving force of its aggression. Remove him and you will have a much easier time dismantling the rest of the Spartan regime. Strike the temple. And hope that after you slay its master, you don't have to face the monster.* Focus your plan around an attempt to take on the man rather than the monster.

Gain +1 . **See 0073.**

2. *The beast under the Nietzschean's control has become a symbol of his unassailable power. If you take it down, you will shatter the faith his followers have in him. Strike at the main gate. And hope the man does not slip away.* Remove 1 from the Doom card. Focus on an all-out assault on the fortress, and taking down the monster rather than the man. **See 0074.**

0073

Agripha shows you the shortest route to the temple. Though it provides a lot of cover, you will still need some kind of a distraction.

"The bulk of the Spartan fleet is moored up in the docks," your party leader points out, looking at the map. "If we set fire to enough of them, we'll draw the enemy out."

"Burning their ships alone may not be enough," a Heliast says. "You need to bait the trap, make it alluring enough to draw them out. You'd have to risk countless ships. Even then, for the Nietzschean, the only truly attractive bait would be the Argo."

Choose:

1. *Lives cannot be replaced, but ships can. Even the* Argo*, your home, can be repaired over time. You have to take the gamble, if it means sparing your allies much bloodshed.*

Risk the *Argo*, and have the fleet assault the Spartan docks.

Gain +1 Diplomacy with any Faction. Gain +1 Humanity. Lose -1 . **See 0075.**

2. *The cost in lives may be high, but the city-ship is your home, and home to countless innocents not to mention Titans, the only real defense against Primordials. If you lose it, what becomes of your mission?*

Have your allies take the brunt of the assault and provide the distraction.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 . **See 0076.**

0074

The skull-faced monster is the symbol of the Nietzschean's power, a mortal Primordial unapproachable by anyone save the Titans. The Spartan leader thrives on the fear and adulation he inspires in his followers. They believe him to be a god, untouchable. Dispose of that illusion.

For that, you need to knock on the main gates. Then the whole might of the empire will be upon you, and among them, your target, the colossal being of smoke and flame.

Whoever takes lead on that assault will face massive losses.

Choose:

1. *While the Helots, the Symmachy, even the renegade Spartans and giant Cyclopes are all willing to put their lives on the line, you know the Titans are best suited to lead the attack. You cannot hide behind those you have promised to protect.*

Take the lead position in the assault on the fortress.

Gain +1 Diplomacy with any Faction. Gain +1 Humanity. Lose -1 and -2 Titans. **See 0077.**

2. *It's good to think of others, but what you need to think of is your objective: if you bleed your Titans on the approach, who will be there to challenge the Nietzschean's shadow? It won't matter how many lives you save up to that point. Only Titans can put a scratch on that monstrosity. It's your allies who have to pave the way to victory.*

Allow your allies to take the brunt of the attack.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 . **See 0078.**

0075

You crouch upon the hillside, looking down over the immense fortress with wary eyes. You have listened to Agripha's reports, but only now do you understand the true scale of the enemy stronghold. The fortress is immense, sprawling across the land from one side of the valley to the other.

As you wait tensely for the signal to move out, your Titans shifting silently behind you. A sudden bellowing war cry echoes across the vista of the fortress. You look to the horizon, beyond the Spartan fortification, to see the prominent outline of the Argo steaming across the waters of the Great River Works under full power. Dozens of vessels flank the city-ship, struggling to keep pace with the behemoth. The Spartans let loose a rallying cry, and large flaming boulders are flung from catapults. You wince as the hollow clamor of titanic projectiles striking the iron sides of the city-ship reaches you. Soon, smoke and flame rages across the Argo's Acropolis Deck.

Turning away from the sight of your home under siege, you rush down the hillside, heading for a small gatehouse set in the walls. A brief clash, and you secure the position, allowing the rest of your strike force inside.

As you steal your way through the narrow confines of the fortress's outer reaches, you hope your allies keep their promise and protect the Argo.

If Symmachy: Diplomacy 4 or lower, lose -1 .
If Helots: Diplomacy 4 or lower, gain +2 .
If Cyclopes: Diplomacy 4 or lower, gain +1 .
You may choose to ignore any of these effects. If you do, lose -1 Humanity for each effect ignored.

Then, randomly draw 2 Argo Abilities from those available; you can't use these in the next Battle.

Finally, **see 0087.**

0076

You crouch upon the hillside, looking down over the immense fortress with wary eyes. You have listened to Agripha's reports, but it only now do you understand the true scale of the enemy stronghold. The fortress is immense, sprawling across the land from one side of the valley to the other.

Pillars of smoke rise from several locations along the waterfront, and soon you can hear the clash of iron and bronze, the blood-curdling screams of the wounded, and the despairing wails of the dying. Your allies are raiding the docks. You try to steel your hearts, for you know that many Resistance warriors will perish before your mission is accomplished. You can only hope it is

not in vain.

Turning away from the sight of your home under siege, you rush down the hillside, heading for a small gatehouse set in the walls. A brief clash, and you secure the position, allowing the rest of your strike force inside.

As you steal your way through the narrow confines of the fortress's outer reaches, you hope your allies keep their promise and protect the Argo.

If Symmachy: Diplomacy 4 or lower, lose -1 ✕.
If Helots: Diplomacy 4 or lower, lose -2 Titans.
If Cyclopes: Diplomacy 4 or lower, gain +1 ⚠.
You may choose to ignore any of these effects. If you do, lose -1 Humanity for each effect ignored.
Then, **see 0087**.

0077

Ahead, the towering walls of the Spartan superfortress gleam a brilliant white against the blighted land surrounding it, a sharp contrast to the ash-stained soil and scorched rocks. A single paved road zigzags from the massive dockyard on the banks of the Great River Works up to a single reinforced gate.

There is no ram large enough to breach it—save one.

When the Argo*'s gargantuan prow finds the docks, you barely register a tremor. There is a crescendo of splintering wood, a chorus of screams from fleeing sailors and warriors, and then it is chewed up beneath the advancing juggernaut of iron. Without skipping a beat, the city-ship keeps going, until, with a deafening screech of metal, it strikes the gate itself, the figurehead of Atlas punching a satisfying round hole in it, large enough for a Titan to squeeze through.*

Even before Argo *comes to a full stop, you—inhabiting your mighty Titans—lead an overpowering charge against the gaping opening. Many crewmembers die during the ascent to the gate. Even Titans fall, soon to be replaced by more of their kin held in reserve.*

The cost paid by the Argo *this day is unprecedented.*

Shielded behind the behemoths and the ranks of your crew, the forces of your allies follow and soon you flood through the breach and into the fortress, where the monstrous being of hatred and fire, the conjured up shadow of the Nietzschean, waits atop a marble throne.

If Symmachy: Diplomacy 4 or lower, lose -1 ✕.
If Helots: Diplomacy 4 or lower, lose -2 Titans.
If Cyclopes: Diplomacy 4 or lower, gain +1 ⚠.
You may choose to ignore any of these effects. If you do, lose -1 Humanity for each effect ignored.
Then, randomly draw 1 Argo Ability from those available; you can't use it in the next Battle.
Finally, **see 0088.**

0078

Donning the awesome bodies of the Titans, you stand upon the prow of an assault trireme. Glancing to either side, you see the full might of your allies mustered around you, a charging line of Resistance ships bearing down on the Spartan superfortress ahead. Further back, you can see the shape of the Argo*, remaining at a safe distance.*

Ahead, the towering walls of the fortifications gleam brilliant white against the blighted land surrounding them, a sharp contrast to the ash-stained soil and scorched rocks.

Before long, the empire responds to your charge, but it's immediately apparent they are too late. Sails unfurl as oars are put to water, but then time runs out and the allied fleet makes landfall.

A host of Resistance warriors disembark on the shore, clashing with Spartans as they fight to establish a beachhead. The battle is fierce, the Imperials eager to spill blood and die in the name of their Supreme Leader, and the cries of your allies echo around you.

As you stand by, waiting for your opening, you feel the Titans' muscles twitch, eager to get into the fray. Still, you wait, allowing others to take the brunt of the carnage, to hack their way to the fortress gates high above. Each pace is paid for in bodies and further misery for those waiting at home, never to see their loved ones again. Your hearts turn cold as guilt over the lives lost under your command assails you.

When your allies are halfway up the winding road to the gates, the massive doors open and the Spartan counterattack spills out like a locust swarm. Among them, the skull-faced Nietzschean monster.

That's your cue.

If Symmachy: Diplomacy 4 or lower, add 2 Sabotage cards to the Exploration deck.
If Helots: Diplomacy 4 or lower, gain +2 Refugees.
If Cyclopes: Diplomacy 4 or lower, gain +1 ⚠.
You may choose to ignore any of these effects. If you do, lose -1 Humanity for each effect ignored. Then **see 0088**.

0084

Surprised? Dismayed? There was never a traitor among you. Your bonds of fellowship are too strong for anyone to betray you. But the mind is a dangerous thing and even a seed of doubt can blossom into a mighty tree of paranoia.

Have you nominated anyone? You've played right into the Nietzschean's hand. Their Argonaut is killed. They need to create a new one using the standard rules (see *Rude Awakening* Special Event). **See 0104.**

If you haven't nominated anyone, congratulations. You've gazed right into the Abyss and managed to avert your eyes. **See 0105.**

0087

The temple is oddly quiet, in spite of the raging battle outside. It is almost as if the polished white marble deadens all sound, creating an eerie, still atmosphere that fills you with unease.

When you enter the inner chambers, the corridors become too low and narrow, and you are glad you left your Titans behind. This is one battle they cannot help you with.

You find your way to the central chamber, where, upon a dais, almost as if waiting for you, the Nietzschean sits on a large throne. His imposing frame, golden locks and piercing blue eyes are unmistakable. He leans back languorously, cradling a goblet in one hand. As you walk in, fanning out in a semicircle around him, he looks up, features twisting into a confident smile.

"I was curious whether you might try subterfuge, or if the frontal assault was your honest stratagem. Was the way here as easy and unobstructed as I deemed it?"

*"You . . ."

"Well, not entirely unobstructed, I suppose." He takes a sip of wine. Some of it trickles from the corner of his mouth. "You had to sacrifice considerable forces to lure my army away. But everything becomes easy once you begin to see people less like your peers and more like . . . roadblocks and paving stones. And here you are, treading on the bodies of your would-be allies and wards, bravo."*

"We're not sacrificing anyone," the party leader growls. "Everyone is just doing their part to take you down."

"As if that makes any difference to the dead. Still, you're not quite there yet. Not ruthless enough." He rises up from his throne, tosses the goblet away. "You want to end like that insipid coward I slaughtered when you first set foot in my domain? I will oblige!" He leaps into motion, closing the distance between you before you can breathe.

You've planned for this, for weeks, hand-picked the best warriors of the Argo*, trained to the point of exhaustion, and beyond. But no matter what you do, you do not even come close to striking him. Every slash, every swing, he deflects with fluid ease, moving faster than the eye can follow. All the way through, more and more of your warriors fall to his brutal hand. The crunch of splintering bones echoes hollowly around you, the stricken faces turning ashen as agony blossoms within them. Swords catch and bend, breastplates rend, limbs tear, guts spill, spines break, bone and women and soul themselves just before their abrupt ends—a grotesque dance of pure violence and libation of unrestrained animal cruelty. The sudden realization of the fragility of your lives instills a primal fear you have never felt before.*

All you see are his icy blue eyes, and all you hear is a deep chuckle rumbling through his chest.

Each Argonaut tests Fury (30+). Doomed.
Fail: Gain +X 🅰, where X is: 1 for Overwhelming Force, 3 for Sizable Force or 5 for Ragtag Force.
Success: Gain half that amount (rounding down).

The temple shudders as something massive impacts on the surface. Your allies must've dealt a blow to the skull-faced monster. And for a moment, the Nietzschean loses concentration. One of your warriors is able to break through, leaving a scratch on the man's chiseled cheek. Then the Nietzschean regains his composure and punishes the daredevil with a snapped neck. He turns to you, barely even breathing heavily. You look around at all of the bodies that now litter the floor, so much blood spilled for . . . for what? This fight, you realize with a sinking heart, is hopeless. The Nietzschean is right. You are not ready.

The Nietzschean's eyes follow your gaze, and a haughty laugh spills from his lips.

"Run, you pitiful invertebrates!" He laughs maniacally. "Monkeys, he called us, and I now see why! But I am that no more. Run, you weaklings! Witness the dismantling of your dreams!"

You cannot win. Not here, not today. You need to flee. Return to the Argo*, to the Balaneion, and try to salvage the pitched battle raging outside. Save those you pledged to protect.*

Behind you, the Nietzschean's laughing taunts echo in your ears.

Go to the *Cruel Lesson* Battle on p. 132 (note "Paragraph 0089").
If any Faction: Friendly or better, gain 1 additional Argo Ability slot (for this Battle only).
As you've lost precious time, the Nietzschean performs two rounds in a row (the first being the *Lot of the Weak* AI card, as usual).

0088

The skull-faced Nietzschean's shadow waits ahead of you, still seated upon the massive marble throne. Black smoke rolls off it in thick waves, twisting up into the sky to mingle with the clouds above. The flames that lick around its torso, shoulders and head flare brightly as the enormous skull tilts to look straight at you, the bright pinpricks of its eyes flaring with recognition.

It makes no move as you stride into the broad, circular courtyard, merely regarding you with those burning, star-like eyes. For a moment, you feel like a commoner approaching a king, a petitioner who needs to make a request of your lord, but you quickly dismiss this thought. The Nietzschean wants you to feel inferior. You will not give him the satisfaction. You keep your heads raised high.

All around you, standing to attention atop the walls that ring the massive courtyard, you see hundreds of Spartan warriors, aspis in one hand, spear in the other. They are here to bear witness, to watch the coming confrontation and spread the dreaded legend.

"At last." The Nietzschean's voice echoes around you, but you see no sign of the Spartan leader's towering figure. "I was wondering if the assault on my gates was the true attack I should pay attention to, or if you had chosen a more cowardly strategy. It is . . . heartening to see you so fully embrace your rage and take the fight to my forces directly. You will pay for it, of course, with the lives of the weaklings you so foolishly dragged here with you. With the lives of Titans you enslave, exploit and discard without a second glance. But aren't they just game pieces for us to forfeit, to get a shot at winning?"

"We are not . . ."

A deep rumbling echoes through the courtyard, a grinding roar that vibrates deep within your core. With a start, you realize that it is coming from the monster itself. The skull's jaw hangs open as it laughs, the mocking sound rolling out from within its massive chest. The laughter continues for a long moment, worming its way deep into your very soul and gnawing away at your courage. "But you will be, by the end."

Each Argonaut tests Will or Courage (15+). Doomed.
Fail: Gain +X Ψ, where X is:
1 if Humanity: -20 or worse;
2 if Humanity: -10 or worse;
3 if Humanity: -9 or better.
Success: Gain half that amount (rounding down).

Then **go to the *Cruel Lesson* Battle on p. 132** (note "Paragraph 0089").
If any Faction: Friendly or better, gain 1 additional Argo Ability slot (for this Battle only).

0089

You feel rage rise within you. So many sacrifices, so many dead, and every time you face him, the Nietzschean brushes it off effortlessly. Maybe he is right. Maybe to beat him you need to become stronger, more vicious, more ruthless. If you don't, everything you hold dear . . .

"This lesson is ended, Argonauts, and sadly it may be your last," the Nietzschean declares suddenly, and the skull-faced monster begins a ponderous retreat.

Retreat, now? What is this ruse? Why now? You look around you. Against all odds, your allies have gained the upper hand. The Spartan army folds, its defenses overrun. The fortress is taken. The monster stands alone, surrounded. This is a clear victory. And yet . . .

"Every trap needs bait, no?"

You feel cold grasp your hearts. No. He couldn't have known. He couldn't . . . A rumbling fills the air around you and the Temple of Man shivers. The very stones of its foundation growl as an intense shuddering engulfs them, sparking flames, rings of incandescence that encircle the edifice, moving and spinning in some strange mimicry of a complex machina.

In a heartbeat, with a flash of radiant blackness, the temple vanishes. The rings of flame collapse inwards with a rush of swirling air and screaming sound. It is as if it was swallowed by a hungry maw, falling away from the world in a blink, taking the Nietzschean with it.

For another heartbeat, all is silent. Then a tortured groan rips the air, and the crater where the temple once stood shifts and cracks. Rock splinters and shatters as enormous rifts split and grow, a spider's web of ravines spreading like wildfire. What remains of the fortress begins to fall into the opening abyss.

Run.

Choose:
1. *You cannot leave your allies in the face of oblivion. If any hope of peace is to survive, these people need to survive as well, no matter the risk to you or your Titans.*
Help your allies escape the collapsing ruins.
Gain +1 Diplomacy with any Faction. Lose -1 Titan that survived the recent *Cruel Lesson* Battle (was not crippled). **See 0090.**
2. *Beaten and broken by your clash with the Nietzschean, you cannot risk further harm, for you are the only Titans that can end him. And without you, hope dies. You need to get the* Argo *out, before this abyss swallows it whole!*
Focus on saving yourselves and your forces.
Lose -1 Humanity. Place 1 Ψ on the next Story card. **See 0091.**

0090

You rush into the ruins of the fortress, dodging and weaving around falling debris and bursting sinkholes. You reach your allies and shepherd them to safety. In your Titans, you frantically dig at the rubble, shoveling aside soil and rock to clear a path, while your crew does their best to help the wounded.

One of your Titans lets out a pained grunt. You turn to see the behemoth stumble, a fracture opening up underneath it, trapping its leg. Its helmeted head tosses from side to side fearfully as it tries to break free before, with a terrible crack, the ground utterly gives way, casting the giant into a vast, bottomless pit. You have no time to even mourn the loss, as the rift continues to grow, threatening the rest of your forces.

If ✕ is 3 or more, lose -1 ✕. If your ⚓ is 3 or more, lose -1 ⚓. The Argonaut junctioning with the lost Titan gains a Fated Mnemos card. Place 2 Ψ **on this story card. See 0092.**

0091

You can see a path that will lead you to safety. Steeling your heart against those you know you are leaving behind, you race away from the cataclysm. Around you, massive rents are opening up in the earth, buildings collapse and debris chokes the air, but you, safe in the Balaneion, removed from all this, force your Titan mounts to run, run, run for their lives toward higher ground.

After what feels like an eternity, you escape the radius of the earthquake. Slowly, you turn back to assess the destruction. The fortress is no more, only a yawning abyss at the heart of the land. Flames rage within the ruins, their smoke carrying countless screams skyward. Many of those voices crying out in terror and pain were your allies.

Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0092.**

0092

You board the Argo*, bruised, bloodied and weary, a heavy air hanging over you. Your crew watches you in silence, numb from the shock of what they have just witnessed.*

"I am sorry, my dear Argonauts," the Old Priest says soothingly, like a mother trying to comfort her children, "but this is not the end."

Your gaze follows his raised arm to the Palirroian fleet in the distance, bearing down on your position. They must've been waiting just beyond the horizon for this exact moment. All those ships in the docks were mere decoys.

There are army regiments marching from the northern highlands, and Cyclopes closing in from the east. This has all been planned. Your alliance has been dealt a grievous blow. The death toll is catastrophic. With your allies scattered, the Argo *will be an easy target. The Nietzschean is tightening the noose.*

"We are finished, old man," the party leader stammers. "He's just too—"

"No," the Old Priest says harshly. "This is not who you are. You rise and you overcome. You must, if not for yourselves, then for the host of people who depend on you."

Each of you nods quietly at his words, feeling a flicker of courage rekindle inside of you. This is not over yet. No matter what the Nietzschean may be capable of, you will rise to face him.

You look to the Spartan fleet, hot in pursuit. Now, though, you must survive and escape this gauntlet. This . . . Argophylae.

Count the number of Ψ on the current (2B) Story card and note the final result on your Argo Sheet, then:
If the battle took place at the Outer Keep, **see 0093**.
If the battle took place at the Kyklopes Keep, **see 0094**.
If the battle took place at the Central First Perimeter Fortress, **see 0095**.
If the battle took place at the Eastern First Perimeter Fortress, **see 0096**.
If the battle took place at the Central Second Perimeter Fortress, **see 0097**.
If the battle took place at the Lakonias, **see 0098**.

0093

Take the Map tiles 081 (Limnae, 4A, Helots), 084 (Themistocles Rendezvous Point, 7A, Symmachy) and 043 (Wall-builders City, 1F, Cyclopes). These show the Resistance Havens you may hide at. Reaching any one of these will fulfill the Story 3A objective. To help you find these, you have been given simple coordinates: a number and a letter. The number is a column number and the letter designates a row. The Cycle starting tile (078) is 1A. Good luck! Note the number of this paragraph on the Argo Sheet in case you wish to refer to the list of Resistance Havens later. Archive the *Black Nadir* Story card and read side 3A of the *Argophylae* Story card, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0094

Take the Map tiles 081 (Limnae, 4A, Helots), 056 (Thermophylae, 7E, Symmachy) and 031 (Gytheion, 2H, Helots/Cyclopes). These show the Resistance Havens you may hide at. Reaching any one of these will fulfill the Story 3A objective. To help you find these, you have been given simple coordinates: a number and a letter. The number is a column number and the letter designates a row. The Cycle starting tile (078) is 1A. Good luck! Note the number of this paragraph on the Argo Sheet in case you wish to refer to the list of Resistance Havens later. Archive the *Black Nadir* Story card and read side 3A of the *Argophylae* Story card, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0095

Take the Map tiles 067 (Tyndareos Estate, 4C, Helots/Cyclopes), 036 (The Athenian, 7H, Symmachy) and 001 (Mt. Taygetos, 1L, Cyclopes). These show the Resistance Havens you may hide at. Reaching any one of these will fulfill the Story 3A objective. To help you find these, you have been given simple coordinates: a number and a letter. The number is a column number and the letter designates a row. The Cycle starting tile (078) is 1A. Good luck! Note the number of this paragraph on the Argo Sheet in case you wish to refer to the list of Resistance Havens later. Archive the *Black Nadir* Story card and read side 3A of the *Argophylae* Story card, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0096

Take the Map tiles 036 (The Athenian, 7H, Symmachy), 031 (Gytheion, 2H, Helots/Cyclopes) and 021 (Hold of Eurotas, 6J, Helots). These show the Resistance Havens you may hide at. Reaching any one of these will fulfill the Story 3A objective. To help you find these, you have been given simple coordinates: a number and a letter. The number is a column number and the letter designates a row. The Cycle starting tile (078) is 1A. Good luck! Note the number of this paragraph on the Argo Sheet in case you wish to refer to the list of Resistance Havens later.

Archive the *Black Nadir* Story card and read side 3A of the *Argophylae* Story card, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0097 Take the Map tiles 021 (Hold of Eurotas, 6J, Helots), 036 (The Athenian, 7H, Symmachy), 043 (Wall-builders City, 1F, Cyclopes), 001 (Mt. Taygetos, 1L, Cyclopes) and 007 (Pericles Forward Operating Base, 7L, Symmachy). These show the Resistance Havens you may hide at. Reaching any one of these will fulfill the Story 3A objective. To help you find these, you have been given simple coordinates: a number and a letter. The number is a column number and the letter designates a row. The Cycle starting tile (078) is 1A. Good luck! Note the number of this paragraph on the Argo Sheet in case you wish to refer to the list of Resistance Havens later.
Archive the *Black Nadir* Story card and read side 3A of the *Argophylae* Story card, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0098 Take the Map tiles 056 (Thermophylae, 7E, Symmachy), 067 (Tyndareos Estate, 4C, Helots), 043 (Wall-builders City, 1F, Cyclopes), 001 (Mt. Taygetos, 1L, Cyclops) and 007 (Pericles Forward Operating Base, 7L, Symmachy). These show the Resistance Havens you may hide at. Reaching any one of these will fulfill the Story 3A objective. To help you find these, you have been given simple coordinates: a number and a letter. The number is a column number and the letter designates a row. The Cycle starting tile (078) is 1A. Good luck! Note the number of this paragraph on the Argo Sheet in case you wish to refer to the list of Resistance Havens later.
Archive the *Black Nadir* Story card and read side 3A of the *Argophylae* Story card, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0099 Wolf Among You
Night has fallen upon the Argo *as you stand atop the Acropolis Deck, looking out across the Lakonian wilderness. You peer into the darkness, looking for any sign of your scouts. Your troops are overdue, and worry gnaws at your gut.*
Finally, a handful of figures emerges from the shadows, approaching the city-ship with all haste. You rush to meet them, and your heart sinks. The leader of the detachment, Agripha, bears a forbidding expression. Anxiety spikes within you at her report. An Imperial trap, an ambush. The scouts' mission was not widely known, even among your own forces. Only you knew.
You watch her leave in silence, then turn to face one another, your expressions becoming more grave. The failed scouting expedition is a disappointment, but it highlights a far more serious issue. This is not the first time the Imperials have anticipated your actions, countering your stratagem with seemingly precognitive speed. Somehow, he knows.
There can only be one explanation—a spy among you. The Nietzschean has countless face-changing Metonym spies at his disposal, and there have been numerous opportunities where an impostor could have slipped into your ranks. It is the only logical answer. The question is, whose identity has been usurped?
You glance at each other, wondering whether you are truly looking upon the face of a friend or merely an enemy hiding beneath their features . . .

Earlier during the cycle you opened Envelope N and were dealt Loyalty cards. There is a traitor among you. A Metonym spy who replaced one of the Argonauts. Their instructions were printed on their card and up until this point they have been trying to sabotage your mission. They could have even cheated!

Now it's time to unmask the traitor.

Each player loudly nominates the player they think is the traitor. Tally the votes. The party leader breaks any ties. If you're not sure who the traitor is, as a group you may abstain from nominating anyone—but you must clearly declare you're doing so. Players may freely discuss their thoughts at this point.

This vote will have one of three outcomes:

1. **You correctly identified the traitor:** The Argonaut of the nominated player is executed and their reign of deceit ends.
2. **You incorrectly identified the traitor:** The innocent Argonaut of the nominated player is executed and the traitor can finalize their mission.
3. **You abstained from identifying the traitor:** No Argonaut is executed, but the traitor can finalize their mission.

Once all players have made their choice, reveal your Loyalty cards and **see 0084**.

0103 *Even alone, you stood against the Nietzschean and prevailed. You have won at his game and here is your grim reward.*

Gain the *Bloodied Wreaths* Title card (Secret deck 5, card 40). **See 0132.**

0104 *You feel numb.*
Gazing at the Argonaut Mausoleum, the place where you've already laid so many comrades to rest, you cannot help but feel the weight of what you have done. You killed the one you suspected to be the spy in your midst, believing you were ending the threat to your home.
You were wrong.
The fallen Argonaut was no spy, and the empire continued to counter your forces at every turn. Your suspicion, your fear—it was all a tool used by the Nietzschean to turn you against one another. The true power of the Metonym agents: to make you see danger at every turn and leave you unable to distinguish friend from foe.
Your jaws clench as the funeral procession returns from within the Mausoleum. This will stain your souls for the rest of your days.

Each surviving Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Gain +1 ⛬. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0105 *You refused to execute one of your own.*
In spite of the fear and disarray spreading through your ranks, you held firm to your principles and did not lash out on an impulse. And in the end, your stance was vindicated. There was no Metonym among the Argonauts. In time, it becomes clear that the information was leaked through different means.
The fear, the suspicion, the growing aura of dread—it was all another ploy by the Nietzschean. The true effect of the Metonym—to turn friend to foe and make one leap at shadows. Fortunately, you were stronger than this and held true to your principles. You will no longer be prey to his manipulations.

Gain +1 ⛛. Any Argonaut can reset their Ω. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0106 Ill Fate Marshaling
Hidden deep in the Great River Works network, the city of Therapne was almost forgotten by the empire for its remote nature and strategic insignificance, making it all the more ideal as a point where your beleaguered forces may find some respite.
The anchored Argo *is showing signs of wear, having endured much in this campaign. Its iron sides are marked by countless dents and scrapes, impacts from weaponry and clashes with enemy vessels.*
You've disembarked to do business with the townsfolk. The Lakonians are eager to render aid where they can, but the town's resources are thinly spread. Negotiating for supplies, especially food, is a challenge.
A thunderous crash descending from the skies splits the air. Cries of terror rise into the air as you look to the Argo *once more, and your blood turns cold. There, standing on the prow of your vessel, outlined against the roiling black clouds above him, is the Nietzschean. His flowing white robes billow in the sudden gusts that sweep across the town, and his golden hair streams out behind him as he looks down upon the small settlement with a sneer.*
"Argonauts!" Even at this immense distance, his voice booms loudly, unnaturally powerful. "I grow weary of these lessons you refuse to take to heart." All eyes look up to him. You hesitate. He stands between you and your Titans. "You think you can hide among the weaklings?" he bellows.
You want to reveal yourselves, to confront him, but you know that you would stand no chance, not when you have been caught so utterly off guard. Not without your Titans. You have to stay hidden. If you can only get to the Andanean . . .
The town's docks explode into flinders of shattered wood as the Nietzschean's monstrous counterpart surges up from the waters at the prow of the Argo, *tearing through the flimsy mortal construction as if it were parchment. The gargantuan beast looms high above, the skull's jaw opening wide as it releases a terrible, ear-splitting shriek of rage.*
"I will make it simple, then." Its wail is deafening. "People of Lakonia! Turn the Argonauts in, and I will spare your pitiful city. Hesitate, and your agonized screams will echo through the aeons as a living reminder of what happens to those who oppose my will. Decide quickly."

If Helots: Diplomacy 7 or higher, **see 0107**. Otherwise, **see 0108**.

0107 *Before your mind can fully catch up with what you are seeing, dozens of hands suddenly grab you. Rags are placed over your shoulders, grubby hoods pulled down over your features. A woman at your shoulder whispers urgently into your ear.*
"Flee, so your hope can live."
You feel a swell of gratitude in your heart. Countless former slaves are clustering in close around you, shielding you with their bodies, hiding you from your fearsome pursuer. They usher you away from the town's main square.

Gain +1 ⛛. During the next Battle, one Argonaut becomes immune to involuntary Ω gain. **See 0109.**

0108 *The first screams of terror rise from the crowds around you as the monstrosity approaches, its blazing eyes searching intently for you. Before you can even fully respond to the threat, the crowd suddenly turns, a mindless mob fleeing from the predator in their midst.*
You are swept up, people pushing and shoving you on all sides as they frantically try to escape. At one point, you stumble, and dozens of knees and feet find your struggling form, leaving you battered and bruised.

Each Argonaut gains +1 ⍋. **See 0109.**

0109 *"You hide among the cattle, as if that will save you!" The Nietzschean reaches down, grasping at a building before its feet. A single wrench of its titanic muscles pulls the former home from its foundations, lifting it into the air with one hand. The massive fingers clench, and rock and plaster crumbles, reducing the building to dust, killing dozens. "They couldn't even save themselves!"*

If Symmachy: Diplomacy 7 or higher, **see 0110**. Otherwise, **see 0111**.

0110 *A dozen large shadows flit through the air. Massive boulders, launched by catapults mounted on the Symmachy ships gathered in the Argo's shadow, hurtle through the skies to collide with the looming beast, staggering it for just a moment. The Nietzschean howls as he turns to face the threat, picking up a flaming timber from one of the ruined buildings and hurling it like a javelin, spearing a ship through its midsection. Screams fill the air as Symmachy warriors swiftly leap into the waters to escape the devastation, swimming for the waiting docks of the* Argo.
You watch as the Nietzschean continues to rip through the small flotilla and can't help but realize these people put their lives on the line to give you a fighting chance. You will not waste it.

Gain +1 Refugees, Symmachy: Diplomacy +1 and any Argonaut can gain +1 Ω. **See 0112.**

0111 *You rush through crowded streets and alleys, dodging around large groups of fleeing civilians as you try to think your way out of the situation. Then, just as you feel your desperation reaching its peak, you spy movement on the* Argo. *Your crew is fighting the monster with everything they've got. As the Nietzschean brings his mighty arms to bear, the Acropolis Deck vanishes in the smoke and flame. You know you will not see your people again.*

Lose -1 ✕ or the *Arrow Barrage* Technology card (permanently). **See 0112.**

0112 *"Do you want to know how I tracked you here?" The Nietzschean chuckles. "The Symmachy leaked your position!" His laugh chills you to the bone. "Even they felt you could not stand against me, so they decided you would serve better as bait. But the fleet they wanted to use to box me in is burning down the river . . . for if you know you stand alone you will never be betrayed! And you grow stronger, for you will not rely on others."*
You try to shut out the Nietzschean's words, but you can feel their tendrils worming their way into your mind, insidious doubts taking root. Every doubt you've ever had about the Symmachy rises once more: questions about their motives, their trustworthiness, their past . . .

Either gain +1 ⛛ or, if you believe the Nietzschean (or Humanity: -15 or worse), lose -1 Humanity and Symmachy: Diplomacy -1.
Then, if Cyclopes: Diplomacy 7 or higher, **see 0113**. Otherwise, **see 0114**.

0113 *A fist the size of a building comes crashing down through the houses to your left, shattering them and pummeling you with razor-sharp debris. Choking smoke and fierce flames fill the air around you. The monster's hand oozes boiling ambrosia as its enormous fingers reach out to grasp at you.*
"There you are . . ." the Nietzschean seethes.
Just as it seems all is lost, several giant shapes lumber out of the smoke, rushing straight for the beast. A half dozen Cyclopes dart in close to the Nietzschean, hurling themselves at him without regard for their own safety. Their thick skin protects them from some of the ferocity of the flames that wreath the creature's body, but you can still see their hands and features blistering and cracking as they tackle the much bigger foe. Two of the giants grab hold of the outreaching hand while the others lunge at its legs in an attempt to wrestle it backward.
"Run, Argonauts!" one of the giants manages through grit teeth. "Save us all!"
You turn and flee, knowing even the power of these giants will not be enough to deny the Nietzschean for long.

Subtract -2 ⛛ or Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0115.**

0114 *You turn a corner, coming to a sudden halt as you find yourself facing a wall of wood, metal and stone. A makeshift barrier has been built in your path. Several towering figures hide behind it. You spy the terrified features of a half dozen or so Cyclopes skulking behind the crude palisade, their single eyes glancing to you then back to the monstrosity pursuing you. You can see the fear in their expressions. They will not help you in this fight.*

Gain +2 ⛛. **See 0115.**

0115 *"The Cyclopes . . ." The Nietzschean sneers as his monstrous shade reaches down with a vicious swipe to knock the one-eyed giants back, casting them aside effortlessly. "They were gifted this world on a bronze platter, and they spurned that opportunity, choosing the path of weakness, fear and pacifism." He spits that last word venomously, like a curse. "And where did it get them? Into my farms, my mines, my refineries! Turned into beasts of burden and mindless war machines! And if hunger comes in the winter, we will eat them like cattle, for the weak are meat," he adds gruesomely.*
You turn through several more alleyways before spilling out into a large, open square. A vast crowd of terrified civilians has fled here, trying to keep ahead of the Nietzschean's wrath. It is a kill zone, a dead end with no way forward.
With a terrible roar, the Nietzschean's shadow lumbers toward the edge of the square, glaring down at the roiling crowd of frightened townsfolk with open hatred.
"End of the line, Argonauts," he says with dreadful finality. "Hiding among the refuse of the world, refuse you've so foolishly sworn to protect. And they cling to that hope oh so very much," he adds. "So let it also be a lesson to them as much as to you. If you so cherish their lives, I will spare them, on one condition: step forward and die alone. Or slip away like the weaklings that you are. I will not pursue you. Instead, this city will satiate my anger. What will it be, oh mighty defenders of the weak? Is your continued existence worth this sorry lot? Surely it is, for you think of yourselves special, able to control the titanic slaves, the one thing in the world you hope can stop me. So, what are you waiting for? Slip away."
Silence rolls across the crowd for a long, long moment. For the first time since you awoke, you feel the dread of responsibility. You wish you could vanish, that someone else would take your place. You do not want to die.
But the moment passes and you remember. You are the Argonauts.
You sigh, knowing what needs to be done. There can be no more hiding. Slowly, you straighten, drawing in a deep breath to speak out.
But before you can utter a word, a figure separates itself from the crowd, walking forward a few paces to stand before the Nietzschean. The Old Priest. His weathered features glare up at the towering monster, and he shows no fear as he raises his voice.
"You think we are weak because of our bonds, but you're wrong. We're stronger because of our unity, not in spite of it. That is something you'll never understand. And you will fail, alone. For I am an Argonaut!"
"You . . ."

Gain one support mark.
Then, read **all** of the following that apply:

If you have finished the *Consider the Ant* hub, **see 0116**.
If you have finished the *From the Ashes* hub, **see 0117**.
If you have finished the *Intended Purpose* hub, **see 0118**.
If Helots: Diplomacy 8 or higher, **see 0119**.
If Symmachy: Diplomacy 8 or higher, **see 0120**.
If ⛛ 5 or less, **see 0121**.
If B9 is marked, **see 0122**.
If D2 is marked, **see 0123**.
If D4 is marked, **see 0124**.
If D5 is marked, **see 0125**.
If K6 is marked, **see 0126**.
Tally up the number of support marks you have to determine the following:

1–2: *A handful of people step forward to stand beside the Old Priest—a smattering of Helots, Symmachy warriors, and* Argo *crew. The rest are too hesitant, too fearful.* Nothing.

3–6: *As more and more individuals start to speak out, you can see a larger portion of the crowd gaining boldness, many more stepping up to declare their position at your side.*

Place 2 Opening and 2 Break tokens in the Kratos Pool. One Titan starts the next Battle with the *Roused* Condition card.

7–9: *The air of boldness and hope surrounding you is further reinforced. Soon, most of the crowd has stepped up behind the Old Priest.*

All of the above, plus every other Titan starts the next Battle with the *Roused* Condition card. During the next Battle, at the start of each Titan round, you may place 1 [Fire] token in the Kratos Pool.

10–12: *Not a single person in the crowd holds back from stepping forward, the entire town rising to challenge the Nietzschean. You feel a swell of courage at the sight of so many united under your cause and feel the mission of the* Argo *realized: hope for all.*

All of the above, plus, if you don't have the *Voice of the People* 🗣 card (Secret deck 5, card 58), gain it. During the next Battle, treat it as if you have 3 Allied Factions and 8 Refugees.

Regardless of the number of support marks, **see 0127**.

0116 *Another figure emerges from the crowd, head raised high as he glares directly at the midnight behemoth that towers over his people. You feel a swell of pride as you notice Pasion, the former Helot slave you aided, now wearing the armor of a Symmachy warrior. His eyes fix on the beast as he speaks.*
"I am an Argonaut!" As he says it, you feel a tinge in your heart, like an echo of the junction.

Gain two support marks. **Return to 0115.**

0117 *Another figure steps forth, an Archon of the Symmachy. The weathered features of Koraqos, the ally who has aided you on several occasions, steps up beside the Old Priest.*
"I am an Argonaut!" As he says it, ten other Symmachy agents step forward to declare their allegiance.

Gain two support mark. **Return to 0115.**

0118 *The ground trembles as a large shape emerges from the crowd. The stern expression and scarred hands are unmistakable as Serapion, one of the more energized members of the Cyclopes, steps up to the front of the crowd.*
"I am an Argonaut!" he bellows to the amusement of some of the gathered, as no sane person could take that declaration seriously.

Gain two support marks. **Return to 0115.**

0119 *A hesitant figure steps out of the crowd, clad in simple robes, face*

filled with worry, but he squares his shoulders and walks forward. Ancus, one of the Helot leaders, speaks with a trembling voice.

"I am an Argonaut!" As he speaks, his shoulders seem to set firmly as he finds courage.

Gain one support mark. **Return to 0115.**

0120 *Another person emerges from the crowd, a diminutive figure in nondescript gray robes. Syagra, a spymaster of the Symmachy, boldly marches forward. She eyes the monster sternly.*

"I am an Argonaut!"

Gain one support mark. **Return to 0115.**

0121 *Agripha, the leader of the Argo's scouting division, steps forward. Her sharp eyes coldly measure the beast before her. It is unusual to see her make so overt an appearance, the experienced tracker normally preferring to remain in the shadows, but she appears to be set aflame by a powerful purpose.*

"I am an Argonaut!"

Gain one support mark. **Return to 0115.**

0122 *"I am an Argonaut!"*

Heads turn at the declaration to look at Imbrus, the former Spartan veteran-turned-ally, stepping out of the crowd. He clutches a sword in a nervous grasp, but his stance is firm, his expression set as he glowers unblinkingly at the shade before him. He even cracks a hopeful smile.

Gain two support marks. **Return to 0115.**

0123 *"I am an Argonaut!"*

Baerios of Crete, the former Hornsworn leader who you helped so long ago, emerges from the roiling crowd, standing tall as he bellows his challenge toward the looming monster. He does not flinch or falter as he faces down the terrible foe, having stood against Temenos. You notice he is not alone, as many of his former crew step forward as well.

Gain two support marks. **Return to 0115.**

0124 *A tiny shape, seemingly insignificant among the others, emerges from the crowd. Her expression is stoic as she stands with the others, a mere child, but one who you recognize. Efigenes faces down the beast, her features unflinching.*

"I am an Argonaut," she whispers.

Gain one support mark. **Return to 0115.**

0125 *"Ah, to Hades with it." A strict figure emerges from the crowd, marching out to stand next to the Old Priest. The stern features and golden braid of Cyrene the Tenacious are unmistakable as she glares up at the Nietzschean's beast. "I am an Argonaut!"*

Gain one support mark. **Return to 0115.**

0126 *A final figure emerges from the throngs, moving up to stand next to the Old Priest. Demetrios, the former Spartan who defected to aid you in breaking through the first sluice gate fortress, moves up to face down his former sovereign. He shows no fear as he makes his declaration.*

"I am an Argonaut!"

Gain two support marks. **Return to 0115.**

0127 *Feeling the swell of confidence that your friends and allies inspire within you, you emerge from their midst, standing beside the Old Priest as you glare up at the snarling visage of the shadow.*

"Our allies don't make us weak," the party leader declares, "and you know it. Why else throw away your learned façade and try to snuff us out? And even here, now, you had to ambush us while we are separated from our Titans, rather than face us in fair combat. In truth, it is you who is the coward!"

The towering beast glowers down at the massed crowd for a long moment, the pinpricks of its eyes blazing with furious light as it surveys those who have stepped forward.

"And even if you kill us all, your warriors will know what it took. To what lengths of deception you had to sink to end us. Our legend will only grow from here."

For a moment, the Nietzschean clenches his fists, and you are certain that he will strike out at you and your allies. But then the Nietzschean's voice rolls forth once more.

"No. There will be no legend," he sneers. "If you have such faith in your precious 'unity,' Argonauts, then perhaps it is best I help you dispose of that notion. Go, mount your Titan slaves. It makes no difference in the end."

Go to the *Cruel Lesson* **Battle on p. 132** (note "Paragraph 0040").

0128 Argophylae

It's hard to believe, but you've made it. The Nietzschean threw everything at you and it was not enough. Exhausted but invigorated by this triumph, you enter the Resistance Haven.

If you've reached a Symmachy Haven, **see 0129**.
If you've reached a Helot Haven, **see 0130**.
If you've reached a Cyclopes Haven, **see 0131**.
If you've gone through the Argophylae deck twice, **see 0103**.

0129 *The* Argo *glides into the relatively sheltered bay, just barely managing to escape from the main current of the Great River Works, and slows to a gentle rest. A small launch is sent forth, and it soon returns with a Symmachy delegation. Their camp is not far from shore, and they stand ready to offer aid as needed. They have been operating within enemy territory for some time and have knowledge of the land, although their activities have set the Imperials searching earnestly for their base of operations. It is a certainty that they will notice the* Argo*'s presence before long, and the Athenians will be forced to move on. But for now, they can provide a safe haven.*

Gain 7 War Machine resources. **See 0132.**

0130 *It takes several days to reach the Helot town, the* Argo *finally coasting to a halt a short way from the shore. The welcome you receive from the Helots is cordial, if wary. They are clearly fearful of what pursuers might follow you, although they are determined to help in any way they can.*

You spend two days recuperating at this small haven, knowing that you must move on before long, but thankful for the reprieve. The Helots are generous with what supplies they can spare and even help to treat some of the Argo*'s wounded.*

Gain 8 Relief resources and you may gain +1 Refugees. **See 0132.**

0131 *The* Argo *rushes through the River Works until, at last, you spot the refuge you are seeking. A few squat buildings perch on the very cusp of the deep canal trench, once so far from the water's edge before the Spartans began their great work. A few additional shelters have been carved into the canal walls, tracing a long, winding pathway down to a small dock.*

As the Argo *drops anchor, a delegation of Cyclopes steps out onto the dock, ready to greet your emissaries. Before sundown, a cadre of towering metalsmiths boards the* Argo*, setting to work reinforcing her iron flanks.*

Gain +1 ⚓. **See 0132.**

0132 *A gathering of leaders is mustered in one of the Tholoi on the Acropolis Deck of the* Argo *to discuss the defeat that nearly brought this alliance to its knees. As you walk in, there is much anxious conversation around you, numerous faces harboring worry, regret, or open fear.*

"What we survived at the Temple of Man was a most grave defeat," the party leader admits. "We thought we had the enemy in a position of weakness. But the Nietzschean knew our every move before we even set foot in the fortress. He planned things out far beyond what we could have imagined."

You can see a few bitter gazes among the crowd, people folding their arms as they watch you speak. But a leader must own their mistakes, this much you know. There are those among your allies who will appreciate your honesty.

"We miscalculated and we paid a heavy price for that. All of us did." You draw in a slow, painful breath. "You did. But we survived and we've learned much. And the Nietzschean, for all his cruel cunning, sacrificed as much, if not more, to bait us. The empire has been brought closer to the precipice of defeat than ever before."

"Our intelligence operatives have captured a few officers who were assigned to the Temple of Man," Syagra, one of the Symmachy spymasters, says. "They claim that it moves at the Nietzschean's whim. It slips into some 'other' place, then appears somewhere else around Lakonia."

"Some other place . . ." one of you mutters. "It reminds me of our ordeal on Crete."

Read **all** of the following that apply:
If Symmachy: Diplomacy 7 or higher, **see 0137**.
If Helots: Diplomacy 7 or higher, **see 0138**.
If Cyclopes: Diplomacy 7 or higher, **see 0139**.

Then, continue:

You look to Syagra.

"You speak of this 'other' place, like Plato's cave." You are reminded of the words of the late Minos, King of Crete. "We encountered such a thing before. The monster of the Cretan Labyrinth warped the world around it, made things shift and move as if floating through an invisible sea."

If C2 is marked, **see 0192**.
Otherwise, **see 0193**.

0135 *"On Crete, we bound Temenos using a complex machina." Your mind goes to the awe-inspiring tragedy of Ariadne's Anchor. "Alkibiades, could that effect be replicated to ground the Temple of Man?"*

The Master Craftsman of the Argo *strokes his chin in thought. "The Anchor is of Daedalus's design and is inextricably tied to Temenos. The carcass of which we still have onboard," he adds, eliciting some nervous glances among the gathered.*

"And it puts down its labyrinthian roots, even after death, does it not?" The party leader seizes upon the thought. "Is that not how we made all that mazefl esh equipment for the Titans?"

"It is . . ." You see the gears of Alkibiades's mind working, and a smile creeps onto his face.

"You'd have to sneak into the temple itself," a Helot leader says. "The most heavily guarded place in the empire!"

"And subtly," Syagra muses. "Any sign of tampering, and the Nietzschean could shift the temple away in a blink of an eye."

The room falls silent. Then the party leader says slowly, "You'd have to wear the face of the enemy . . ."

And there it is, the most audacious plan yet: use the face-masks of the captured Metonym to infiltrate the Temple of Man and leave the Nietzschean an unforgettable souvenir from Crete, a piece of the reality-bending Primordial itself. Make it take root and freeze the edifice in place. Let both false truths cannibalize themselves.

"You're talking about walking right into the heart of the Nietzschean's lair!" exclaims a Cyclops leader. "It's madness, even by your standards, Argonauts!"

The party leader grins.

"And he won't see it coming."

Choose:

1. *You have the Metonym masks, but you also need proper identities. The* Argo*'s resources are stretched to their limits, and you know that the battles ahead will be harsh. It will pose severe risks to your allies, but they need to take point on this one.*
Have your allies take the lead in snatching important officials for your infiltration.
Lose -1 Humanity **See 0141.**

2. *Looking around at your allies, your friends, you can see that they are just as spent by this war as you are. Undertaking this mission will leave you exposed, but you cannot ask others to take it on in your stead.*
Have the forces of the *Argo* take the lead in kidnapping officials to impersonate.
Gain +1 ⚠. **See 0142.**

0136 *A haggard man in his fifties stands in the Argonaut Masusoleum, his gaze sliding dispassionately from coffin to coffin. He turns, sensing you approach. His golden cuirass has been mended, the emblazoned crest of a boar now polished and shiny.*

"Ya sleep in these?" he asks rudely.

Now you remember him. The rude man from the cave.

"How did you—"

"We come as we please, for the world is our playground. Or was. Whatever." He seems irritated by the notion. "I get the idea you're going for the big boss himself, yeah? If ya are, I'm game."

"What do you—"

"I'm Diomedes, an Argonaut, like you, but really not. Better, just . . . spent." He taps his head. "The junction gets to ya and ya forget. But I remember what's important: I've piloted the giants before you were even an idea. I can do it one last time, big send-off for the big boss. Ya game?"

Could he truly be an Argonaut? You don't know. But if he can junction with a Titan, you'll have him either way.

Add Diomedes to your pool of potential Argonauts. Should you use him on Aegis Team, mark L10. **Return to 0140.**

0137 *"We . . . may have some insights on that." Syagra shifts uncomfortably. "We heard reports of an artifact being stored within the Temple of Man," she explains. "We didn't believe the rumors at first, but the Spartans—at least, those among the upper echelons of their command structure—say that during his campaign in Delphi, the Nietzschean procured the heart of the sun, a vital piece of Helios's chariot. We tried to find out what it was, but were never able to get close enough. If it truly is an artifact of divine origin, or even just a powerful machina, then it could be the source of the temple's motion."*

"Any such device would require immense power," Alkibiades declares, standing up. "You'd need some kind of extremely refined ambrosia to fuel a process such as this . . ."

Gain 15 Violent Ambrosia resources. **Return to 0132.**

0138 *"The black ice," a young Helot says, flinching as your eyes turn to her. "The Nietzschean brought back entire cargo ships full of it when he returned from Delphi. The Spartans were too occupied with the retreat after the campaign there ended in a stalemate, so they used Helots to move the stolen ice. Those who handled it . . . Some of them claimed they saw strange things. Other places, our world but different, a land where all of nature had turned against itself. An inverted sun. We thought maybe exposure to the ice had driven them mad."*

"Where did all of this ice go?" you ask.

"To the capital." She shrugs. "After that, we know not where it went."

Gain +1 ⚒ for Story 3B. **Return to 0132.**

0139 *"We know the answer to that," one of the towering Cyclopes, an elder known as Baraneios, says. "Some of our number were taken to the capital, to the Temple of Man, to craft a machina for the Nietzschean. A device to reduce something called 'black ice' to powder. The apparatus is immense and resilient. It has to be, because the powdered ice is too volatile and prone to ignition at the slightest disruption."*

"Sounds potent enough to power a device like this." Alkibiades shrugs as he turns to you. "It's farfetched, but we've seen it done before by Temenos and other Primordials."

Gain +1 ⚓. **Return to 0132.**

0140 *You turn from the view ahead to where a cadre of your advisers and allies has assembled. Members of the Ecclesia, the Symmachy naval forces, the Helot Uprising, and elders of the Cyclopes Tribes have all mustered at your call and now cluster together to formulate a stratagem for the battle to come. Archon Koragos steps forth, eyes flickering to each of the gathered faces, but you speak first.*

"We'll make landfall here, here, and here." He points to three locations around the temple. "This will allow us to assault the fortress in key positions, and they will not be able to concentrate their defenses in any one location."

"But the battle itself will only be a distraction." Syagra, the spymaster, steps out from the crowd. She nods to you before moving to join the Archon. "Our true target must be the Nietzschean himself. As we've already discovered, he cannot fully focus when he is fighting two battles at once. So, we must strike at the man and the monster simultaneously. Two teams must be assembled. Strike Team Aegis will junction with Titans to fight the monster, while Strike Team Xiphos will face the man in the bowels of the temple."

The spymaster turns to you, her steely eyes glinting with determination.

"You'll be the ones leading these teams, Argonauts. I recommend you consider your choices thoroughly before committing to your roles. Go, speak to your allies, and consider your steps carefully."

You need to assemble two 4-person teams of Argonauts. One that will pilot the Titans against the Nietzschean monster on the battlefield, and one that will face the man. You've already got 4 active Argonauts, the ones you're playing as. Now you need to find more.

Anticipating this moment, you sent out the call many days ago. Anxiously, you await whoever will answer it.

In order, read all of the following that apply and note your candidates:
If **any** of A11 to P11 and A12 to P12 are marked, **see 0205**.
If P4 is marked, **see 0206**.
If O9 is marked, **see 0207**.
If F4 is marked, **see 0136**.
If you have finished the *Consider the Ant* hub, **see 0208**.

Now, count your candidates (including your 4 active Argonauts). If you have fewer than 7, **see 0209**. Otherwise, **see 0210**.

0141 *The Symmachy spymaster nods at your words, realizing the wisdom behind them. Her people are more versed in subtlety and intrigue, and their networks within the Imperial structure run deep. Still, you cannot help but notice the doubtful looks being shared among some of your allies. It has not escaped their notice that you were quick to volunteer another's talents for the effort, rather than risk any of your own people.*

Repairs and recruitment are underway:
If ✕ is 1 or less, gain +1 ✕.
If ⬤ is 1 or less, gain +1 ⬤.
Then, gain +1 ⚒, +1 Defector and +2 ⚒.

Flip the Story card to side 3B *Bearing Gifts*. For every 3 Defector you have, immediately gain 1 Identity card.
Finally, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0142 *"We'll need intelligence reports from the Symmachy's agents. The Helots can point out officers and officials in positions where we might ambush them, and the Cyclopes can put us on the trail of any large excavations, refineries, or cargo shipments which will likely need close oversight. The Argo's scouts will take the lead in exploring locations for ambushes."*

Around you, you can feel a growing energy among the gathering. The representatives of your Resistance are energized by your willingness to step up and lead by example, emboldened by your confidence. Many eyes turn to you approvingly.

Repairs and recruitment are underway:
If ✕ is 2 or less, gain +1 ✕.
If ⬤ is 2 or less, gain +1 ⬤.
Then, gain +1 ⚒ for Story 3B and 4 War machine resources.

Flip the Story card to side 3B *Bearing Gifts*. For every 3 Defector you have, immediately gain 1 Identity card.
Finally, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0143 The Wind Changes

Important! Proceeding in this adventure requires the use of the Identity Cards you have collected during your recent travels. At any point you may **choose** to substitute using an Identity card with a Tactical Stealth Action (TSA), while sometimes a heavier risk will force you to perform one or even force you to do both! (You may be also forced to perform TSAs if you run out of Identity cards before the end of the adventure!)

When you use an Identity card, you simply discard it.

To perform a TSA, draw a Major Trauma card. Then sum up the numbers in the lower left corners of all the cards you've drawn for all the TSAs so far and compare them to the Security Rating (SR) of your current paragraph. If it's lower, you're good! If it's higher, you've been made! Immediately **see 0191** (note this paragraph). **Remember:** The cards you draw stay drawn, so your cumulative score will grow with each TSA you perform, making each subsequent action more dangerous!

Tip: You probably won't have enough identities to search through everything, while some of the most restricted areas may require a very specific identity! Use your identities wisely.

Got it? Then proceed!

Darkness hangs over the Temple of Man, a near perpetual pall of thick clouds shrouding the skies above and casting deep shadows across the land. Countless Spartan troops march around the towering edifice. You are approaching the heart of your enemy's empire.

You slip on the Metonym masks, the sinister transformation seeming to alter not just your facial features, but your very bodies, stretching and twisting them in unexpected ways until they are indistinguishable from the individuals you will be impersonating.

"How do you want to do this? With the identities we've recovered, we need to think our steps through carefully. It won't take the enemy long to realize when a certain clearance has been compromised."

Assign one Argonaut as the Temenos Fragment Carrier. They gain 1 Despair token (see *Cycle I*).
Then choose:

1. *Approach the stronghold through the front gates. This route will give you access to the upper levels of the fortress, including the quarters of the scholars and Diachirestes of the Temple, the administrators who oversee the movement of troops and prisoners throughout the land.*
Use 1 Administrative or 1 Inner Circle Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR16). **See 0144.**

2. *A more subtle means of entrance, slipping in among the guards that patrol the walls, will allow access to the upper levels of the fortress and the barracks. The giant-hunting Thanporos will be based out of there, along with their most experienced commanders.*
Use 1 Military, 1 Security or 1 Inner Circle Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0145.**

3. *The Temple of Man also serves as the center of operations for the Krypteia. While risky, if you can infiltrate their domain, the intelligence you might glean there would be most useful.*
Use 1 Security, 1 Military or 1 Inner Circle Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0146.**

4. *You eye the pipelines that run across the valley floor and disappear under the fortress. The cloying fluid is being transported somewhere, perhaps to the machina at the heart of the stronghold. Going through the underground will perhaps give you access to their workshops and the craftsmen who lurk within those foundries.*
Use 1 Black Industries or 1 Inner Circle Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0147.**

5. **(Very risky! Attempt only if you're certain you have gathered enough identities).** *With the wealth of identities you have collected, you may be able to dive deeper into the citadel, closer to the Nietzschean's personal quarters. Who knows what you might find there? Just note, security will be tight.*
Use any 1 Identity card **and** perform a TSA (SR14). **See 0181.**

0144 *You pass through the front gates, sweat beading on the nape of your necks as you feel the eyes of the guards upon you, but your disguise seems to work, nobody daring to challenge you. Beyond the initial courtyard, two paths open up. One, a more direct route to the temple complex itself. Along the other, you recognize the more opulent accommodations of the supervisors, the quarters of the Diachirestes.*

Choose:

1. If you to want to explore the Diachirestes' offices, you may use 1 Administrative Identity card or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0148.**

2. If you had straight to your target, **see 0152**.

0145 *You are all seasoned warriors, and fitting in among the Spartans is as natural to you as breathing. As such, you ascend the walls with no issue and find two paths ahead of you. One leads deeper into the fortress, a quicker route to your goal. The other would take you through the barracks, where you can see multiple Thanporos giant-killers stationed.*

Choose:

1. If you to want to explore the Thanporos' barracks, you may use 1 Military Identity card or perform a TSA (SR13). **See 0149.**

2. If you head straight to your target, **see 0153.**

0146 *You circle around the Spartan stronghold until you spot a smaller entryway, a lesser gatehouse. Following your instincts, you approach and once your chosen infiltrator declares their 'identity,' the guards allow you to pass. Listening carefully to the banter of the Imperials at the gatehouse, you are able to learn the location of the headquarters of the Krypteia, a little ways off the most direct route to your goal.*

Choose:

1. If you to want to explore the Krypteia headquarters, you may use 1 Security Identity card or perform a TSA (SR13). Gain +1 ⚠ and **see 0150.**

2. If you head straight to your target, **see 0154.**

0147 *You follow the pipelines to the base of the walls, where you meet up with another work crew. The Spartans assigned to guarding their Helot charges are clearly bored and pay little attention to you as you join them in delving under the stronghold, to where a mazelike network of pipes, pathways and smoke-belching machina awaits you.*

An overseer's workshop lies to one side, a little way off from your course. A single light flickers within, accompanied by the sounds of clanging metal.

Choose:

1. If you to want to explore the Overseer's workshop, you may use 1 Black Industries Identity card or perform a TSA (SR15). Gain +1 ⚠ and **see 0151.**

2. If you head straight to your target, **see 0155.**

0148 *You are able to slip into the offices of the Diachirestes with little issue, the scholars and servants wandering the building bowing their heads in deference to you. It seems your stolen identity has a reputation for dealing harshly with anyone arrogant enough to disturb him.*

You find a central room containing a table strewn with maps, letters, trade agreements—records of all kinds. The deep, inner workings of the Empire. Your gaze is drawn to the diplomatic letters to Rhodes and the Delphi campaign cost estimates. Those numbers are really high . . .

You cannot take it all without raising suspicion, but you are able to find one scroll that you can make use of—a report of a convoy taking prisoners, including some of the Argo's own warriors, to the capital.

If ✕ is 3 or less, gain +1 ✕. Otherwise, gain 6 Relief resources.

Party leader tests Wisdom (10+). Each other Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1. **Fail:** Discard 1 Identity card. **See 0152.**

0149 *You slip inside the Thanporos' barracks. The place swarms with activity. Luckily, Spartan soldiers are taught to defer to their superiors, so one look at the one of you disguised by the Metonym mask and they quickly avert their gazes. None dare to challenge you.*

Besides, they seem preoccupied by an operation against a 'Heraklean Titan,' whatever that is.

Riffling through the assorted parchments and scrolls you find in the quarters of the barracks' commander, you find one interesting report—a pair of Titans roaming the land nearby. The Thanporos will dispatch squadrons of their warriors to capture these colossi by the next morning. It may be possible for the Argo's Titanokinigos to ensnare them first.

Gain +2 Titans.
The Temenos Fragment Carrier tests Courage (10+). Each other Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1. **Fail:** Discard 1 Identity card.
Then **see 0153.**

0150 *You feel a shiver of anxiety course down your spine as you enter the Krypteia headquarters, feeling as if every gaze turned your way will surely see through your guise and reveal your deception. Thankfully, your nominated leader is able to muster enough confidence and bluster to turn aside most suspicions, acting out their role with aplomb. As such, you pierce deep into the refuge of the Spartan spies.*

There you find much information, including a number of in-depth reports about the Argo and its movements dating back to your first arrival on Crete. The agents also observed the Pursuer, noting it was a 'Cryptex-carrier.' You learn numerous details about the city-ship, including more than a few things you yourselves did not know.

Gain +1 ⚠.
One Argonaut tests Cunning (10+). Each other Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1. **Fail:** Discard 1 Identity card.
Then **see 0154.**

0151 *You march up to the workshop, your leader nodding silently to the guards either side of the doors. The Spartan warriors straighten, standing to attention as you pass. They spare a scornful look for those of you disguised as Helot workers, lips curling aggressively as you file into the squat building.*

Inside, you find a single figure working at a large forge, sweat beading on his brow as he shapes metal into strange and complex forms. He lifts his eyes at your approach, and his brows furrow. For a heart-stopping moment, you realize your disguise has not convinced him, and fear he will call the guards, but then he abruptly drops his tools, begging you to take him with you. A prisoner of the Nietzschean, he has been forced to work in the Black Industry against his will. Much to his relief, you agree to help him escape.

Gain +1 Defector or +1 Priest.
Temenos Fragment Carrier tests Endurance (10+). Each other Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1. **Fail:** Discard 1 Identity card.
Then **see 0155.**

0152 *Maintaining your disguise, you proceed through the upper levels of the fortress, passing through the administrative offices of the stronghold with relative ease.*

You feel a flood of relief wash over you as the towering height of the central temple looms larger above you. You've managed to avoid drawing too much attention to yourselves and have kept a low profile.

Subtract -1 ⚜.
Party leader tests Will (7+). Each other Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1. **Fail:** Discard 1 Identity card.
Then **see 0156.**

0153 *You move away from the walls of the citadel, plunging deeper into the enemy fortress. A few eyes dart in your direction, mostly from the bent-backed Helots chained throughout the stronghold. Bitter glares toward those they assume to be their captors.*

In moving through the more militarized areas of the stronghold, you are able to observe your enemy's movements, the regularity of patrols, and areas where more enemy soldiers are positioned. It will all be useful intelligence for the battles to come.

If ⚜ 7+, immediately discard 1 Identity card.
Gain +1 ⚜. **See 0156.**

0154 *As you move away from the outer gates of the stronghold, you move deeper and deeper into a winding network of alleyways and streets, making as direct a line as you can for the temple at its heart. Your disguise dissuades any curious eyes from looking too closely at you, and you manage to proceed with little interference.*

Subtract -1 ⚜.
Party leader tests Cunning (7+). Each other Argonaut can gain +1 Ψ to add +1. **Fail:** Discard 1 Identity card.
Then **see 0157.**

0155 *Moving through the bowels of the fortress, down in the Ambrosia Works that fuels its heart, you feel the choking smoke around you seeping into your lungs, but you press on, making swift progress. As you round another knot of junctioning pipes, you find a storehouse of some kind, within which a veritable trove of gear can be found. You are certain the Spartans will not notice its absence . . .*

If any of you has the *Black Breath* Affliction, immediately discard 1 Identity card.
Gain a *Spartan Khopis* 🗡 card. **See 0157.**

0156 *You walk out into a large, wide courtyard that is eerily familiar. It's identical to the place where your Titans fought against the Nietzschean's shadow during your last, ill-fated clash. This one shows no sign of that brutal conflict, and a strange peace settles over it, hauntingly silent. The massive throne is empty, the Nietzschean's monster nowhere to be seen.*

Ahead, the wide doors to the temple await you, ranks of guards flanking the entrance. To one side, a commanders' tent has been erected, a place from whence high-ranking officers can coordinate the defense of the stronghold. It will be crawling with enemy soldiers, but perhaps there is something there worth investigating.

Lose -1 Humanity or discard 1 Identity card.
Then choose:

1. *The mission must come first. You're already testing your luck just by being here. To spend a moment longer in this place than you need to would simply be reckless.*
Press on toward the main doors of the temple.
Use any 1 Identity card or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0158.**

2. *Military insights into the enemy's movements or any surprises they may have up their sleeves would be useful to learn. You won't get another chance like this.*
Investigate the commanders' tent.
Gain +1 ⚠. Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Security Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR14). **See 0159.**

0157 *You find yourself at the rear of the massive temple structure, looking up at the sheer white walls bearing down on you. The sight would be intimidating, were it your first time here. You already well know this building from your first disastrous attempt to besiege it.*

You enter through a series of nondescript doors in its foundation, finding yourselves in the sublevels of the massive edifice. According to the reports from your scouts, the way forward is clear. However, as you progress, you become aware of a noise coming from a nearby hallway. A work crew of some sort. You could investigate, although your chances of discovery rise with every moment you spend here.

Lose -1 Humanity or discard 1 Identity card.
Then choose:

1. *You need to remain focused on your mission. The longer you dally, the higher the risk to you and your crew.*
Move on, toward the heart of the temple.
Use any 1 Identity card or perform a TSA (SR16). **See 0160.**

2. *When will you have another chance like this? You need to seize every opportunity, no matter how small.*
Approach the work crew, and see what you can learn from their overseers.
Gain +1 ⚠. Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Security Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR14). **See 0161.**

0158 *You press on through the doorway, hoping that you will be able to return by the same pathway.*

If ⚜ 7+: **See 0162.**
Otherwise, **see 0163.**

0159 *You make your way to the commanders' tent, bracing yourself for closer scrutiny. You hope your disguise is up to the task.*

If ⚜ 6+: **See 0164.**
Otherwise, **see 0165.**

0160 *You press on, following your original route. The mission must come first. Soon, the sounds of the work crew fade behind you.*

If ⚜ 6+: **See 0166.**
Otherwise, **see 0167.**

0161 *You don the new persona, turning from your planned route to follow the sounds. Hopefully, your disguise will be convincing enough for whomever you meet ahead.*

If ⚜ 7+: **See 0168.**
Otherwise, **see 0169.**

0162 *You pass through the double doors of the temple and almost feel as though you have escaped notice, when a soldier marches up to you, curiosity and concern marring his features. It seems as though the Spartans have been increasing their patrols, and you were not expected here. You try to explain yourself, and eventually he leaves, but not without a backward glance. You curse inwardly. Your presence is starting to be noticed.*

Party leader gains +2 Ψ. Perform a TSA (SR14).
If successful, **see 0170.**

0163 *You pass through the large doors of the temple with little issue, making your way inside before anyone can question your presence. It seems as though the Spartan patrols are lax, their attention not so focused. You slip by unnoticed.*

An Argonaut may reset their Ψ or Ω. Gain +1 ⚜. **See 0170.**

0164 *You press your way into the commanders' tent, the soldiers around you standing to attention in your presence. You can feel dozens of eyes on you as you slip into the depths of enemy territory. The empire, it would seem, has been ramping up its defenses. Patrols are increased, and you are not able to get enough distance from the surrounding Spartans to properly search the tent. You settle for a cursory glance at the field reports splayed out on a nearby table.*

If ⚜ 8+, immediately discard 1 Identity card.
Place 1 ⚜ on Inward Odyssey. Perform a TSA (SR14).
If successful, **see 0170.**

0165 *Nobody inside the tent even raises their gaze to you as you enter the tent. An air of apathy sits over the Spartans, as if they have grown lazy here, so far from the front lines of the war. You move unimpeded through the tent, reading a number of reports the Spartans have gathered about your ship. Alarm rises within you as you realize that a Krypteia agent is feeding information from within the* Argo*, gaining insights even you had not uncovered.*

Gain +1 ⏏ and +1 ⚜. **See 0170.**

0166 *You press on through the passages of the sublevel, turning your back to the sounds of the work crew, just as the noise begins to fade behind you, a tremendous explosion rocks the structure of the citadel. Heat and smoke fill the passages. You look backward to see a wall of flame flickering some ways back, a roiling cloud of black fumes sweeping forward to engulf you. You try your best to keep from breathing the caustic smog, but some of it seeps into your lungs.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 🅰.
If you have the *Black Breath* Affliction, gain +2 🅰 instead.
Perform a TSA (SR16). If successful, **see 0171.**

0167 *You keep going, moving deeper and deeper into the citadel. The sounds of the work crew are a faint murmur behind you when the structure is suddenly rocked by a violent explosion. The rumble of rushing air reaches your ears.*

"A machina malfunction?" one of you muses.

Before any of you can answer, a secondary tremor passes through the passage, and there is a grinding of shifting metal as part of the pipeworks around you buckles. Most of you rush out of the way, but one of your number is pinned beneath falling debris until your comrades can pull them out. When they emerge, they are shaken to their core.

Party leader gains 2 Fated Mnemos card.
If ⚜ 5 or less, gain +2 ⚜. **See 0171.**

0168 *You divert from your initial course, eventually finding your way to a smog-choked chamber deep underground. You find a work crew toiling away, maintaining a steaming juggernaut of red-hot bronze and iron.*

Their supervisor, a grizzled older man, eyes you suspiciously. You try to talk your way around his wariness, but he is too perceptive, spotting the telltale mistakes that slip through in your performance. Before the older Spartan can call for some guards, you leap upon him, knocking him senseless in a flash. The slaves under his command eye you with surprise as you tell them that they are free and should flee the temple with all haste.

Gain +1 Refugees. Perform a TSA (SR15).
If any of you has the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction, the **SR** is 13.
If successful, **see 0171.**

0169 *You divert from your initial course, plunging deep under the foundations of the temple. There, you find a work crew toiling away on a shuddering mass of iron*

that vomits out clouds of choking black smoke.

The overseer of this work crew approaches you, and you are able to smoothly convince him that the Helots under his command are needed to bring some supplies up to the surface. The Spartan nods, turning to bark orders to his workers. You know that Symmachy forces waiting outside of the temple will intercept this work crew, 'liberating' the supplies for your cause and freeing the slaves to run for the hills.

Gain 10 Violent Ambrosia resources.
If ⛛ 5 or less, gain +2 ⛛. **See 0171.**

0170 *You move deeper into the temple, where another gauntlet awaits: a series of heavily patrolled corridors. You are drawing closer to your target. However, being this close to the center of your foe's operations does present an opportunity.*

Two Spartan commanders march past you, muttering in lowered voices. You catch a few words, talk of moving supplies and a mustering of forces. Curiosity pulls at you.

Roll a d10. If you roll 6+, immediately discard 1 Identity card. Then choose:

1. *Now is the time to keep a low profile and just focus on your goal. If you get distracted, you'll put the whole mission in jeopardy, as well as the safety of your men.*

Proceed directly into the inner chambers of the temple.

Use any 1 Identity card or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0172.**

2. *You are very close to the heart of your enemy's stronghold now. Following up on this lead to learn more could be valuable to you and your allies, but it does pose a high risk to your men, both inside and outside the temple.*

Follow the commanders, and try to learn more.

Gain +2 ⛛ (if ⛛ 5+, gain +1 ⛬ instead). Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Military Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0173.**

0171 *You need to press onwards. You pick up the pace and find a set of heavy iron doors. Passing by the guards stationed there, you are inside the temple proper; dozens of passages fanning out ahead of you.*

You duck out of sight as murmured conversation reaches your ears. Two figures emerge from a side passage, scholars deep in conversation. You are only able to pick up a few words here and there, but something catches your attention—mention of ambrosia being moved to the coast, in preparation for some great undertaking.

Roll a d10. If you roll 6+, immediately discard 1 Identity card.

Then choose:

1. *You must remain focused on the mission at hand, no matter the opportunity this moment presents to you.*

Proceed directly into the inner chambers of the temple.

Use 1 Identity card. **See 0174.**

2. **(Requires 1 Inner Circle, or the Black Industries Overseer Identity card.)** *You are very close to the heart of your enemy's stronghold now. Following up on this lead to learn more could be valuable to you and your allies, but it does pose a high risk to your people, both inside and outside the temple.*

Follow the scholars and try to learn more.

Gain +2 ⛛ (if ⛛ 5+, gain +1 ⛬ instead). Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Black Industries Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR16). **See 0175.**

0172 *Reluctantly, you allow the two commanders to march away, their whispered conversation remaining unheard. Regret gnaws at your gut, this valuable opportunity slipping by.*

Party Leader gains +1 Ω, if they have the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction, +2 Ω instead. **See 0176.**

0173 *You follow the commanders, donning another of your dwindling supply of disguises. As you approach them, they seem taken in by your deception and do not challenge you.*

This newfound path leads you to a room deep within the temple, where a number of Spartan warriors stand around a table, discussing military strategy. Mostly, they discuss how best to address the growing threat of the Resistance forces in the region, and how to move troops and materiel across the land smoothly. However, as you move between the assembled officers, you pick up whispers, rumors. The Nietzschean is preparing to launch another invasion of Delphi, an all-out assault that will fully occupy his attention once the Argo falls. They say that the key to understanding the Eschaton lies there. The key to understanding it, and perhaps even to reversing its effects.

As you ask a few more questions, you notice some of the gathered warriors eyeing you suspiciously. A person of your identity's stature should already know these details. It is time to go, before your cover is blown.

Gain +1 ⛛, add a *Dream of Pharos* Event to the Timeline 1 day from now, and mark H8. **See 0176.**

0174 *With reluctance sitting in your gut like a stone, you allow the two scholars to walk away. You are left only to wonder if maybe, perhaps, you might have learned something by following them. You hope you will not regret this choice.*

Party leader gains +3 Ψ or gain +1 ⛛. **See 0176.**

0175 *Following the retreating backs of the scholars, you find your way into a vast library of some kind. Scrolls and codices line shelves on all sides, a dozen or so philosophers and scholars poring over ancient manuscripts.*

Given the stature of your assumed persona, no one dares to approach you, allowing you to move relatively unopposed through the library. As such, you are able to listen in on whispered conversations, gathering information in tiny fragments here and there. The Nietzschean has the best minds of Sparta working on vast machina of war for him, but not to turn against the Argo. Instead, they seek to breach some defense elsewhere, a barrier of some kind beyond your understanding. The empire is gearing up for another war once the Resistance has been subjugated. And through it all, you gather a common thread, a keen interest in what caused the Eschaton, and how it might be prevented.

Eyes are turning toward you suspiciously. You have lingered here too long.

Gain +1 ⛛. If ⛬ is 3 or less, gain +1 ⛬, otherwise gain 7 War Machine resources. Mark H8. **See 0176.**

0176 *You emerge into a vast chamber at the heart of the temple, the circular throne room of the Nietzschean with its raised dais in the center and an impressive marble throne. There is no sign of the Spartan leader, though.*

Now, the only task ahead of you is to place the Temenos fragment somewhere where it might take root, seeding its essence into the building. Any central location will suffice, but a place where it will not be found would be best.

You glance to the one assigned to carry the fragment, a bundle of tightly wrapped linens slung across their back. Even through all of the layers of cloth, you can feel the seeping aura of dread oozing from the chunk of mazeflesh, the hopelessness of the Labyrinth a lingering weight on your mind.

Choose:

1. *This chamber sits over the heart of the temple and serves as the place from which the Nietzschean rules his domain. From here, the corruption of the fragment will easily spread to the mechanism of the Chariot.*

Place the fragment under the dais.

Use 1 Identity card and perform a TSA (SR14). Use 1 additional Identity card to use SR18 instead.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0177.**

2. *The Ephors of the Empire gather in this temple to discuss strategy and direct the vast forces under their command. If you place the fragment within the war room of the military, its tendrils will swiftly spread. Perhaps the aura of the fragment will influence their strategic choices in the battles to come.*

Take the fragment to the war room of the Ephors.

Use 1 Identity card and perform a TSA (SR12). Use 1 additional Military or Inner Circle Identity card to use SR16 instead.

Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0178.**

3. *While the Kings of the Empire are more symbolic titles than actual authority figures, the Nietzschean does have a purpose in appointing them beyond mere pretense. Perhaps if you place the fragment within their council chambers, its aura will affect the ability of the empire's administrative branch to make clear decisions.*

Seed the fragment within the council chambers.

Use 1 Identity card and perform a TSA (SR12). Use 1 additional Administrative or 1 Inner Circle Identity card to use SR15 instead.

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0179.**

4. *The Cult of Man is as important a symbol of the Nietzschean's power as his military, his architectural accomplishments, or even the monster under his command. Desecrating the heart of this cult would grievously wound his power within Lakonia.*

Hide the fragment beneath the altar of the Cult of Man.

Use 1 Identity card and perform a TSA (SR11). Use additional 2 Security or 2 Inner Circle Identity cards, or the Priest of Man Identity card, to use SR17 instead.

Gain +2 Diplomacy to any Faction. **See 0180.**

0177 *Now is not the time to take a risk. The throne of the Nietzschean is within reach. Better to simply complete your mission and get out before your identity is compromised. You don your final disguise, marching into the chamber.*

It takes little time to find an unassuming spot where you are able to remove the wrappings swaddling the fragment and, cautious not to touch it, you place the piece of mazeflesh. The moment it makes contact with the white marble of the temple, the geometric patterns of its surface begin to expand, worming their way into the worked stone of the Spartan stronghold. You feel a pulse of dreadful energy, as if the aura of the fragment is already starting to swell. The seed has taken root. It is time for you to leave.

Subtract -1 ⛛. **See 0190.**

0178 *You move past the central chamber, finding your way to the war room of the Ephors. Here, you find a relatively small, somewhat sparsely arranged chamber, a large wooden table at its heart.*

One of your number sets about seeding the fragment in a dark corner, while the rest of you approach the table, eyes skimming the sheaves of parchment lying there. Scouting reports, troop movements, details of resources and numbers and countless other facets of running a war—all valuable intelligence for your agents to learn about. But a handful of unfurled scrolls catches your eye immediately. Sketches of the Argo, numerous details layered on top of the outline you already know so well. A cold stone settles within your stomach as you read on.

The Nietzschean, it would seem, has plans for your city-ship, modifications he intends to make to the immense vessel to prepare it for a coming conflict. The prow is reinforced, as if to breach an immense defense of some kind.

Just what is the Nietzschean planning? Once his conflict with your Resistance is over, who is the foe he has set his sights on next?

If you don't have the *Wartime Protocols* Technology card yet, gain it.
If ⛬ is 3 or less, gain +1 ⛬.
Otherwise, gain +1 ⛫. **See 0190.**

0179 *Infiltrating the council chambers of the empire's two 'kings' is a simple affair. Your disguise easily gets you past their guards. Inside, you find a plain room, far less ornate than the Nietzschean's throne room. Two small thrones are placed on a raised platform, where the Kings can adjudicate on matters of state, supplicants bringing issues before them. Behind these thrones, an immense carving of the Nietzschean and his shade loom over them, a reminder of who is truly in control. The Kings are pawns of the Supreme Leader, there to administrate his empire and deal with the issues he has little desire to be confronted with. The mundane affairs of leadership.*

Seeding the fragment behind those thrones is straightforward, the geometric patterns on its surface spreading to the worked stone of the temple in moments.

Gain +1 Diplomacy with any Faction and place 1 ⛛ on the next Story card. **See 0190.**

0180 *You steal your way through the heart of the temple until you find what you are looking for. The vast chamber stretches high above your heads, its vaulted ceilings meant to invoke a sensation of smallness in the observer. At the center is an altar, large and obscenely ornate, a display of wealth and luxury that you find crass. The very core of the Cult of Man, where the high priest has performed many rituals in honor of the Nietzschean. The sickening aura of the place is almost as pervasive as the taint of the Labyrinth fragment you carry with you.*

As one of your number sets about seeding the fragment underneath the profane altar, you take a closer look at the relic at the heart of the room. It has been assembled from pieces of many holy buildings, you realize—parts of temples to Hades, to Ares, even to Zeus. You can see carvings in its surface of the various Olympians, an insult to their memories, perhaps? Or an attempt to harness any lingering remnants of their power in the world?

Finally, the fragment has been discreetly placed, its geometric patterns spreading to the worked stone of the altar already, like a pervasive mold.

In that instant, you feel a swell of power, as if something trapped deep within the sacrilegious altar has broken free. Dead as they are, you sense that the fallen gods would be relieved to see such revenge exacted on their behalf. Or perhaps it is more malicious than that? With the Dead Gods, you can never be too sure.

Take the *Nietzschean Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 75) and her Summoning token. This is a bonus token that you may use to summon the *Nietzschean Nymph*, but only once. After you summon her, discard her token and card. This does not replenish during a Divine Surge.

Then, if you haven't resolved *Inward Odyssey 32: The Fourth*, add it to the Timeline, 1 day from now (and skip it later).
If you have, the next time someone draws an Obol, add +4 to the Awakening test. **See 0190.**

0181 *As you watch the temple from afar, you spot a convoy approaching the main gates. A large, ornately decorated wagon hauled by two Cyclops slaves. Dignitaries of some kind. An idea sparks within your mind. You could use this convoy to gain access to the more sensitive areas of the temple. Perhaps, in following them, more doors could be opened to you than by the other routes, although the risk of discovery would be high.*

Choose:

1. *You are already in enemy territory, what is a little more risk? You won't get a second chance like this.*

Infiltrate the convoy and pose as the dignitaries. Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Administrative Identity card **and** perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0182.**

2. *You need to focus on your mission.*

Return to your original plan, and infiltrate the temple via the upper levels.

Use 1 Inner Circle, 1 Administrative or 1 Military Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0156.**

3. *You need to focus on your mission.*

Return to your previous plan, and infiltrate the temple via the lower levels. Use 1 Inner Circle, 1 Security or 1 Black Industries Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR16). **See 0157.**

0182 *You accost the convoy before it is fully in sight of the temple walls, seizing the delegates within and taking their place.*

Gain +1 Defector and +1 Priest.

You take the wagons up to the main gates of the temple, passing through with no issue. Your identity is convincing enough for the guards, and you soon find yourselves moving deeper into the fortress. Around you, countless Spartan warriors move to accomplish their tasks, unaware of your presence. You can feel your hearts beating faster.

Several paths lie ahead of you now. You are inside the temple, but there is still a way to go toward your goal. However, with the trust of the guards inside, you could spend some time exploring, learning what you can. Perhaps by assuming the identity of a military figure, you could infiltrate some of the more sensitive parts of the temple, possibly even getting close to the Nietzschean himself, if he is here.

If ⛛ 5+, immediately discard 1 Identity card.

Then choose:

1. *You've come this far and cannot turn your back on this opportunity.*

Push your luck and delve deeper into the inner sanctum of the fortress. Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Military Identity card AND perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0183.**

2. *Return to your original plan, and infiltrate the temple via the upper levels.* Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Administrative or 1 Military Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0156.**

3. *Return to your previous plan, and infiltrate the temple via the lower levels.* Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Security or 1 Black Industries Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0157.**

0183 *You are able to observe much during your passage through the most secure locations of the fortress, watching as entire legions of warriors move about in practice drills, commanders barking orders over them. All valuable insights that you can make use of.*

Gain +1 ⛛.

The temple building itself is looming far above you, drawing ever closer. Ahead, a pair of heavy doors stand imposingly tall, the main entrance of the gargantuan marble structure. As you approach, you spy a Helot work crew being herded to one side, making their way toward a tunnel entrance the delves deep under the foundations of the stronghold. But there is another opportunity if you possess the correct identities to assume.

If ⛛ 4+: Immediately discard 1 Identity card or lose -2 Humanity.

Then choose:

1. *In spite of the likely cost to your forces waiting to cover your extraction, you know you must seize this chance with both hands. Posing as a higher-ranking member of the empire would grant you access to the operational centers of the stronghold.*

Press onwards, deeper into the more heavily guarded parts of the fortress. Lose -1 ✕. Use 1 Inner Circle or 1 Security Identity card **and** perform a TSA (SR14). **See 0184.**

2. *Return to your original plan, and infiltrate the temple via the main doors.*

Use 1 Administrative or 1 Military Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR14). **See 0185.**

3. *Return to your previous plan, and infiltrate the temple by following the work crew to the sublevels.*

Use 1 Security or 1 Black Industries Identity card, or perform a TSA (SR14). **See 0186.**

0184 *With your chosen identity, you pass through the upper passages of the temple complex with ease, ascending through the levels closer and closer to the towering spire at its heart. Your blood races through your veins, as if at any moment you might find yourselves discovered by the enemy.*

Finally, you reach the highest level of the temple complex, a long passage ahead of you, flanked by dozens of stern-faced Spartan guards. A pair of immense doors covered in gold filigree lie at the end of the passage. There can only be one possible owner of such a lavish entrance—the Nietzschean himself. Here, in the most unreachable part of his temple, lies his inner sanctum, his personal chambers.

Each Argonaut may gain 1 Mnemos node.

Then choose:

1. **(Requires an Inner Circle Identity card).** *The inner sanctum of the Nietzschean. Who knows what you might find in there? You need to know!*

Pose as a member of the empire's inner circle to get into the Nietzschean's Sanctum.

Gain +2 ⛛. Use 1 Inner Circle Identity card. **See 0187.**

2. *Tantalizing as the opportunity is, you cannot risk it. Your mission must come first, no matter the cost.*

Return to focusing on your mission.

Use any 1 Identity card or perform a TSA (SR13). **See 0174.**

0185 *You are reluctant to do so, but you know that you have already pushed your luck by straying this far from your mission. Further investigation, you realize, is simply not a good idea at this time.*

Party leader gains +2 Ψ.
If ⛛ 5+, see **0162**.
Otherwise, see **0163**.

0186 *You are reluctant to do so, but you know that you have already pushed your luck by straying this far from your mission. Further investigation, you realize, is simply not a good idea at this time.*

Party leader gains +2 Ψ.
If ⛛ 5+, see **0168**.
Otherwise, see **0169**.

0187 *Donning your most precious persona, you approach the heavy doors, keeping your gaze directly ahead and projecting all of the confidence you can muster. You must seem as if you belong here, as if you have every right to walk these halls. Even a twinge of doubt could blow your cover.*

You push through the ornate doors, stepping into a startlingly ostentatious room. Fine purple and scarlet cloth adorns every surface, while gold ornamentation is visible everywhere. An immense bed dominates the heart of the room, while every luxury and comfort has been accommodated. On a table nearby, you see a platter of fine, rich dried meats and fresh fruits, all of mouthwatering quality. The finest the land has to offer.

A clanking catches your ears. A diminutive man, chained at the neck, his wrists and ankles shackled, stands up, turning to face you. His frame is emaciated, in spite of the robust food within arm's reach. His facial features are sunken, hollow, and his eyes contain a dull gray light that speaks to immense weariness mingled with despair. The man's eyes gleam as he looks you up and down.

"Argonauts?" he asks, his brow creasing. "Here?"

You flinch at being so easily identified. You still wear your Metonym mask and are clad in the clothes of your enemy. The diminutive man smiles wryly at your surprise.

"I have spent decades at the side of the Nietzschean, friends," he murmurs. "I know an Argonaut when I see one. You . . . have a certain aura, an air of hard purpose. No Spartan carries themselves in such a way."

"Who are you?"

"I am—I was—Patroclus. Once."

"Patroclus . . ."

Patrolus, the hero of Troy. Companion to . . .

"Yes. With all that it entails." He reaches down to a deep scar that mars his belly, a jagged white line on the pale bronze flesh. "My dearest friend rescued my comatose body from the battlefield and hid me away until I recovered. When I came to, the Nietzschean had already come into being."

"So he is . . ."

"Yes. Achilles." Patroclus's eyes glimmer with deep sorrow. "That was his name, once. No longer." He is silent a moment, averting his gaze as he blinks away tears.

"Why does he keep you chained like this?"

"I am . . . a link to his past."

Gain +1 . Mark J8.

Patroclus turns his eyes toward you, a sudden gleam of determination in his gaze.

"You cannot stay here. The Nietzschean will return before long, and he must not learn that you have penetrated so deeply into his domain. Whatever you are hoping to achieve, you must go and do so now!"

Choose:

1. *As much as you wish you could aid the withered hero standing chained before you, you realize that it is too risky. Your mission relies upon secrecy, and breaking the Nietzschean's prized prisoner out of his shackles would surely draw too much attention.*
Leave Patroclus behind and continue with your mission.
Gain +1 . Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0188.**

2. *This wretch has suffered in chains for decades, forced to bear witness to every horror the Nietzschean has wrought upon the land. You cannot allow him to remain here. It will greatly jeopardize your mission, but you must free him.*
Break the chains that hold Patroclus and take him with you.
Gain +1 . **See 0189.**

0188 *You avert your gaze, knowing the choice you must make. Patroclus nods his head quietly, fully understanding.*

"You cannot free me, Argonauts. Not without endangering your quest. Go, and may the blessing of the Moirai be with you."

You bow your head, silently thankful for his understanding. You can only hope that maybe you can save him later. You turn to leave.

"Wait . . ."

The captive hero's interruption forces you to pause as he darts to the back of the room, where a small chest waits. Opening it, he produces several items from within, until he finds an orb of glowing red matter, a crystalline sphere pulsing with blood-like light. Captive reality waiting to be unleashed.

"One of the Nietzschean's prized trinkets. I think it will serve you far better on your journey than he."

Gain +1 Pygmalion Stone.

You turn away, returning to the passages of the temple. You must resume your mission.

See 0176.

0189 *"We won't leave you in the hands of that madman," you declare firmly, moving toward the captive hero.*

Patroclus opens his mouth to protest, but his words are weak as a light of hope enters his gaze. You shatter his shackles with little effort, more carefully breaking open the collar around his neck. The former captive flexes his hands curiously, experiencing freedom of movement for the first time in many, many years.

"I . . . thank you, Argonauts," he finally says, genuine warmth in his words. "I will repay this kindness, in any way that I can."

A sudden rattling at the door draws your attention. The sound of shattering locks has not gone unnoticed, and you've drawn the guards' attention.

"We need to get out of here," Patroclus declares. "Just a moment."

He runs to the back of the room, retrieving a few items, including a long, bronze-handled spear, its iron tip gleaming with a wicked light.

"It'll be good to put this to use on someone else." The hero grins. "The last blood it tasted was my own. Come on, Argonauts, let's go!"

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear, +1 Echo of Recollection (see Cycle III Storybook Rules for details) and +1 .

Mark O9 and perform a TSA (SR15). **See 0176.**

0190 *As soon as the fragment is seeded, you turn to flee. Your passage through the temple will not go unnoticed, but you have achieved your goal. How successful your efforts were, you cannot say for sure yet. Only when the time comes for the Nietzschean to attempt to move his fortress will you know if it worked.*

You flee the stronghold, the growing numbers of Spartan patrols telling you that the time for flight is already upon you. Before the enemy can close off any avenue of escape, you make your way back to the nearby hills.

Returning to the Argo, you are greeted on the boarding ramp by the Old Priest, his weathered features grim as he welcomes you home. "And so, we turn our fallen foe against the enemy who still stands. Is this pure coincidence or some design? With the Moirai, you can never be sure . . ." He looks up to the skies above, boiling black clouds gathering over the land in ever heavier layers. "You've sown the seed of victory. Now, you just need to follow through."

This story proceeds directly to the prologue of the next main story (4A), *Stand Together.* That one isn't as involved as this one, nevertheless, it's advised you take a short break and reflect on what you've learned. When you're ready, **see 0194.** Note: this is also a perfect place to end a game session, just note the paragraph number (0194) in the Story card box on your Argo Sheet and you're set!

0191 *The sounds of alarm rise over the temple complex, suspicious guardsmen patrolling the passages as more and more Spartan warriors commence a thorough search of the stronghold. You have drawn too much attention and are on the verge of being discovered.*

Frustration boiling in your blood, you realize that you cannot reach the heart of the temple without being caught. As you pause to consider your options, a clamor of approaching booted feet echoes in your ears. The enemy is closing in.

Out of time, you slip down an unassuming side passage and unwrap the bundles of cloth around the maze fragment you had brought with you. Hurriedly, you secrete the piece of mazeflesh in a dark corner. The geometric patterns of its surface spread like roots, burrowing into white marble. You can only hope that the piece will do its job.

There is no more time. You must flee.

Gain +2 .
Mark I10 and **see 0190.**

0192 *Syagra nods in reply. "Our scholars had theorized that the Labyrinth might have some useful applications. It was part of Militiades's mission to Crete."*

"Any insights that your scholars could share with us would be of great value." You suppress the flash of irritation that sparks in your heart. The Symmachoi, as always, has hidden goals in everything they do. Of course they were not on Crete merely to help the victims of the conflict that Theseus, an Athenian of all things, had sparked.

Syagra, ever the shrewd figure, spots the flickering emotions in your expression, knowing the doubts that assail you. If there is remorse in her, she hides it well. Her eyes meet yours in an unblinking gaze. "I will have Militiades send his lead researchers across to confer with the Argo's specialists," she proclaims. "Perhaps together we can learn more."

Gain +1 . **See 0135.**

0193 *"We had hoped to look into this possibility with our efforts on Crete," Syagra confirms. "Our scholars theorized the Labyrinth was impacting the world around it in ways beyond our understanding, and Militiades had been sent with a force to investigate. It is . . . unfortunate that he did not return from this mission."*

You avert your gaze, a blossom of guilt bursting within you. You recall the encounter with the Marathonian, and your choice to leave Militiades's force to their fate. Do the Symmachy blame you for their loss? You can feel the pointed gazes of Syagra and the other members of the Ecclesia fixed squarely upon you. A choice made so long ago, and yet now . . . could you perhaps have chosen differently? Would it have made a difference?

Gain +2 . **See 0135.**

0194 Bearing Gifts Epilogue / Stand Together Prologue

Faint winds whip across the Acropolis Deck of the Argo*, sluggish eddies in the air carrying with them the choking smog and fumes of the Lakonian uplands. Behind you, the Umbral Fields of the Empire spew vast amounts of black detritus into the sky, while its inner reaches toil tirelessly to fuel his immense war machine.*

Only a few leagues separate your forces from the Temple of Man, now rooted in place. You hope. Relying on the fragment of the Temenos is a gamble, to say the least.

As these thoughts rush through your head, assailing you with whispering doubts, a quiet movement catches your eye. A shape, heading toward the stern, and the heavy double doors that lead down into the deeper parts of the ship. Curious, you move to investigate.

Choose the first option that applies:
If O9 is marked, **see 0195.**
If O9 is **not** marked, but P4 is, **see 0196.**
If you have finished *Consider the Ant* Hub, **see** 0197.
Otherwise, **see 0198.**

0195 *You follow the diminutive figure down into the Balaneion, only to see Patroclus circling the emerald pool, gazing down at its gently rippling surface with a strange, almost fond expression. His weathered eyes glance up at your arrival, a small twitch at the corner of his lips hinting at a smile.*

"It has been some time since I saw the interior of this chamber," he mutters wistfully. "At this point, it almost feels like a dream. A fading Mnemos, nestled in the back of my skull."

This revelation takes you by surprise. "Who are you?"

"I already told you. I am Patroclus, the hero of Opus. Once a friend to Achilles." His eyes grow distant once more, before he shudders, dismissing the memory. "And, just like the Nietzschean, I was once an Argonaut, a scion of this vessel."

Awe strikes you in the gut, a sudden hammer blow. An Argonaut? One from so long ago?

"Yes, I once traveled on this ship, although where and for what purpose, it becomes harder and harder for me to recall." He reaches up, brushing at the temple of his skull for just a moment. "Joining with Titans, it . . . it leaves its mark. You project your mind out into the aether, join with your 'Other.' Over time, it leads to damage, decay, and eventually you lose yourself in the emerald oceans of the junction, never to return."

"This is how the Nietzschean controls his shade?" one of your number asks. "He junctions with it, just like we do with our Titans?"

"Perhaps." Patroclus shrugs. "He never saw fit to share that information with me."

"The insights you could share with us—"

"Are all but faded by now," the older hero finishes. "The junction fatigue has robbed me of so much from those days, from the time when we traveled aboard the Argo*."*

Gain +1 , One Argonaut may gain 1 Mnemos node.
If P4 is marked, **see 0199.**
Otherwise, **see 0200.**

0196 *Following the figure down into the Balaneion chamber, you find the Scarred Veteran standing over the rippling green pool and gazing down at it with a fiercely focused expression. He is so absorbed in staring at the emerald fluid that he does not respond to your approach, and when you try to subtly clear your throat he flinches, pausing halfway toward reaching for the sword at his hip.*

"Ah, Argonauts . . ." he mutters. "I . . ."

"Is everything all right?"

"I'm . . . not sure." He continues to stare at the emerald fluid. His curious hand reaches out, and before you even think about stopping him, his outstretched palm touches the surface.

The reaction is almost immediate, as if a bolt of lightning from Zeus himself had struck him. His spine stiffens as his eyes open wide, a violent jolt tearing through his weathered frame. He staggers back, gasping for breath. Then, while you are still trying to comprehend what has just happened, he takes off, running out of the chamber.

You give chase, worried for your grizzled ally, and follow his trail below deck, toward the Titan Stoa. There, you see him racing from one stall to another, looking into each compartment with growing anxiety obvious on his features. As you catch up to him, he reaches the last enclosure. He glances up as you approach and you feel a surprise surge within as you recognize a deep and genuine grief in his gaze.

"I remember . . ." Marvel fills his voice. "I was once an Argonaut, alongside the Nietzschean. I fought alongside a Titan, joining with its mind. We fought side by side for so long . . ."

"Do you remember your name?"

"Name . . . name." His brow creases. "The Balaneion takes so much when you use it too frequently. Identity, personality, they start to fade if you are not wary. I was . . . Ajax was my name. Achilles gave me the title of the Greater."

Your mind reels at the realization, awe filling you. A hero of old, and an Argonaut, just like you, wandering in your midst all this time! He turns back to the enclosure, eyeing the towering colossus within.

"I . . . this was where we kept my 'other.' I'd thought—I'd hoped . . . I guess it was a slim chance."

Your heart swells with pity for him. As alien as the Titans seem compared to your own existence, you know full well how intimate the connection is between you and your 'other,' how entwined you become through the Balaneion. You can feel his loss intensely. It is hard to imagine anything more deeply wounding for an Argonaut.

He approaches the massive enclosure, and the behemoth turns to face him, walking right up to the edge of its stable and kneeling down to glare directly at him. The veteran raises a hand to gently touch the colossus's massive arm, and a faint smile crosses his lips.

If you have 0 Cycle II Titans, gain +1 Warkeeper or Abysswatcher Titan.
If you have 1–2, gain +1 Cycle I Argo-bred Titan.
If you have 3+, gain +1 Spartan Dreamwalker Titan.

See 0200.

0197 *You stride after the figure, following it into the Balaneion. There, you see Alkibiades walking around the shimmering green pool, eyeing it suspiciously. It is unusual to see the master craftsman of the* Argo *here, in the domain normally dominated by the Old Priest and the philosophers. He looks up as you enter, his shrewd eyes glinting as dozens of thoughts flicker behind them.*

"Argonauts."

"Something wrong?"

"Not . . . not wrong, exactly." He grunts. "Remember your little incident, when you entered here and ended up . . . in the mine?"

Your minds go back to that strange event, when you junctioned with people, not Titans. Some nights, you still wake up uncertain whether you are truly an Argonaut, or a Helot slave who thinks they are one.

"Maybe there's more to the Triskelion Junction. Maybe being Argonauts doesn't allow you to control Titans. Maybe being able to control Titans made you Argonauts."

"So you think it's possible to have other people use the Triskelion Junction?"

"I don't know," he says. "The Nietzschean identified people whom he could use in junctioning experiments, but he only ever found a handful of suitable candidates. If I could just understand what made those Helots different . . ."

Gain +1 , **See 0200.**

0198 *You head deeper into the* Argo*, until you find the junction chamber, from whence you control your Titans. The Old Priest sits on the edge of the Balaneion, gazing down into the emerald pool pensively. His fingers idly stroke the rippling surface as he hums an old tune to himself. As you approach, he looks up, a smile warming his features.*

"Ah, my friends," he says. "An important day awaits us, does it not?"

"Something on your mind, old man?" one of you asks.

"Many things." He chuckles. "The challenges ahead, the victories behind, the losses we have endured. Heroes who have come and gone, allies found, enemies uncovered. All in the name of a journey whose destination we have not yet discovered."

"You're worried."

"Only a fool would feel confident," he responds. "This foe, he will test you to your limits. You'll need every ally and resource you have mustered. Perhaps even more than that."

A heavy silence drops over you. Then the old man suddenly brightens. "But you are the Argonauts! The impossible is your stock-in-trade. I am certain that, whatever awaits us, you will face it with courage, strength, and above all else, unity."

The party leader gains the *Roused* Condition card. **See 0200.**

0199 *Patroclus's eyes, gleaming with sly wisdom, shift from you.*

"And you already have another of our number in your midst!" He nods to a spot behind you, and you become aware of a quiet presence in the chamber.

You turn to see the Scarred Veteran standing there, uncertainty staining his face. He looks to you, then to Patroclus, lips turned down in a grim expression.

"Ever since I came aboard this vessel, this place has called to me," he says. "Now that you are here, that whisper has become a command."

"Of all of us, you were worst affected by the ravages of the Balaneion," Patroclus explains. "I am not surprised that you eventually lost your memory of self. Better that than to lose your mind entirely, I suppose."

"Who was I?"

"You were Ajax, known by your men as the Greater." Patroclus smiles warmly as he steps up to his old ally, placing a gentle hand upon his shoulder. "It is good to see you again, old friend."

The veteran stiffens for a long moment, uncertain how to respond. A storm of emotions rushes across his features. Then those emotions break free, and the normally stern soldier smiles back, grasping his old friend in a tight embrace.

An Argonaut may reset their Ψ or Ω, or lose the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. One Argonaut may gain 1 Mnemos node.

Then, If you have 0 Cycle II Titans, gain +1 Warkeeper or Abysswatcher Titan.
If you have 1–2, gain +1 Cycle I Argo-bred Titan.
If you have 3+, gain +1 Spartan Dreamwalker Titan.
Finally, **see 0200.**

0200 *A few days later you gather in the Bridge Tholos. Everyone of note is there: Ancus and his fellow Helot leaders from across all of Lakonia, convening for the very first time; Cyclopes elders, like Kalmenes, and the more militant youths, like Serapion; and more than two dozen Symmachy officials, Archons, Ecclesia delegates and a few synoikismos agents, including the aged spymaster Syagra, an eyepatch covering the eye she lost in the Black Nadir battle.*

You have seeded the Temenos fragment in the Temple of Man and Alkibiades, having taken measurements from Ariadne's Anchor, is certain it has taken root. Next time you knock at the Nietzschean's door, he won't be going anywhere . . . but you still have to knock.

"We think we have noticed a weakness," Syagra says. "During the Black Nadir, we noticed the monstrous being falter when some of our forces

engaged the Nietzschean inside the temple. The reverse was true as well: a direct blow to the monster threw the man off-balance, if only for a moment."

"In other words, the Nietzschean struggles to focus his attention on two separate battles at once," says the party leader.

"That makes sense. He's still just one man trying to control two bodies at the same time. He needs to split his attention."

And you, you realize with grim satisfaction, are not one. You're many. Many minds, many bodies, many perspectives, working together. The Nietzschean's true weakness is not his split focus, it's his misguided notion of strength.

"We need to hit both the monster and the man at the same time."

And so it is decided and the messengers are sent, and your alliance is beginning to come together. You thought the defeat at the Black Nadir might have broken their spirit, but the opposite is true: facing the worst the empire has to offer, and prevailing, and seeing the Argo run the cruel gauntlet and emerge victorious, has instilled in them a sense of purpose greater than any lofty words could. In truth, the shared experience has made the disparate factions grow even closer—to you and to each other. Finally, they stand together.

Your gaze slips to the horizon, where dark clouds mingle with toxic smoke over the Spartan capital.

There is still an entire Imperial army and the fortress itself between you and your target. And the Nietzschean, once he realizes he's been pushed up against a wall, will give you no quarter. There will be no room for error here. Once you commit, it will be do or die.

That too you will do together.

Archive the *Bearing Gifts* Story card and read side 4A of the *Stand Together* Story card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase**.

0201 What Are You

Dark clouds boil in the skies above the Argo, thunderous rumblings echoing far and wide. The Temple of Man gleams brilliantly, a shining star among the roiling darkness. Above it, the pillar of flame and smog that heralds the presence of the Nietzschean can be seen, a spire of tyranny looming over Lakonia.

If you have 20+ ✦, **see 0202**.
If you have 15–19 ✦, **see 0203**.
Or, if you have 10–14 ✦, **see 0204**.

0202 *A vast armada of ships has assembled. The full might of the Diaspora Fleet, dozens of liberated Spartan vessels under the command of Helot rebels, and even a few larger cargo ships modified by the Cyclopes all cluster in the shadow of the city-ship, a navy to rival even the might of the empire.*

At the start of the Battle, move the Edge marker to space 2. Then **see 0140**.

0203 *Dozens of ships follow behind the Argo, furtively slipping in and out of its shadow. You can see some Symmachy vessels, a few Helot-operated warships stolen from the Nietzschean's own navy, and some cargo vessels crewed by the towering Cyclopes. An impressive force, but you still cannot help but feel a twinge of anxiety. Will this be enough? It is hard to say. You face a mighty foe, and the numbers are not on your side.*

At the start of the Battle, move the Edge marker to space 1. Then **see 0140**.

0204 *A small fleet has amassed in the Argo's shadow, a smattering of Athenian and Spartan vessels crewed by what few volunteers could be mustered. You feel your heart grow heavy in your chest as you survey the hastily assembled force. Not nearly as many as you had been counting on. Your fellow resistance members were focused elsewhere, maintaining multiple fronts against the enemy rather than gathering their strength into one decisive strike. You can hardly blame them. The enemy is tenacious, and vicious. But still, you cannot help but feel uncertain as you take stock of what forces are at your command.*

Party leader gains +1 Ω. Then **see 0140**.

0205 *You send the missives, but in truth you do not believe they will reach anyone. The distance is too great and the time too short. Many have left the Argo and vanished, unaccounted for, others still simply don't wish to be found. Yet you had to try, for this plan requires a fellowship of a higher order. Each evening you stand watch on the stern, searching the horizon for ships approaching from the south. Each night doubt and despair creep in.*

But you never lose hope. And on the eve of battle, they come. By river and road, in secret and with thunderous fanfare, your comrades, those you shared fate and battlefield with for so long, have returned, to support you one last time.

Tears of joy and relief. Heartfelt embraces. Words of friendship.

Check all the archived Argonaut Sheets. If any of them have marked Breakthroughs (i.e., they completed a Mnemos), they arrive to help you one last time. Add all those to the pool of potential Argonauts. These Argonauts will use their sheets and all the Mnemos cards they had at the moment of their departure (this *could* potentially lead to some duplicated Mnemoses!). **Return to 0140**.

0206 *The Scarred Veteran stands at the prow of the city-ship, glaring forward with eagle-like focus. His eyes glint as his hand curls around the large, bronze-tipped spear. Slung across his back, an immense shield of hardened cowhide has been painted with fresh colors, now matching those of the Argo's crew. Ajax the Greater stands ready.*

"Argonauts," he says, "I heard you were looking for volunteers for this mission. It has been a long time since I junctioned with a Titan, but I am ready to do my part. Just tell me where you need me to go, and I will fight until my last breath."

Add Ajax the Greater to your pool of potential Argonauts. Should you use him on the Aegis Team, mark L10. **Return to 0140**.

0207 *Patroclus stands watch in the Bridge Tholos, eyeing the route ahead with tired but sharp eyes. His lips turn downward in a grim expression as he looks at the column of black smoke drawing ever closer.*

"My friends." He smiles as you approach. "A difficult challenge awaits us, no? You'll need able hands to join you on this mission and you won't find many in Hellas who can ride the Titans. But you found one. I may be older now, but the fire of my youth still burns under this ashen exterior. I am ready to aid you in any way you need in the battle ahead, Argonauts. Just tell me where to go."

Add Patroclus to your pool of potential Argonauts. Should you use him on the Aegis Team, mark L10. **Return to 0140**.

0208 *When the meeting is finished and you are just about to retire to your quarters, you are approached by a pair of Helots, determined looks on their faces. They seem somehow familiar.*

"You may not remember us, but your lives are etched in our souls for all eternity," one of them says, a tall, dark-skinned woman with unrelenting eyes. "You've inhabited these bodies, briefly, and saw the plight of the Helots under the Nietzschean."

"He experimented on us and deemed us a failure," adds the man. "Yet your junction showed we're far from that. It . . . awakened something in us. We remember. We remember how to control the Titans."

You look at yourselves, puzzled and amazed. You didn't think it was possible for a non-Argonaut to junction with a Titan . . . but then again, you never thought about what makes Argonauts special. These two may be the key to that secret, one day. Today, they can help you topple the Nietzschean.

Add 2 Helot Volunteers to your pool of Argonauts for the Aegis strike team. Should you choose to use either of them, mark L10. If any Argonaut has Pasion noted on their Argonaut Sheet, one of these Volunteers is the boy, Pasion. **Return to 0140**.

0209 *As you are talking with Alkibiades, you feel a sudden pressure in the air, as if a great weight presses on you from all sides at once. Your skull pounds as the blood in your veins churns and swirls, pulled against the flow of your heartbeat for a sickening, brutal second.*

Then, with a sound that is at the same time deafeningly loud and utterly silent, a wave rips through the stoa, setting loose a tremble that shivers through the entirety of the Argo. You are knocked from your feet by the sudden blast of rushing air, a flameless explosion that tears through the vast chamber and threatens to burst your eardrums.

When your senses finally return, you become aware of a new presence. Towering above the frantically scrambling philosophers, a strange new Titan turns its helmeted head this way and that, primal awareness in its every move. The figure is lithe, powerful, sleek. Upon its back, a cloak of what looks to be shattered glass glistens in the dim light of the Argo's interior. As you look more closely, the glass shifts and shimmers, taking on the appearance of a myriad of fish scales, then rippling feathers. The longer you look upon them, the more intricate and infinite they appear.

Some sort of hidden compartment on the Antikratos Helm opens, and a cloaked figure emerges. They turn their cowled head to look to you, and speak. "This battle has been lost for far too long. I am here to make certain that, this time, matters play out differently."

Gain +1 Returner Titan equipped with the *Future Cryptex* and *Razorbow* Cycle III ✦ cards. Add the Mysterious Pilot to your pool of Argonauts (for the Aegis Strike Team). Regardless of the result of the coming Battle, you will lose these items and Titan as soon as the Battle ends (return them to the box).

Then **see 0210**.

0210 *A new day dawns, and the pillar of smoke and flame looms ever closer ahead of the Argo. Your forces have almost finished preparing, and it will soon be time to begin the assault. You gather with your war council in the Bridge Tholos one last time.*

Everyone is waiting for you to form the strike teams: Aegis, to junction with the Titans and face the Nietzschean monster on the battlefield, and Xiphos, to strike against the man in his fortified throne room, in the temple.

"There is . . . one more option," the Old Priest says, clearly uncomfortable. "The Mausoleum. The philosophers believe there is a way to commence a new awakening of Argonauts from stasis. I am not certain how the Argo will respond to such an incursion, but it is theoretically possible to awaken some Argonauts from their slumber prematurely. They should have the skills necessary to aid us."

"I cannot condone that action," Alkibiades interjects. "We have no way of telling how this will affect those we awaken. The Mausoleum has mechanisms and processes far beyond our understanding."

All eyes turn to you. You can see your candidates watching you carefully, waiting for your decision.

It is time to choose who will participate in each strike team! You should have at least 5 candidates (including the **active Argonauts**).

Each Argonaut assigned to the Aegis Team will junction with a Titan. During the Battle, they will either use their own Sheet and Mnemoses or, if they don't possess them, they will use the Sheet and Mnemoses of a chosen active Argonaut. That chosen active Argonaut will have to go on the Xiphos Team and can be used in this way only once.

Each Argonaut assigned to the Xiphos Team will go to face the Nietzschean in his temple.

Each player will control one Argonaut on the Xiphos Team and one on the Aegis Team. Consequently, the Triskelion dials are **shared** between the two.

If an Argonaut dies during this Battle, even if it's not an active Argonaut, they are dead, with everything that that entails. Cross out any matrix codes tied to these Argonauts.

If you have fewer than 8 Argonauts (4 per strike team), or you do not wish to risk one of your allies on this mission, you can awaken a new Argonaut from the Mausoleum. Bear in mind that forcing this procedure will cause the Mausoleum to go into emergency lockdown, and the stress of the process could likely lead to permanent damage for the awakened individuals. Lose -1 Humanity for each forced awakening, and mark l.10. These forcefully awoken Argonauts are subject to all the rules mentioned above.

Finally, once you have decided on the teams, **proceed to the *What Are You?* Battle on page 134.**

0211

The Argo *steams toward the Temple of Man, aeolipilean engines churning furiously, turning the mud-stained hide of the Great River Works into a frothing white frenzy.*

If your Humanity: 0 or better (a positive value), immediately **see 0230**. Otherwise, continue:

Ahead, the docks of the Spartan stronghold await, choked with countless Imperial vessels, but no mortal-made construct could hope to bar the path of the mighty iron ship, the Argo. *The gargantuan craft plows into the barricade of triremes, warriors and debris as if they do not exist, shattering wood and metal and bone alike. The screams of hundreds of enemies caught on the prow of your home rise into the air around you. The rest of your armada flows in through the breach you have made, storming the port with ease.*

You have already split into your teams,the Xiphos Team ready to deploy immediately from one of the aft docks of the Argo, *slipping around the flank of the enemy while their attention is drawn to the chaos assaulting their front gates. The Aegis Team have already junctioned with their Titans, some with greater difficulty than others. Now they join the forward charge.*

The Xiphos Team circles around, avoiding detection as best they can. They can strike at some key targets along the way, weakening the enemy and giving their comrades further advantage on the battlefield.

Each Argonaut on the Xiphos Team tests Wisdom or Cunning (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1. Tip: spend your Fate wisely, you share it with the Aegis Team!

If P3 is marked, add +1.

0–1 success: *Your approach does not go completely unnoticed, and you must fight with a patrol to ensure the secrecy of your mission.* Place 1 Break token in the Kratos Pool.

2 successes: *In avoiding the more heavily traveled areas of the fortress, you manage to ambush a convoy carrying arms and weapons to the enemy.* Place 1 Break token and 1 Opening token in the Kratos Pool.

3 successes: *Skulking through the shadows of the fortress, you find your way to a commander's tent, where you are able to quietly dispatch of a few officers, weakening the enemy's grasp on parts of the battlefield.* Place 2 Break Tokens and 1 Opening token in the Kratos Pool.

4 successes: *You move silent as a shadow through the dark passages of the fortress, making swift progress toward your goal. As you dive deeper, you come across a Krypteia outpost, the empire's agents feverishly trying to formulate a counterattack against the enormous assault on the front gates. The fight is difficult, but you emerge victorious, and a large portion of the enemy army is crippled without proper direction.* Place 2 Break Tokens and 2 Opening Tokens in the Kratos Pool.

Regardless of the result, if you have finished the *Consider the Ant* hub, *wherever you go, Helots are already there, throwing off the yoke of the empire, one Spartan throat at a time. Their rebellion disorganizes the defenders and buys both strike teams some needed time.*

Move the Nietzschean up to 3 spaces on the Battle Board, then turn him to face the most Titans.

Proceed to the first Primordial Round.

0212

As the Resistance army floods the docks of the Spartan stronghold, the Aegis Team leads the charge into enemy ranks. The Titans tear through countless Imperial warriors as if they are nothing.

If Helots: Allied: *Rank upon rank of Helots swarm into battle at your side, a sea of improvised weapons, stolen shields and bare fists raised in defiance of their former oppressors. The sight of these slaves-turned-revolutionaries is awe-inspiring.*

Two Argonauts gain the *Roused* Condition card.

If Symmachy: Allied: *Hundreds of Symmachy troops deploy from their ships, armor gleaming and weapons sharpened to a razor-sharp edge. They march in perfect unison, cutting a path through the enemy with brutal efficiency.*

Move 1 Titan up to 3 spaces on the Battle Board.

If Cyclopes: Allied: *Towering Cyclopes loom over your forces, each one-eyed colossus carrying a massive shield that they lift over their heads to protect the mortals around them from errant missiles. Each of these lumbering figures becomes an island, a beacon of safety to which any overwhelmed or wounded troops can flock.*

Set up 2 Cyclops Trap Terrain tiles on the Battle Board in the outer 3 area.

You move closer and closer to the massive gates of the Nietzschean's fortress, each step bought and paid for by a sea of blood that washes around the ankles of your troops. In spite of the grim odds facing you, you do eventually make your way toward the enormous gates, the colossal fists of your Titans thunderously slamming into the worked iron.

Finally, the gates collapse, and you find yourselves once again in the courtyard before the Temple of Man, the gargantuan throne of the Nietzschean looming tall even over the heads of your Titans. Seated upon that snow-white throne, the shade of the Nietzschean, the infernal monster at his command, raises its head in surprise as your colossi rush to face it. Suddenly, the Nietzschean's voice echoes around you, as much inside your head as it is on the air of the courtyard.

"Come, taste oblivion."

Proceed to first Titan Round.

0213

The flames that wreath the Nietzschean's body burn with furious intensity, blue-white light curling around his skull and the ghostly white outline of his collarbone and ribs. The symbols carved into the balefully pale bone flare brightly, while the twin points of light that form its eyes threaten to consume you.

If Helots: Allied: *A cry echoes over the courtyard as dozens, hundreds of figures appear on the walls surrounding you. Countless Helots rise to look down on the monster, bringing javelins to bear. Most skitter harmlessly off the undulating hide, or stick in the cloying blackness, but the very audacity of the assault surprises the Nietzschean and opens him up for a Titan attack.*

One Argonaut gains the *Roused* Condition card. Place 4 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool.

If Symmachy: Allied: *As you square off to clash with the monster once more, a handful of Symmachy warriors bring to bear the Maws of Byzantion, their fearsome flame cannons. The long-snouted weapons belch gouts of orange flame across the battlefield, harrying the towering beast you face.*

Place 3 Fire tokens in the Kratos Pool. Chosen Titan may move 1 space. Resolve twice.

If Cyclopes: Allied: *A terrible roar echoes across the battlefield as a clutch of Cyclopes comes thundering down, wielding gargantuan smith tools as weapons. The Nietzschean monster snarls at them, irritated. Most of their blows go wide, but one of the more burly giants manages to land a solid hit, the crack of metal finding bone clear for you all to hear.*

Search through the BP deck (without looking) and discard pile, take the lowest level BP card and set it aside. Shuffle the deck, then place the set-aside card on top.

If you have finished *The Other Thermopylae* Hub: *The Nietzschean steps back and lifts his head as he lets out a deep, rumbling snarl. Then, before it can launch a counterattack, an uproar rises around you. Spartan warriors are flocking to the temple grounds, pulling back from the front lines. You brace for an assault on multiple fronts when you realize they are turning against their kin—and their master, his cruelty and mercilessness too much to bear, even for them.*

Un-exhaust every card.

Proceed to Round 2 of Battle.

0214

At last, you breach the Temple of Man itself, and suddenly find little to no resistance ahead of you. It is almost as if all of Sparta's troops have withdrawn. Wary of a trap, you move through the silent passages until you emerge into the central chamber of the stronghold, spacious and bare, raw and unforgiving. And there, sitting astride his throne with cold confidence, the Nietzschean awaits you surrounded by his most trusted, fanatical guards. His lips part in a wolfish smile as your team approaches.

"Your little play changes nothing."

"Then why are you cowering behind your guards, in the cellar, like a rat?" The party leader takes up the gauntlet, knowing you face not only a man but also his ideals.

Many eyes dart toward the Nietzschean. The man scowls, but rises from his seat. "As above . . ." he murmurs and leaps toward you.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Fury (8+). You may gain +1 **A** to add +1. If P3 is marked, add +1.

0–1 success: *The Nietzschean is furious, swift, and frighteningly effective. Finding a break in his defense will be nigh impossible.* Place 1 Break and 1 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool.

2 successes: *In spite of his superior strength and speed, you are beginning to see fractures in the Nietzschean's impenetrable façade. The battle on two fronts is taxing him.* Place 1 Fire and 1 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool.

3 successes: *The Nietzschean relies on brute strength and boldness, and you turn both into flaws to exploit. Still, he maintains a skilled defense unlike any you have faced before.* Place 2 Fire and 2 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool.

4 successes: *While powerful, he only fights for himself. You fight for Hellas, your home, and the people who share it with you. This gives you a fire that rivals the amoral strength of the Nietzschean, and you draw a few drops of blood.* Place 2 Fire, 2 Opening and 1 Diversion tokens in the Kratos Pool.

If you have finished the *From the Ashes* Hub, **see 0215.**

If you have finished the *Truth to Weakness* Hub, **see 0216.**

Resume the Battle.

0215

The Nietzschean steps back from a powerful blow, clutching at the line of crimson that suddenly mars his snow-white robes. He glowers at the droplets of scarlet that mark his fingertips, fury and confusion in equal parts twisting his features before he turns another rage-filled glare your way.

"You think killing me will really save you?" he bellows. "There will always be more like me. And there will always be enablers like the Symmachy turning a blind eye when it suits them!"

"It is only mortal to err," your leader counters, "and that weakness allows us to learn from our mistakes and be better. You're the one blinded and unable to change!"

From this point onward, perform *Danger Sense* Trait tests with a +2 bonus (note this). **Return to 0214.**

0216

The Nietzschean bellows, "I am the furnace that reforged Sparta! I am the font of strength from which a nation sips with thirsty lips. You weaklings, you have no idea, do you? You could fight me on a thousand fronts and it wouldn't make a lick of difference! The strong will persevere and they will eat—"

"We have traveled your empire, and we have seen the so-called strong you laud!" your leader retorts. "The cowardice, the betrayals, the crippling of children. The paralyzing fear of being seen as weak. There is no strength here, only fear of not living up to an unachievable ideal. You and your empire will starve."

The Nietzschean squares his shoulders as he makes ready to face you once more, although, for just a moment, you think that maybe you can see a hollow light flicker in his gaze.

Disable the *The Strong Eat* Trait (remove the additional Obol card from the Obol deck). **Return to 0214.**

0217

The Nietzschean monster disengages from your Titans, a momentary respite as it pulls away. A deep, reverberant bellow rolls forth from its colossal ribcage, to which a chorus of other lowing calls respond, and a horde of Cyclonuses emerges from the temple.

If Helots: Allied: *A swarm of Helot fighters emerge from the surrounding alleyways and passages, flooding the battlefield with a sea of bodies. They rush at the Cyclonuses. The monsters snarl in fury, swatting at them as one would swat at gnats. Dozens upon dozens are laid low in an instant, some clutching at badly burned limbs as sticky, flaming ambrosia coats their skin. In spite of this, they keep coming, a wave of souls, unstoppable, so utterly overwhelming, that it topples even the towering beasts. The strength of unity. The sight gives even the Nietzschean momentary pause.*

Search through the BP deck (without looking) and discard pile. Take the lowest level BP card and set it aside. Shuffle the deck, then place the set-aside card on top.

If Symmachy: Allied: *A dozen large, flaming projectiles arc over the walls of the fortress. The Diaspora Fleet, pulling in as close to the docks of the stronghold as possible, have placed themselves within range, and their deck-mounted trebuchets launch enormous boulders coated in slick ambrosia and set alight. The infernal barrage pounds the Nietzschean and his monstrous Cyclonuses, making the beasts fall and the tyrant flinch for just a moment.*

Place 2 Fire tokens in the Kratos Pool. Remove up to 2 Ambrosia tokens from any Titan.

If Cyclopes: Allied: *A clutch of Cyclopes joins you on the battlefield. In their massive hands are the anchors of the Spartan triremes they have sundered. They swing the chains in large circles around their heads before releasing the pendulous weights at the Cyclonuses. The enormous chains wrap tightly around some of the lumbering creatures, pinning their arms to their sides as more of the one-eyed giants rush in to subdue them. The normally gentle giants, while still not killing their twisted brethren, show no hesitation in rendering them unconscious.*

One Argonaut gains the *Roused* Condition card. Remove up to 3 Ambrosia tokens from any Titan.

If you have finished the *Intended Purpose* Hub, **see 0218.**

If you have finished the *Where the Land Meets the Sea* Hub, **see 0219**.

Proceed to Round 3 of Battle.

0218

A thunderous call echoes across the battlefield, catching the attention of all present. You lift your heads to see another group of Cyclopes approaching, each one carrying with them a titanic shield made of iron, bronze and the timbers of a ship's hull. They place themselves between your forces and the mustering Cyclonuses, a wall of muscle, bone and iron to protect your crew, and buy you time to focus on taking the skullheaded monster down.

Lose up to -2 **Ω** from among all Titans. Then, if you want, any Titan may gain up to +2 **Ω**. **Return to 0217.**

0219

Back in the throne room, the Xiphos Team continues their struggle against the mortal Nietzschean. As if by some perverse power, the tyrant seems only to be growing stronger, his blows more brutally efficient. He sneers as he slaughters another half dozen of your warriors. "So foolish," he drawls. "You thought you could challenge me? You are mere mortals! I am so much more."

"You were more, once," your leader admits, gasping for air. "You were once a hero to the people. Now you've fallen so far, haven't you . . . Achilles?"

The word seems to stab the Nietzschean through the heart, his features twisting in genuine shock and pain. He stumbles back a pace with a growl of fury. His eyes flash with pure, unbridled hatred.

"That name has no meaning for me any longer!" he roars, almost maniacally. "A lesser man who evolved into something more glorious than you will ever comprehend."

He steps back, fists rising in a ready stance, but now you are starting to see some true fractures in his style, gaps where his focus is not so acute. He is not invincible and, much like the legends attached to his name, he has a weakness. You are many, strike as one.

The Nietzschean gains the *All For One* Trait card (Secret deck 4, card 38).
Return to 0217.

0220

You feel the tide of battle is turning against you. Your Titans' breaths are labored. The strain on their bodies, pushed beyond their limits, seeps into the Balaneion fluid like a bitter poison. The allied army's assault grinds to a halt, while the Spartan reinforcements just keep coming.

Doubt creeps in.

The Nietzschean raises his free hand, palm aimed toward the sky as if lifting an immense weight. The very ground trembles. A spiderweb of cracks fans out around him like an unholy halo. The cracks widen then froth with black foam. Snakelike tendrils of ambrosia claw at mortals, friend and foe alike, as if there was a host of horrors beneath the very earth, craving to break free and let loose.

The Nietzschean laughs, his apotheosis is at hand.

If Helots: Allied: *The Helots draw back from the rising tide of blackness, yelling in fear or pain as grasping appendages emerge from the amorphous mass to clutch at them, the oily substance burning flesh and armor alike. Yet they do not break the line, holding their position and giving you space, doing their job so you can do yours.*

Place 5 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool.

If Symmachy: Allied: *The Symmachy troops rush forward, trying to halt the advance of the pulsing darkness. Bronze shields rise in a shimmering wall between you and the ambrosia tide, but it is evident that they do not stand much of a chance. Yet as it is about to swallow them, it lights up like the sun and recoils. The Symmachy have unleashed their sea fire!*

Place 2 Fire tokens in the Kratos Pool. Search through the BP deck (without looking) and discard pile. Take the lowest level BP card and set it aside. Shuffle the deck, then place the set-aside card on top.

If Cyclopes: Allied: *Cyclopes march to counter the lethal black flood before it can decimate you, hurling themselves into a torrent that rises to their knees so that they might scoop stricken warriors from the deadly eddies. Many will die in the hope that their people as a whole will endure. Do not let them down!*

Place 1 Diversion token in the Kratos Pool. Lose up to -3 **Ω** among all Titans. Then, if you want, any Titan may gain up to +2 **Ω**.

If Humanity -5 or better: *Against all odds, hope swells in you. You know your cause is just and that you must succeed now more than ever. You fight side by side with your comrades, both within the temple and without. This is the closest you have come to facing the embodiment of evil. This unity will lead you to victory—you feel it in your soul.*

At the start of this round, Awaken 1 Titan.

If you have finished the *Misery Industry* Hub,

see **0221**.

Resume the Battle.

0221

Back within the temple, the Xiphos Argonauts continue their struggle against the man behind the monster. The Nietzschean staggers back a pace, his stance more uncertain, his features twisting in puzzlement and rage.

"You could have been so much more!" he screams. "Ascended through the Black Bath, worthy of the godly thrones! Instead, you consort with weaklings, cripples and women . . ."

"All you have done is unleash corruption and decay," one of your number states flatly. "Your Black Industry poisons your people, and it has poisoned you. Now I see it. You are far from immune. It eats at you from within, leaving you as sick as the land. Leaving you weak."

The Nietzschean bellows with insane rage and lunges at you.

Remove up to 3 Ambrosia tokens from any Titans. For every removed token, that Titan loses -1 **A**.

Resume the Battle.

0222

The skull-faced Nietzschean monstrosity lurches back from the devastating blow, clutching at the deep gash as ambrosia pours from it like a black waterfall. For a fracture of a second, you glimpse his self-control faltering, his body momentarily losing cohesion. Chunks of black flesh fall away as what bone is visible fractures, glowing cracks spreading across the ivory surface.

In the temple, the mortal Nietzschean dodges your blow, but he is just a hair too slow. Your weapon grazes his shoulder, summoning forth a grunt of pain. His icy eyes blaze with fury as he almost stumbles backward. His breath rasps in his throat.

Still, he does not call for his guards to descend on you.

You see it clearly, the opening in his defenses. When his focus is on one victim, or deflecting an incoming blow, he leaves certain angles of approach wide open. He is just one man, in spite of his prodigious martial talent and god-like power. In order to overcome him, you must move as one, unified in purpose and intent!

Transform all Negative Precision tokens into Positive Precision tokens.

If he doesn't already have it, the Nietzschean gains the *All For One* Trait (Secret deck 4, card 38). If he has it, one Titan gains an .

Then, each Argonaut tests Endurance or Cunning (8+). You may gain +1 **A** to add +1. If P3 is marked, add +1.

0–1 success: *You descend upon your enemy with wild slashes and swipes, perhaps more reckless than you should be. The chaotic assault is enough to put him off-balance, though momentarily.*
Place 2 Break and 1 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool.

2 successes: *Your attacks, while coordinated, still miss more often than they connect, but you are beginning to wear him down as inexorably as the sea eats away at a cliff face.*
Place 2 Fire and 2 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool.

3 successes: *You work as a team, striking and pulling back and lunging again before the Nietzschean can fully recover, slowly but surely bleeding him dry.*
Place 2 Fire, 2 Opening and 1 Break tokens in the Kratos Pool.

4 successes: *You move as one, strike as one, defend as one. You are the crew of the* Argo *and even the Nietzschean, tyrant of the empire and self-proclaimed god-king of the Spartans, cannot hold back your fury.*
Place 2 Fire, 3 Opening, 1 Break and 1 Diversion tokens in the Kratos Pool.

Regardless of the result, if you have finished *The Parable of the Butterfly* Hub, **see 0223**. Otherwise, **resume the Battle.**

0223

"I'm not . . . I will not . . ." The tyrant of Sparta swags a little as he tries to stand to his full, impressive height. You find yourselves wondering, just for a moment, how long it has been since he last truly felt pain; when it was that he last felt his own blood be spilled. Years? Decades? Before you can even finish this line of thought, he straightens, fixing you with his fierce gaze. "I will not be brought low by you!" he seethes. "I am the first of the Argonauts, the pattern upon which you are all formed! You are mere echoes, replicas!"

"Whatever you were, it's long gone," your leader declares, unflinching in the face of his ire. "You emerged from that accursed chrysalis diminished, not empowered. You're not fit to bear the name of the Argo*, nor are you fit to call yourself one of us."*

You see the fury building inside the Nietzschean, matched only by the flickers of pain you catch in his eyes. Each declaration is a hammer blow to his pride, and he responds like any wounded animal—with viciousness. He snarls and launches himself at you once more.

Disable *Lumbering* (✠) Basic Trait.
Nietzschean's becomes 8+ (note this).

Resume the Battle.

0224

Everything slows to a standstill. You will vividly remember the dark clouds above, the few rays of sunlight piercing them like runaway spirits from Elysium, the cry frozen on the other Titans' faces, and the deeper echoing bellow of all those you stood up for.

Your weapons connect. One is parried, the other goes through.

The Nietzschean monstrosity throws its head back with a startled, pained roar. A terrible shriek tears loose from its throat, like a thousand fingernails dragging on glass. Even the mighty Titans clutch at their skulls in pain.

In the darkened throne room, the mortal Nietzschean stumbles. He coughs, a few crimson droplets falling from his lips to spatter on his previously pure-white robes. Here, too, your weapons have connected.

As he looks at you, the terrible truth dawns on him: no man alone, no matter how powerful, can stand against the many, united.

With a gasp of agony, he sags to his knees before you.

Back on the battlefield, the skull-faced Nietzschean's body sloughs off in large, undulating chunks while the flames that engulf it blaze with a white-hot intensity that causes even the marble underfoot to crackle and hiss. With a deafeningly loud boom, the monster erupts, a pillar of fire reaching up into the heavens like a volcano, bones shattering, ambrosia combusting and evaporating instantaneously.

All of your Titans are cast from their feet as the shockwave of the blast threatens to consume them.

Then . . . silence. Eerie in comparison to the cacophony of war that had hung over the temple mere seconds before. Bewildered Spartans look around, shellshocked, trying to wrap their minds around the impossible.

Their leader has fallen. The monster is no more. The battle, and the war, are lost.

Slowly, inevitably, elation rises among your allies. The Helots are first to break the silence, with frantic victory cries, rolling from one side of the stronghold to the other, as an undefeated tide. Among it, the lone, towering islands of the Cyclopes, their hands held high, and a mournful bellow on their lips. Even the Symmachy troops break rank and join the chorus of celebration.

You feel yourself screaming too.

You did it. You really did it. You won.

Sometime later . . .

If E5 is marked, gain +1 Humanity.
If P1 is marked, gain +1 Humanity.

Then, check these in descending order, line by line. If you meet the conditions of a line, see that passage and don't check the rest. The exception is the I12 result: you may choose this over any other result:

If Humanity: -3 or better, **see 0226**.
If Humanity: -4 to -14, **see 0227**.
(If I12 marked, this is always an option) If I12 is marked, the Castoff may choose to give themselves to vengeance. If they do, **see 0225**.
If Humanity: -5 to -29, **see 0228**.
If Humanity: -30 or worse, **see 0229**.

0225

Vengeance for the Downtrodden
The throne room echoes with the ragged breathing of the Nietzschean, his chest expanding and contracting slowly, each lungful of air another labored effort. It is strange to see your foe, once so proud and powerful, humbled. Manacles of Cyclopean metal sit upon his wrists, binding them behind his back, while a somewhat halfhearted effort has been made to tend to the worst of his wounds.

The Castoff approaches the prisoner. The Nietzschean, sensing their presence, looks up at them. Not a flicker of emotion appears in the Argonaut's eyes, but the Spartan's are cold, mocking. "Do I know you?" he asks insolently.

"Maybe you really don't." The Castoff's voice trembles with anger, weariness, despair—it is hard to truly tell. "But I certainly remember you. What you did to me. I remember the cold rock under my broken body at the foot of those cliffs. I remember the crashing of waves so close-by. But most of all, I remember the words that damned me, the declaration that has condemned so many of this land's people to a lifetime of suffering."

"Thank you." The Castoff's suddenly light tone makes the Nietzschean's head snap upward. "After all, if you hadn't deemed me unfit to be a part of your regime, I would never have taken the path I found. I learned so much on my travels, discovered the truths of the world. Of real strength. And of pain."

At this point, you become aware of dozens of other figures emerging from among your forces. Former soldiers, scarred almost beyond recognition. Common folk in the barest of rags. Men missing limbs, lost to old injuries or sickness. The frail, the weak, the old, the young . . . too many to count. All staring at the Nietzschean with cold, stony eyes.

"They will decide your fate."

As the crowd of the Downtrodden comes for the Nietzschean, for the first time you see fear in his eyes.

Mark Q1. **See 0231.**

0226

Of Hope and Humanity
The Nietzschean slumps to his hands and knees, raising a shaking head to look at you. His eyes lack the confident light they once possessed. His features are twisted in sheer, devastated shock. Blood trickles from the corner of his mouth as he releases another laborious rasp, his voice coarse and weak.

"H-how . . ." he stammers, "how did you do it? All of my pain, all of my sacrifices . . . You've never had the backbone to do the things I did! To lower yourselves to the depths I went to. Every time I gave you a chance to learn from my example, pushed you to your limits to help you move past your accursed morality, you spurned my wisdom! And yet . . . you still came out stronger. How?"

His final word is almost a shriek. For just a moment, you feel a swell of pity for the figure before you. His entire worldview has crumbled, and he's facing a life without those tenets. You can only imagine the pain and fear that that inspires within him. Your leader takes a cautious step forward, and drops down into a crouch next to the tyrant, sympathy glowing in their gaze.

"Love, understanding, unity, forgiveness, acceptance. Maybe, with enough time, you'll get the chance to understand," you say compassionately, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder. "The strength you sought, the ideals you attached yourself to—they were hollow to begin with. A corrupt echo of an archaic order that died with the Éschaton. The world needs a different kind of strength now, and empathy. Stay in the abyss or crawl back up to repent for your crimes. The fate that finds you will always be your choice."

The Nietzschean sags. All tension seems to flow from his muscles as, still not meeting your gaze, he releases a long, low sigh. He closes his eyes. Then, lightning-fast, he lunges, his shoulder striking you firmly in the chest and knocking you onto your back. He lifts his manacled hands up high, ready to bring them cracking down on your skull—

With a faint whistle, an arrow leaps through the air to strike the Nietzschean in the chest, its tip going between two ribs to find a lung. The tyrant stiffens, a perplexed expression crossing his features. A flurry of arrows follows the first, each one piercing his body with a wet pop. His gaze drops to his riddled body. Then, like a mountain crumbling, he slowly topples over.

You lift your head to see one of your allies and a half dozen other rebels all lowering their bows. They give you a grim nod, which you return gratefully.

The air is utterly still as the Nietzschean looks on his back with a wet thud. He draws in a few more ragged breaths, blood-soaked spittle bubbling on his lips. His icy, fading glare turns to you as, with a final gasp of defiance, he manages to force a few words past his drowning throat.

"When you get to Delphi," he wheezes. "When you find . . . him . . . do what I could not. Kill him . . . for me . . ."

Then the fallen tyrant's body goes still. The light fades from his eyes, the once icy blue turning a dull gray.

As you rise to your feet, you cannot help but look at the carcass beside you. Regret seizes you. Could you have reached him, or was he too far gone, lost in the abyss?

Who loosed the arrow that slew the tyrant? Was it spymaster Syagra? The veteran? General Cyrene? The deserter Imbrus? Or was it young Pasion or . . . Efi? You decide, and immortalize your choice on your Journey.

Then, mark Q2. **See 0231.**

0227

The High Road
Peace falls upon the Temple of Man as your forces set about securing the fortress and rounding up any remaining Spartans. You gather in the throne room with your allies. In the center of the chamber, bound and chained, the Nietzschean kneels on the floor, glaring at you with venom. Having lost an arm and most of his right leg during your battle, and with ambrosia poisoning shading his skin a sickly gray, he looks diminished.

Unsurprisingly, he refuses to share any knowledge of the Argo *or Eschaton with you, save for one suggestion: if you go to Delphi, you will not return.*

Eventually, it is decided. The forces of the Resistance, now the ruling powers of liberated Lakonia, will take the fallen tyrant into custody, so that he will face justice for his crimes. While some have called for more harsh punishments, you know that in order to keep the hard-won peace, a sense of justice and morality must be maintained, even for one as craven as the Nietzschean.

As the decision is announced, the former tyrant sneers, "Too cowardly to land the killing blow, Argonauts?" He leers. "Even now, you continue to disappoint."

"As much as you tried to 'educate' us in your ways, we're not like you," your leader declares. "We're better than you. You kept pushing us to forsake our ideals. Those ideals are what put an end to you. And that just eats you up inside, doesn't it?"

The Nietzschean falls silent, sullen fury filling his posture as he lowers his icy glare to the floor once more. Without another word, he is escorted away, a deep, dark cell waiting for him far below the temple. The last you see of him before he is removed from your sight are the piercing, ice-blue eyes, glowering, but despairing.

Mark Q3. **See 0231.**

0228

The Strong Devoured
A strange peace has fallen over the throne room of the Temple of Man. You look at each other and your warriors, wounded and pale. Everyone pushed beyond the point of exhaustion. It took your all, but you did it.

As if to mock your sense of victory, the Nietzschean slowly rises from the ground. One arm practically gone, he bleeds from a thousand wounds, but none seems fatal. His eyes focus on you. A calm, calculated smirk returns to his face. Cyclopean drops his riddled body. Then, like a mountain crumbling, he slowly topples over.

You lift your head to see one of your allies and a half dozen other rebels all lowering their bows. They give you a grim nod, which you return gratefully.

The air is utterly still as the Nietzschean looks on his back with a wet thud. He draws in a few more ragged breaths, blood-soaked spittle bubbling on his lips. His icy, fading glare turns to you as, with a final gasp of defiance, he manages to force a few words past his drowning throat.

"When you get to Delphi," he wheezes. "When you find . . . him . . . do what I could not. Kill him . . . for me . . ."

Then the fallen tyrant's body goes still. The light fades from his eyes, the once icy blue turning a dull gray.

As you rise to your feet, you cannot help but look at the carcass beside you. Regret seizes you. Could you have reached him, or was he too far gone, lost in the abyss?

Who loosed the arrow that slew the tyrant? Was it spymaster Syagra? The veteran? General Cyrene? The deserter Imbrus? Or was it young Pasion or . . . Efi? You decide, and immortalize your choice on your Journey.

Then, mark Q4. **See 0231.**

0229

The Changing of the Guard
In the throne room, you stand over the kneeling, defeated Nietzschean while outside, the forces of the Resistance set about securing the fortress.

The tyrant breathes heavily, his shoulders heaving as his bruised body toils to pull in each lungful of air. He glances up at you, a haughty smirk on his lips. "And so, it comes to this. My own path ends as a stepping stone for the ascension of another." His icy blue eyes gleam with malice. "You learned my lessons well, Argonauts. You did whatever it took to achieve victory, and now my throne is yours. May it serve you well."

One of your number steps forward, weapon raised. You feel a snarl building deep in your chest, fury and indignation boiling within you. "Keep up your taunts, Nietzschean. They won't help you. We've won, and you've lost. So much for your ideal of strength."

The only reply you get from your opponent is a low chuckle. His lips twist in a cruel smile as that chuckle grows, twists and transforms into a deep, booming laughter. An unnerving light fills his eyes as he locks his gaze with yours, mocking you, leering. Red rage fills your mind and, almost against your own will, your arm moves, swinging your weapon to land the killing blow.

The Nietzschean's head rolls down the steps, his carcass falls to the floor and you turn away, features stony as you look to the rest of your team with a nod. Then your gaze moves to the Nietzschean's guards and followers, the silent witnesses of what transpired here. They're kneeling. To you.

Good. You can use this. There is much that must be done. You must eradicate all Spartan holdouts and then, in order to secure a lasting peace, you'll need to make sure that nobody—not the conniving Symmachy, not the violent Cyclopes tribes, and definitely not the hungry Helots—will pose a threat. You see the truth now, and you know what it will take to maintain control. A new era is dawning, one where all will learn the true strength of an Argonaut.

With no remnants of your Humanity left, you have succumbed to the ideals of the Nietzschean, becoming that which you had fought so hard to defeat. A new empire will rise, one made according to your vision. Your travels aboard the *Argo* end here. The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. You lost. Mark 1 fated box in the *Cruel Aeons* Cycle II special event.

Important note: You did complete the campaign, mechanically speaking, so you are free to proceed to Cycle III. However, you cannot continue the adventures of this *Argo*. Instead, you may start a new Cycle III campaign, following the normal rules for a fresh Cycle III start.

0230

The Nature of Strength
The Argo pushes forward through the Great River Works, a startling, unsettling silence oppressing you. A twinge of unease seizes you at the odd stillness in the air.

You pull up to the docks of the Temple of Man to see a delegation of Spartans waiting for you and, in their midst, a chained figure, forced down on his knees. To your shock, you recognize the golden hair, pristine features and icy blue gaze of the Nietzschean, now battered and bloody. A dozen warriors surround him, their spears leveled at his throat. There is no sign of the monster that is normally part of his command.

"Warriors of the Argo*, we bring the Nietzschean to you in order to bargain."*

You keep your hands close to your weapons, wary of any kind of trick. The Ephor notices this and does not show any surprise or offense.

"You are suspicious. I do not blame you." He drops to one knee, drawing his sword and presenting it to you hilt-first. "The soldiers of the Spartan Empire offer their full surrender."

"Why are you doing this?" your leader asks. "We have been watching you throughout this war," the Ephor explains. "Time and again, the Nietzschean pushed you, tried to get you to compromise your morals and take the quick and easy path. He told us it was the only way

you would be strong enough to stand up to him. And time and again, you defied him, proved him wrong. We see the truth now. His cult of strength is a lie, a lie we were tricked into accepting. We will be fools no longer. We submit to you, and to your true ideals of strength."

You are left speechless, processing what the Spartan has just told you. The soldiers around the prisoner look to you, not with hatred but with awe, respect, admiration. Have your ideals really impressed them so?

Cautiously, you accept the Spartan surrender and in time realize it to be genuine. The Nietzschean is handed over to the Resistance for imprisonment, and the process of ending the war begins. You feel a flash of exuberance run through you.

The war is won. Not through strength of arms, but through the breadth of your compassion.

You have won the battle without needing to draw your blades! The Nietzschean has been defeated by your dedication to preserving your Humanity and, against all odds, you've emerged utterly victorious without casualties. Of course, as this is a game about battles, you may still choose to fight the final battle against the Nietzschean, to test your mettle. But do not be mistaken. You have won!

If you choose to go through the battle (it's awesome and epic), **return to 0211**. Otherwise, mark Q5 and **see 0226**.

0231 *The fate of the Nietzschean sealed, the attention of you and your allies must now turn to the future*

An arduous task of nation-building awaits you. Lakonia lies in ruins, and it will take much in the way of time, effort and resources to undo the damage wrought by the empire. Yet you have experience, having sailed here from the mazed Crete. You feel that same energy take you, that feeling of a giant burden suddenly lifted from your shoulders. It's elating. You could almost soar into the skies.

Choose the first of these that applies:

If all of your diplomacy scores are no further than 2 spaces apart from one another, **see 0235**.

If Symmachy: Diplomacy is the highest, **see 0232**.

If Helots: Diplomacy is the highest, **see 0233**.

If Cyclopes: Diplomacy is the highest, **see 0234**.

0232 *With the Nietzschean's Empire out of the picture, it is not long before the Symmachy maneuvers its way into a controlling position over the now-leaderless land of Lakonia. The Ecclesia are swift to implement their own laws and rules of commerce, and many of the civilians aboard the Diaspora Fleet settle the coastline, eager to end their lives of near-constant wandering.*

The Helots and Cyclopes, being far more naïve to matters of statecraft, find themselves outclassed and relegated to a support role in their own homeland. Some would say that perhaps the Lakonians have traded one foreign ruler for another, yet the Symmachy's touch is light and directed, their synoikismos ideal of unity, so similar to the one professed by the crew of the Argo*, a welcome change and a step in the right direction, toward a brighter future. In time, the Helots integrate into Symmachy society while the giants retreat to the highlands, tending to their herds.*

Mark Q6 and **see 0239**.

0233 *The Helot Uprising finds itself the dominant power throughout its homeland, at long last. So many disparate cultures, peoples and nations forced into slavery that, ironically, united them like no leader ever could. A nation forged in the fires of utmost adversity, in the maw of the abyss itself.*

Although they rely on aid from the Symmachy to secure resources and train a standing military, they are determined not to slip back into servitude to any power, domestic or foreign. They appoint their own leaders and work toward a better, brighter future for Lakonia. The Symmachy, not fully trusted by the Helots, establishes only a small presence within the land, remaining aboard their Diaspora Fleet, while the Cyclopes return to the Lakonian uplands.

The first few years of Helot control are turbulent, to say the least. Every person has a voice, and quite often they do not agree. Quarrels are common, and no centralized system of law is established, leading to a somewhat anarchic order, but over time, the peace holds.

Mark Q7 and **see 0239**.

0234 *Formerly relegated to the annals of history, pushed to the fringes of society by a world that was no longer big enough for them, the Cyclopes now find themselves returned to the forefront of Lakonian culture. In time, the giants mingle with the 'small folk,' their lumbering forms a common sight in every town and polis. Some cling to their rural way of life, while others accept an urban existence, serving as metalsmiths, shipwrights or even as scholars, educating future generations.*

The Lakonia rebuilt by the Last Great People is truly a sight to behold, and after a few years, even the land begins to heal.

Mark Q8 and **see 0239**.

0235 *You did not choose favorites, opting to support a balance of shared power. Under your guidance, your allies have created a unified front and forged bonds of fellowship that are nigh impossible to break. With that, you have started something new within Lakonia.*

In the years that follow the war, the disparate factions of the Resistance work together, each bringing their own unique wisdom to the table. The Symmachy, experts in nation-building and law, help establish a fair and democratic government and administration, while the Cyclopes serve as teachers and architects, their lost knowledge of metalcraft and architecture and their sheer strength vital in rebuilding the devastated infrastructure. The Helots, meanwhile, use their expertise, iron will and hard work, and their numbers, to revitalize agriculture, laying the groundwork for an egalitarian, truly multicultural society, and beginning the long process of undoing the damage done to the land itself.

In time, Lakonia rises as a powerful, united nation, a legacy left behind by the Argo *and its crew.*

Mark Q9 and **see 0239**.

0236 Vow

As you take one last stroll through the Spartan port, you marvel at the Leleges foundations the polis was built upon, giant blocks of white stone, skyscraping columns and sharp but magnificent arches. You remind yourselves these architectural wonders have been built upon the backs of innumerable hosts of slaves, their sweat and blood and misery the binding agents of an oppressive empire, one that stood much longer than the Nietzschean's regime and once threated to stifle all good in the world.

You are joined by a Cyclopes elder, Kalmenes. "We have triumphed, friends, and words cannot describe my gratitude for your role in the Nietzschean's downfall, for if you had not arrived in Lakonia when you did, my people would have been all but extinct."

Yet his face is marred by a deep frown. You do not wish to pry, but this may very well be the last time you ever see each other. Nothing should be held back.

He says, "Since times immemorial, the Cyclopes have based their identity around a central ideal. The vow of pacifism allowed us to live humble, happy lives. They were simple but rewarding and kept the shadows of a more ignoble past at bay." He sighs. "That vow has now been renounced by my people.

"This war has irreversibly changed us. And I am not sure if that is a good thing. It ignited ambitions and has shown us the means to realize them, and neither has gone with the end of the Nietzschean empire." Kalmenes lowers his gaze. "You have shown us how to fight for what we believe in, how to defend our borders against invaders. But our herds have been decimated and our way of life is going to change. There is talk of needing more living space. And of reclaiming our past glory."

With these words, Kalmenes leaves you. When his hulking frame disappears into one of the megalithic streets of the ancient Leleges polis, you wonder if perhaps, in relation to the giants and with your help, the Nietzschean hasn't won after all.

The Cyclopes Tribes are now on the path to empire. What this means is hard to predict. Mark Q11 and **return to 0239**.

0237 Transition

The night before you depart Lakonia forever, you are invited for drink onto the Symmachy's new flagship, the Peristratos*, an impressive Spartan octarime hastily retrofitted to serve its new purpose.*

"Welcome, our esteemed guests!" thunders Lysander, a Symmachy navarch. "Welcome, Argonauts, the most glorious heroes of the Nietzschean War! Your contributions will never be forgotten."

"Glory wasn't what we strived for—" you begin, but the navarch stops you and motions to General Hippon.

"Nevertheless, it is owed. Bah! It is necessary. Many great philosophers have rightly taught that it is not the deed itself but the memory of it that shapes the souls of nations." He smiles broadly. Wine is served. "But memory is fickle and easily distorted, so we must safeguard it by shaping the true legend of what transpired here."

These words, though warm and grateful, strike a fearful chord in you. As the evening unfolds and you have the time to mingle with the Symmachy officials, you learn of many developments inside the federation. Some forced upon it by necessities born of a costly war, others . . . not so much. Less oversight for the local Archons, more prerogatives for the fleet novarchs, stricter requirements for the candidates to the Ecclesia. The separation of powers have blurred a little.

As you leave the flagship, you can't help but feel a pang of worry. Warts and all, the Symmachy was the only post-Eschaton power you met that could truly be described as having the good of its citizens at heart. Now, it has become much less of a welcoming place.

In the end, has the Nietzschean actually defeated the Athenians?

The Symmachy is now on the path to Tyranny. What this means is hard to predict. Mark Q10 and **return to 0239**.

0238 *The Castoff, once so badly hurt by the Nietzschean's regime, finds a new purpose in reborn Lakonia. They choose to spend their days helping those harmed by the empire's actions to find purpose in life, a new kind of compassionate strength, and transcend their limitations.*

In time, the attitudes left behind by the Nietzschean fade. Those who would once have been seen as weak or worthless come to possess a newfound value, for their suffering and triumph symbolizes the struggle of all.

In the end, it is a worthy life well lived, and the Argonaut once called 'Castoff' knows this. They have peace.

Retire the Castoff Argonaut and **return to 0239**.

0239 *For the first time since you arrived in Lakonia, what seems like an aeon ago, the skies above are utterly clear, a deep azure blue as a few errant gulls flutter by overhead, their cries echoing on the wind. The crew are hastily loading up supplies, while the Titans are enjoying a little freedom from their pens, a small complement of crew taking them to roam the country before the city-ship departs.*

Check all that apply (you will be redirected here):

If I12 is marked, **see 0240**.

If L10 is marked, **see 0240**.

If you have 4 or more Vow marks, **see 0236**.

If you have 4 or more Transition marks, **see 0237**.

As you ascend to the Acropolis Deck, you hear the rising clamor of a vessel ready to depart. You all know where you must go next. Up north, in Delphi, the Eschaton has seemingly never ended. The Nietzschean went there, and whatever he faced bested him. Murmurs among the people of Sparta are troubling, some saying that the cause of the cataclysm can be found there, while others say the distant island hides a weapon the Nietzschean sought. Either way, that is where your questions pull you, and that is where you will find answers.

As dusk slowly gives way to night, the vast city-ship casts off, making its way for the open seas once again. The Argo's prow turns to the north, and the gargantuan engines churn the waters as it begins the next leg of its voyage. And there, far ahead, the northern horizon glows, a myriad different colors dancing among the stars while a brilliant light, like the sun itself, blazes just beyond.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle II of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey: the Abysswatchers*. **See 0241** for the Credits, and perhaps something more . . .

0240 *As final preparations are being made, you are called to the Balaneion, where a grim-faced Alkibiades and the Old Priest await you. Some of the volunteers who aided you by junctioning with the Titans during the last battle—brave souls who joined the Aegis Team—failed to awaken from their journey into the emerald waters. While their bodies get live, their minds are . . . gone. Lost to the ether. You were warned the strain of the Triskelion may be too much for them, and they knew the risks, yet this does not console you.*

They have been taken into the Mausoleum and laid to rest there, an honor reserved for the Argonauts.

If the Scarred Veteran was a part of Aegis Team, cross off P4 and mark N10.
If the Secret Captive was a part of Aegis Team, cross off O9 and mark O10.
If the Fourth was part of the Aegis Team, cross off F4 and mark L9.
If one or more Helot Volunteers were a part of Aegis Team, mark P10.
If any Argonauts were forcefully awakened to join Aegis Team, entomb them (as if they died, but without going through the Rude Awakening special event).

Return to 0239.

0241 CREDITS
INTO THE UNKNOWN STUDIO
is Mateusz Lenart, Konrad Rekieć and Marcin Wełnicki
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Now **see 0242**.

0242 *Winds whip at the cliffside as light fades from the sky, bringing with it an icy chill, and waves crash against it far below. A single figure stands on top. Robes obscure their shape, a deep hood hiding facial features from view, the view of any onlookers who might wish to pry. A dark, heavy pall hangs around them, as if the air itself is moving in strange, unnatural currents. They turn to look at the retreating shape of the* Argo *just as the city-ship fades into the distance.*

A deep, low sigh escapes from that dark hood, followed by a few muttered words. "And so, after so many iterations, the coin finally lands on its edge. I wonder, will this time be enough, or shall it fail like all the others?"

A moment passes, and the figure is gone without a trace, almost as if they were never there.

The first snowflakes fall . . .

Delphi. It's time.

0243 *The Nietzschean winds back for a lethal strike, sword raised high over his head. You tense, knowing that the next blow will be a killing one, but the attack never connects. You glance up to see a towering figure interposing himself between your Titan and the Spartan tyrant. Serapion, your Cyclopes ally, wrestles hand-to-hand with the Nietzschean shade. The ambrosia hide, wreathed in flames, burns the Cyclops's flesh, but he shows no sign of pain, his impressive bulk managing to shove the beast back a pace. The grinning skull of your foe regards the one-eyed giant for but a moment, then shifts, reversing its grip on the sword and piercing him through the gut. The Cyclops lets out a pained grunt as he slips off the blade, but his sacrifice has bought you the moment you needed to escape from certain doom.*

You have failed to stop the Nietzschean's apotheosis. With your deaths, the Resistance will fall, and the *Argo* soon after. The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Cruel Aeons* Cycle II Special Event.

0247 Darkest Before

A new day is dawning. Something is deeply different about this day. A fundamental truth of the world has changed. A new era is birthed.

You were not able to stop the Nietzschean

You live. Place 2 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool. Knockdown.

Resume the battle.

0244 *The gargantuan skull of the Nietzschean monster bears down on you, the fiery gaze of its hollow eye sockets transfixing on you. You feel an immense pressure, a weariness not just of the body but also of the soul. You are not enough, too weak, too insignificant. You were a fool to even try and fight, to stand up to such raw might. You should just curl yourself up and die.*

Before you can even think about what is happening to you, you hear the bellow of a hundred cries. Led by Ancus, the Helots, with no regard for their own safety, charge at the Nietzschean. A rain of spears races through the air. They shatter on the thick black hide without even scratching the beast. Its vengeful glare shifts from you to the defiant Helots, and they barely have a chance to scream before their bodies are reduced to ash and flame. Brave. Foolish . . . and yet, their sacrifice bought you a few precious moments. Use them well and remember their sacrifice!

You live. Place 2 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool. Knockdown.

Resume the battle.

0245 *The Nietzschean backs away a pace, the corona of flames around its body flaring with sudden, furious power. Heat and flame threaten to overwhelm you. Even the Titans will not withstand this blazing inferno for long.*

Suddenly, the lumbering monster lets out a startled cry. You spy a swarm of figures, tiny in comparison to the beast, immediately next to its leg. Archon Koragos, leading an elite Symmachy unit of bombardiers, batters the thick black sludge of the monster's body with flaming projectiles. Their armor glows bright from the raw heat radiating off the beast, what features you can see already charred beyond recognition. And yet they still scream a challenge, even as the Nietzschean reaches down with a powerful fist, picking them up and crushing them in a vengeful, vice-like grasp. Their sacrifice buys you just a moment to compose yourself, to recover from the brutal attack.

You live. Place 2 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool. Knockdown.

Resume the battle.

0246 *It was inevitable. The Nietzschean could not be stopped, his will and strength unmatched by any mortal.*

He stands triumphant over the bodies of your Titans and there is nobody else left to oppose him. With his focus salvaged from the battle outside the temple, the man behind the monster turns his attention to his assailants, and swiftly, brutally, mercilessly dispatches them.

The last thing the members of Xiphos and Aegis Teams hear is the rumbling laughter of the Nietzschean, echoing forth from two throats at once, man and monster victorious.

You have failed to stop the Nietzschean's apotheosis. With your deaths, the Resistance will fall, and the *Argo* soon after. The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Cruel Aeons* Cycle II Special Event.

0247 Darkest Before

A new day is dawning. Something is deeply different about this day. A fundamental truth of the world has changed. A new era is birthed.

You were not able to stop the Nietzschean

in time. His apotheosis . . . It is as grand as it is terrible to behold. The final vision of man, a destiny fulfilled. A mortal rising to the level of the Olympians, or perhaps even beyond that. Glory made manifest in a single, calcified figure, a speck of dust around which the mother-of-pearl layers of reality are secreted, growing in potency and impact and raw primal being until finally, the world begins to flex and writhe around him. More than a god, you realize. More real, more present. More . . . Just more. So much more.

And from that roiling blackness, things emerge. Strange new figures, unseen by mortal eyes. They stand tall, far taller than a Titan or a Cyclops. Almost as tall as the Nietzschean's shadow. They appear like the mortals in shape, but . . . wrong. Arms stretching too far, necks twisting unnaturally, bodies gangled and misshapen while multi-jointed legs bend in odd directions. The swarm of giants emerges from the storm, and they stand tall over the ruins of what was once Lakonia.

All they know is that they feel the call. The call of the Nietzschean. The desire to do his will and fulfill the goals of man Ascendant. They step forth into the glorious new age that has been spawned: the Aeon of Man.

Game over. The *Argo*'s journey ends here, as the Nietzschean achieves his apotheosis and commences the new Aeon of Man. Mark 1 fated box in the *Cruel Aeons* Cycle II Special Event.

0248 ☐ *Hull Depleted*
If the fated box is marked, **see 0251.**
If it is not marked, and K5, N5, P5 or P6 is marked, mark the fated box and **see 0299.**
Otherwise, **see 0251.**

0249 ☐ *Crew Depleted*
If the fated box is marked, **see 0261.**
If it isn't and you have at least 1 Refugee, **see 0374.**
Otherwise, **see 0261.**

0251 *Many years later, people will tell stories of the mighty iron ship and its valiant crew, of the Argonauts who once stood against tyranny and a new world order of cruel, uncaring beings. And who, against impossible odds, and for a brief, glorious moment in history, held their own.*

But that time is now past, lost to cruel aeons.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Cruel Aeons* Cycle II Special Event.

0259 *The giant ball of anguish, harbinger of failure, recoils and takes a few shaky steps back, its spindly mechanical legs suddenly too weak to sustain the monster's weight.*

Good.

You advance slowly, circling around it, until you are on equal footing or even higher up the mountain. No more fighting uphill. You have the high ground now.

The sphere rotates around its metal base, flashing each of its four faces in sequence. Though the stone is inanimate, it radiates emotion: anger, hate, disgust. And fear.

Even better. This transference of roles strengthens your resolve. What you once thought impossible is now within your reach. You will slay this Burden.

As soon as you think it, the creature retracts its legs into its squat body and starts rolling downhill, slushing ambrosia left and right, leaving broken parts of its hephaestum mesh behind.

The bastard is getting away!
You give chase, but there is nothing faster than a wheel or globe rolling down a steep slope. Yet, all your trials and tribulations, your struggle with the Pursuer, were valuable lessons: there are lookouts stationed around this whole mountain range, tracking the damaged monster as it returns to its den.

It will not escape you.

The Burden is weakened and will return to the mountain that gives it strength. And you know where it is. From now on, you may add the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Battle to the Timeline, 4 days from your current day (you can do it now or later). If you add the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Battle to the Timeline and the Burden is on the map, remove it. If the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Battle is on the Timeline, you have to fight it—you cannot back out. **You will find the** Burden Hardest to Bear **Battle in Cycle III Storybook!**

Also, remember—from now on, true torment begins: During Burden Battles in the current Cycle, Burden has the *Burden Hardest to Bear* level 2 Trait (Secret deck 10, card 109). Put a mark by its Battle Track to note this.

Do not read the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Battle section before you enter the battle. You're walking in blind!

0261 *Many years later, people will tell stories of the mighty iron ship and its valiant crew, of the Argonauts who once stood against tyranny and a new world order of cruel, uncaring beings. And who, against impossible odds, and for a brief, glorious moment in history, held their own.*

But that time is now past, lost to cruel aeons.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Cruel Aeons* Cycle II Special Event.

0270 *Against all odds, one of you manages to deal the killing blow. The Nietzschean monstrosity stands there, its expressionless skull face inanimate, as if struck by utter disbelief.*

Then the creature crumbles, its body dissolving into pure ambrosia. The viscous liquid falls onto the ground in trickling drops the size of houses. Stones, bones and metal fragments follow, a shower of alien viscera.

Have you truly won?

"No." A mocking voice resounds in your head through the Triskelion Junction. "You can never win." The laugh trails off and you are left with a chilling feeling you may have made matters worse.

The Nietzschean monster is but a shadow of the man. And the man cannot be bested in single combat. You have merely humiliated him and made him reconsider his tactics. He will be much harder to beat now.

Gain +2 and +1 . From now on, in every Nietzschean Battle, your fight will be with a Level 2 Nietzschean (including the finale). Put a mark by its Battle Track to note this.
Aren't you sorry now? Return to the *Cruel Lesson* Battle, and see the regular Rewards & Penalties section (page 133).

0289 Helot Alliance
You have grown to rely on the eyes, ears and unbroken spirits of the many peoples that make the Helot resistance, and they, in turn, have put their trust in you.

One night the Argo receives a surprising visit from Ancus, the Helot leader whose troubled brow welcomed you in Lakonia. He is accompanied by a diverse group of fellow rebel fighters, men and women of various ages and complexions of the Great Sea, each sharing the same determined look and the same overworked hands.

"These people were entrusted with the secrets of the Iron Industry, so they could outfit the Nietzschean armies. They will now outfit you."

Gain the *Spartan Weapons* Technology card. You do not lose this card even if for whatever reason you stop being allied with the Helots. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0290 Symmachy Alliance
Suddenly, you find yourself accompanied by Syagra, the Symmachy spymaster. You know not how she boarded the Argo unnoticed, which seems to be the idea.

"Argonauts." She bows her head. "A common enemy presented us with a shared goal, and as a result we have grown closer these past few weeks. Yet an alliance born of war seldom survives a time of peace. Thus, I have come here on the behest of the Ecclesia to foster bonds that will endure long after the Nietzschean falls."

"The Symmachy is not perfect, but I believe we have found the only way to navigate this treacherous Aeon, towards a brighter future for all mortals. I think this ideal is also something we have in common. I bring you our knowledge and wisdom, and the secret of the sea fire."

Gain the *Rendezvous Trireme* Technology card, the *Archon Pauldron* card and the *Knowledge Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 78). You do not lose these cards even if for whatever reason you stop being allied with the Symmachy. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0299 *You hear Argo's hull groan and you fear it's the end. You have held out long enough, but your enemies are just too powerful and too numerous. Your hearts go out to your crew and to all the people who call your ship home or refuge, for they have had no say in this, yet now they will pay the ultimate price.*

You clench your jaws and ready your weapons. If you have to go, you're damn sure you won't sell your lives cheap.

Your enemies bear down on you one final time . . . and then their ranks falter. You hear a tremendous roar as another, sizable force crashes into them like an unstoppable tide. Suddenly, foreign ships swarm the Argo, encircling it in a ring of . . . life.

An armor-clad warrior joins you on the deck, their uniform somehow familiar, though the helm's horns have been cut and carefully dulled.

"My apologies for the late arrival," the figure says and you recognize their voice. "We got lost at some canal juncture."

"How—" you manage to blurt out.

"Thanks to you, Argonauts," they answer, a broad smile cresting their face. "Crete rises from ruin and, following your example, the reformed Hornsworn Guard is here to help all those in need."

The tide turns and the day is won. Tears of joy and goblets of wine are spilled as you reconnect and reminisce.

You came this close to defeat, and the war is far from over. But the good you did shone through in the end, restoring hope.

Gain +1 Humanity and +2 , then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0373 Cyclopes Alliance
"There was a time when we could just roam the mountainside undisturbed," muses Kalmenes, looking towards the crested horizon. "When the little folk left us to our own devices, much to our liking, for mortals were much to warlike for our taste. But the world moves ever forward and the Cyclopes stayed behind."

His one eye slips to you and he smiles a gentle smile:

"You have shown us there is a different path forward, one not of strength, but of unity, not of conquest, but of progress. Some of us stopped looking back with regret and started looking forward, with promise. We will not cloister ourselves at the edge of the world any longer, rather, we will share what we have learned in the past, to the benefit of all peoples."

Gain the *Cyclopean Gear* Technology card. You do not lose this card even if for whatever reason you stop being allied with the Cyclopes. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0374 *You stand in the empty Bridge Tholos, trying to come to terms with your odyssey's end. You tried. During your voyages, you fostered a culture of equality, unity and friendship; of shared hardships and shared joys. Your crew was strong and brave, and reliable. Like you, they would have gladly laid down their lives for the* Argo *and your cause.*

And they did, until there was no one left.

Now, the Argo drifts forward with the tiniest of skeleton crews. You have been unable to re-initiate the autopilot that once guided you to the shores of Crete—not that it would do you any good, as even if you reached your destination, there would be no one to man the Propylon, to fire the 13th Muse, to defend the Argo *from boarding.*

You move to address the Argo's population, the nonessential personnel, the crew's families and the innumerable crowds of refugees you took under your wing. You need to tell them to abandon the city-ship.

"My dear Argonauts," you begin, feeling the lump building up in your throat. "We carried this ship as far as we could—" You are interrupted by a tall refugee in a tattered robe.

"And we are forever thankful," they say with deep reverence. "Now allow us to carry you."

And then they step forward, one at a time, then in pairs, then families, then whole groups. The civilians and the refugees, those silent spectators who have been watching your struggles from the sidelines. They may not be experienced, but they have learned from the best—your crew—and they are willing. They will man the bridge and the engine and the Propylon. They will stand watch and they will defend the city-ship with their lives.

You hold back the swelling tears.
The odyssey continues.

Turn 1 Refugee into 1 . You may continue your odyssey. If you are ever forced to lose the last again, you lose. This is a one-time effect. If you regain and then deplete again, you still lose (see **0261**). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

1185 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*
This is not the place you're looking for.

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

1382 *Your scouts return with good news. This is the right place, the Cyclopean gate, built on top of an ancient Cyclopes settlement.*

You may begin your assault. **See 0020.**

1487 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

1980 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

2165 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

2362 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

2467 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

2960 *Your scouts return with good news. This is the right place, the Eastern gate your Symmachy allies informed you of.*

You may begin your assault. **See 0020.**

3721 Fortress of Misery
Here stands the most impressive edifice you've ever laid your eyes upon. It is simple in design, brutalistic, but its sheer scale cannot be denied. Now you're sure where the Spartan architects drew their inspiration from. Jealousy must be eating them up, for nothing in the Nietzschean Empire can measure up to the absolute grandeur and totality of the Leleges.

You send a landing party to take a closer look and divers to check the structural soundness of the building, as the lake has precariously crept all the way up to its edge, drowning the ground level completely. Your divers return, having found bones beneath the lake's surface. Layers of bones.

Absolute grandeur. And all it took was centuries of slavery. It makes you sick. You'd like to raze it all in protest, but then you'd be erasing history. And such mistakes shouldn't be forgotten.

You may build a monument in remembrance of the victims of the Leleges Empire. If you do, lose 8 Relief resources and gain +1 Humanity.

OR

You may excavate the nearby ruins of the slave quarters. If you do, lose -1 Humanity and gain a *Cyclopean Khopesh* card.

4135 *Your scouts return with good news. This is the right place, the Black gate used by Helots to bring black ambrosia from the outlying regions via the Great River Works.*

You may begin your assault. **See 0020.**

4332 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

4437 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

4930 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

5735 Golden Trail
One day, as you are returning from a scouting mission to Sparta's northern reaches, you stumble on the most curious of finds: footprints in the charred sand of the barren coast. Golden, radiating a brilliant glow, yet cold to the touch.

What manner of being left them? They seem to disappear into the murky water of the bay, so you go the other way, to see where they originated.

After hours of trekking up a scree-covered slope, you arrive at an abandoned Krypteia listening post. There are no signs of struggle or any clues as to what has happened to its crew. They might as well have walked out and left.

The golden footprints lead to a small observation platform overlooking the Churn, Sparta's most exploited, industrialized region. Ambrosia Elephants and pipelines as far as the eye can see. Further, beyond a veil of dark smoke and storm clouds, Sparta's grand capital.

Reveal the *Temple of Man* Map tile (18) (if it hasn't been revealed yet). Gain +1 .

6135 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

6332 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

6437 *Your scouts return with good news. This is the right place, the Leonidas Stoa, built in remembrance of the legendary Spartan king who held the Persian hordes at bay.*

You may begin your assault. **See 0020.**

6930 *Your scouts return with grim news. This is not the right sluice gate. The ignition key you have won't work here. You need to retreat before you are made.*

This is not the place you're looking for. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

7214 Mountains of Black and Ice
You find a strange iceberg, its translucent form crisscrossed by black veins of frozen ambrosia. There is some sort of scaffolding around it, and a makeshift port.

Resolve *Inward Odyssey 38: Days of Aeons Past*. If that is resolved already, gain a *Polished Ice Shield* Cycle III card.

7979 Web of the Moirai
As you crest the scree-covered slope, the remnants of a once mighty mountain range leveled by the Nietzschean Empire for building materials and other resources, you stop, disturbed by the sight below.

There is a vast logging site where an ancient forest stood, abandoned mid-clearing. The slave shanties and the Spartan army fort that oversaw the operation are covered in giant webbing, its strands reaching here all the way from the forest border on the horizon.

"What creature made it?"

"The locals say it crossed the sea from Delphi," one of the scouts answers, clearly uncomfortable. *"They say they heard . . . bleating."*

"Bleating?"

"And screams of the Spartan soldiers sent to deal with the 'disruption.' It seems the empire has abandoned their efforts here, for the time being, at least."

You nod and glance to the plains of web. What scared off the empire?

Gain +1 . If you have *Sins of Herakles: Autumn*, gain a *Web Camo* card.

Consider the Ant

α	To Walk a Mile	
1–2	Black Veins	☐
3–4	The Old Shepherd	☐
5–6	Food Farm	☐
7–8	Armorers	☐
9–10	Slaves of War	☐
Ω	A Drone's Reward	

α To Walk a Mile — *Deed*

Warmth surrounds you. It's a familiar feeling, another consciousness slowly making itself known in your mind until you realize something is different. You feel nothing of the untouched, raw power that usually accompanies junctions. This time, it feels more . . . fragile. And yet somehow it feels as if you were looking into a mirror. Into another mortal mind?

You sense their fear. It must be strange for them as well. So you timidly reach out, your consciousness extending like a hand.

And something latches back.

Suddenly, you feel your weight fully again, making you stumble. You are not in the chamber of the Balaneion on the Argo *but in a dark room. You try to quell your panic at your lack of visibility but once your eyes adjust to the darkness, you realize you are inside a stone tunnel. You hold a basket in one hand and an axe in the other.*

Blackened fingernails, cuts and bruises on each finger, bones almost visible through the pale skin. These are not your hands. The presence in your mind, albeit weaker now, protests and wants to be let out. But the connection cannot be broken.

Other slaves around you work on the walls under the dim light of oil lamps. Iron ore falls into baskets that are carried away.

A kick to your back sends you rolling on the floor and an armed man yells at you to go back to work.

This body can't take much of this, you realize as you get back on your feet. You don't want to kill your host. You will have to be careful. The Spartan guard behind you goes to torment someone else while you start digging.

You notice others as disoriented as you, and they notice you as well. One look is shared among you and you all know: somehow all of you junctioned with Helots instead of Titans.

You have no way of telling the time, but your muscles ache when you are eventually allowed to take a break. The other slaves seem to know you well and are confused by your strange behavior. The presence in your mind still protests, but it goes a little bit quieter each time.

You remind yourself not to get too comfortable with these people, as you will not be staying in these bodies forever. But you sit down with them, wolf down the little food you are allotted and go back to work, axe and basket in hand. You start talking with the other slaves. A smile shared along with some water, a brief touch of the hand when passing some tools. Someone's hand on your arm to steady you as you trip over a loose stone. Guilt starts pooling in your heart when one calls you by your name, Pasion, or even just 'friend.'

Mark G7. Choose:

1. *This isn't your body, but you could use the trust between your host and these slaves to turn the tables and prevent the Spartans from using the mine. This could buy the* Argo *some needed reprieve.*
Do not reveal who you are, and convince the slaves to take over the mine.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0001.**

2. *Pretending to be someone else is wrong. These people deserve honesty. You just hope they will appreciate it.*
Reveal who you are.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0002.**

1–2 Black Veins — *Supernatural*

You arrive at a refugee settlement. Tents rise from the ground between broken marble columns and the people roaming about remind you of the Labyrinthians. In the distance looms a stone aqueduct: the ambrosia pipeline you heard about. According to your spies, there is a leak in it and the Spartans haven't realized it yet.

You notice a group of people has gathered outside of a large tent. One of them speaks fervidly, while the rest gear up with broken spear shafts, rusty daggers, sticks and stones—anything they can get their hands on. This feels like a mob about to storm a palace.

"The black-veined warrior is threatening us again. This Spartan scum has commandeered our best tent and forces us to bring him food and drink. The last time we refused, he killed Loxias!" The man can barely contain his rage. "He will terrorize us no longer!"

You see the marks of hardships on their frail bodies. They remind you of the Helots in the iron mine, hungry and broken. Though free, these people don't have it much better. Still pushed around, forced to work and killed indiscriminately.

They are not warriors. And if that 'black-veined warrior' is a Deathdealer as you suspect, many of them will die.

"You're the Argonauts, aren't you?" one of them says timidly. "Will you save us?"

Choose:

1. *You are the Argonauts. You have taken down tyrants before and you will not refuse help. The pipeline isn't going anywhere.*
Go with the refugees and face the Spartan warrior.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0018.**

2. *The leaking pipeline is the reason you came here. This could be a chance to hinder Sparta on a much larger scale. It pains you to leave these*

people to their own fate, but many more will die if you allow the ambrosia to flow.
Sabotage the pipeline.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0019.**

3–4 The Old Shepherd — *Family*

Your spies bring you word of an abandoned cave that used to belong to the Cyclopes. The giants were chased away by locals, fearing they would one day become Cyclonus. Rumor has it they left some weapons behind . . . It's worth checking out, but you need to hurry. The Spartans will surely hear about this too.

Torches in hand, you step inside the cave, down a large corridor sleek with moisture and full of echoes. Past a cascade, you notice strange glyphs on the walls, carved by giant hands. Though crude, they show a clear dynamic of armor-clad murders and naked slaves, possibly the Cyclopes. So who were the slavers here? The dreaded Leleges Empire?

You hear deep rumbling grunts and metal clanking against stone. You follow the loud noise into a cavern big enough for a Cyclops to comfortably stand upright.

All around, you see all sorts of ancient construction equipment and useful materials, get your gaze lingers on the dweller of this place: a Cyclops sitting against the back wall. He doesn't seem surprised to see you. "Have you come to finish me off, mortals?" He pats his legs and you notice some kind of metallic structure around them, like giant splints. "I am not a threat, for I cannot even stand."

One of you points down to a big hole in the center of the cavern and you peer inside. A giant, dusty ballista rests there. Alkibiades assures you he can work one of the construction machines to haul this weapon up and bring it to the Argo.

The Cyclops then says, "If you are not going to kill me, maybe you can help me. I have been wasting in this cave for too long. If you could only take me outside, I am certain I could reach out to one of my brethren, as they often pass these hills with their herds."

Choose:
1. *This Cyclops will be of no use to the Spartans and once they find him, they will surely kill him. You can reunite him with his kind. Weapons can be rebuilt; a life taken cannot be returned.*
Help the Cyclops.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0009.**
2. *It pains you to abandon this Cyclops, but with his broken legs he will only be a burden. Those weapons, on the other hand, could be useful against the Spartans. How many lives, Cyclopes included, will this ballista save in the end?*
Take the weapon.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0010.**

5–6 Food Farm — *Crime*

One morning, you find a Symmachy trireme at anchor. They are getting ready to infiltrate a farm nearby. Surprisingly, you recognize among them a Helot boy named Pasion, one of the former slaves you junctioned with in the mine. He looks better than the last time you saw him, but the dark circles around his eyes and his clenched jaw tell you he hasn't had much rest since he escaped.

You have seen countless barren lands in the empire, destroyed by war and pollution, but this farm is thriving. Golden wheat fields surround the property and lines of fig trees stretch all the way to the horizon. Everywhere you look, Helots are picking fruit, cutting wheat, and carrying goods to a big storehouse. You notice some Spartan guards as well.

The Symmachy skirmishers you accompany sneak up to that very storehouse. You notice one slave giving orders to the other Helots.

"He's called 'the good slave,'" Pasion whispers. "He has been in Sparta's good graces ever since they realized that without farms, their armies will fall apart." He thinks for a moment. "I worked here before the mine. It used to be much worse. We would get hit for even looking at the guards, for dropping a basket, for not picking figs fast enough." He looks at you. "But it doesn't matter how you look at it: a loaf of rotten bread is still a loaf of rotten bread, even covered in honey."

The Symmachy leader turns to Pasion. "Go find your friends and free whoever wishes to leave. But be discreet. My people will clear a path for you." Pasion nods and disappears into the wheat fields. The leader turns to you. "Take as much food as you can carry. Burn the rest. The escaping Helots will buy us some time, but not much."

Choose:
1. *The stolen food will feed the Symmachy instead of the Spartans, so it's a win-win . . . and yet, using Helots as a distraction doesn't sit well with you. The punishments will be severe . . . unless you help the laborers escape.*
Focus on freeing the Helots.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0027.**
2. *It's the perfect opportunity to burn down the field and cripple Sparta's food supply. But the Helots will suffer the consequences of your actions. It pains you to do this, but this is the price to pay to save more lives in the future.*
Burn down the fields.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0030.**

7–8 Armorers — *Curse*

You move in on an armorer city, where the Cyclonus parts are forged. The mission is simple: get in, create an ambrosia explosion to make the place inoperable, get out. The security is heavy, so you have brought Titans with you, just in case.

After looking for some time, you find the building you sought: a giant armory filled with metal and all sorts of armor pieces. Some of them are as big as houses. You make sure to stay as quiet as possible. You shudder at the sight of this equipment: cages and chains, spikes and balls of metal. How can these things not hurt the Cyclonus that wears them? Or maybe hurting them is the point.

You've barely made it inside, when you stop, pale with terror. In a special casket-like metal pit, a Cyclonus is pinned to the floor with heavy iron chains. Giant ambrosia-covered spears stick out of their legs. Bits and pieces of metal melted together cover their arms and you can't tell where their flesh begins and the armor ends, as if it has all been fused together. Their single eye is covered by a heavy helmet.

The creature stirs when it hears you enter. A deep whimper escapes their lips. "Hurts . . ." Fresh blood spills between cracked teeth sticking out of a dislocated jaw. "Hurts . . ." They try to move but the chains keep them bound. Their hands have been mutilated then welded to metal instruments of pain. "Hurts . . ." There is so much anguish in their voice, you feel it rip you inside.

This is what awaits those who disobey the Nietzschean. Your determination to blow up this armory wavers, but you don't have the luxury of staying here forever, as the Spartans could find you at any moment.

Choose:
1. *With the equipment in this armory and your Titans' strength, you could set this Cyclonus free, but given their wounds, they won't go far, and you certainly can't take them on the* Argo. *Thus Spartans might recapture it . . . or it could even turn on you the very moment you break the chains. Still . . .*
Free the Cyclonus.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1 and +1 ⚠. **See 0048.**
2. *There isn't much you can do to help this poor creature. Their wounds are too deep, and without hands they won't be able to survive on their own. By destroying this armory, you will hinder Sparta's production and put the Cyclonus out of their misery. Better here than on the battlefield.*
Blow the armory up with the Cyclonus in it.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0007.**

9–10 Slaves of War — *Tragedy*

The wind picks up as you leave the launch behind, the Argo further down the Great River Works. Your scouts have reported seeing a wild Titan in a cave nearby, and there is no telling how close the Spartans are. You must be quick and stealthy.

Around a bend in the road, past a small hill, you encounter a group of Symmachy soldiers. They are all exhausted and breathing heavily, as if they have just run the Marathon. Almost every one of them is injured. Some are missing limbs. Their pale, sunken faces turn to you, a spark of fear in their eyes as they wait to see if you are friend or foe.

"You must be the Argonauts." Their leader recognizes you with a sigh. Relief spreads among the soldiers and the atmosphere becomes somewhat lighter. "It's good you are here. We need your help. We fought a Spartan battalion not far from here. We managed to escape, but they are coming after us." Some of their wounds look infected. These warriors don't have long. "If you could just spare some supplies, we could reach the shore and rejoin the fleet." The leader limps toward you. "Please, Argonauts, I beg of you!"

You suddenly hear noises, like troops approaching.

Choose:
1. *These people fought bravely against your enemy. You cannot leave them to die now . . . but you will have to leave the mysterious Titan.*
Help the Symmachy.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0013.**
2. *You appreciate their bravery and sacrifice, but your enemy doesn't care. The chances of these warriors surviving, even if you help them, are very low. How many more will a new Titan save? Dozens? Hundreds?*
Leave the Symmachy soldiers to their fate and look for the Titan.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 ⚒. **See 0014.**

☊ A Drone's Reward — *Fate*

Warmth spreads throughout your body as you plunge into the emerald waters of the Balaneion. You close your eyes, breathing deeply and feeling the beginning of a connection tingle at the edge of your senses. Slowly, a presence makes itself known, but it isn't the kind you were expecting.

Once again, you seem to have junctioned with someone other than a Titan. You feel your consciousness being pulled to . . .

You open your eyes. You have to lean on the wall to stay upright. Your head is pounding and you can still feel this other presence inside your mind, frustrated but resigned. Your muscles feel foreign. Your skin seems to crawl. It is as uncomfortable as the first time this happened with another mortal.

You find yourself inside a mine again. Could it be the same one? You try to shake this déjà vu.

You pull at your consciousness, testing the strength of the junction, but once again, you cannot break it. To avoid suspicion, you take your tools and join the other Helots down the tunnel, wincing at every step because of how strange this body feels. Once again, you are forced to dig for iron under the guards' watchful gaze.

If I6 is marked, **see 0020.**
If I7 is marked, **see 0021.**
If I8 is marked, **see 0029.**
If I9 is marked, **see 0031.**

0001

The presence in your mind protests when you decide to keep this a secret, but is powerless to stop you.

You begin to plan. You might have an advantage as Argonauts who have seen their fair share of the world and faced countless challenges, but you lack the knowledge of these mines. Hour after hour, task after task, you slowly gain the trust of the other slaves. You also notice that one of the Spartan guards is nice to them and dislikes the way they are treated. Eventually it is time to decide what kind of strategy you wish to use.

Choose:
1. *You shall act from the shadows, slowly and methodically. Make one mortal feel like a hundred and destroy them from within. The sympathetic Spartan guard might be willing to help you.*
Seed a grassroots movement.
Gain +1 ⚒. Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0003.**
2. *One coordinated attack could dismantle this whole system and you would recover much intel during the takeover. The cost of lost life though . . .*
Lead a rebellion.
Gain 4 War Machine resources. **See 0004.**

0002

The presence in your mind calms down a bit as you decide to reveal the truth. The Helots are mostly confused, but to your surprise, a couple of them are not. Has something like this happened before? Aren't you the only ones capable of junctioning with other beings?

While many slaves feel betrayed and repulsed, some see this as an opportunity to use your experience. They have heard of you. As Argonauts, you have faced countless challenges. You could advise them.

You look at all the faces turned toward you, seeing anger, sadness and despair, but also hope. Many of these Helots are too weak to fight or don't have the proper training or equipment. It would be best for them to just escape and seek a better life outside. But they know this mine even better than the Spartan guards.

Gain +1 ⚠.
Choose:
1. *You could offer a better life to these people, either by taking them onto the* Argo *or giving them the means to survive on their own.*
Help the slaves escape. **See 0005.**
2. *Even if it is for a little while, the slaves' situation would improve if they took control of the mine. They would finally be the ones to decide their own fate.*
Advise the slaves to take over the mine.
Gain +1 ⚒. Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0006.**

0003

You seek out the sympathetic 'Good Spartan' and, without revealing your identities, you try to turn him to your cause. To your surprise, he's already there, mentally. He just needed a little push. He will help organize a secret movement.

"Weakness, Phineus?" a voice from the dark asks. "Consorting with these wretches?"

Before the party leader can react, the new guard slams his fist in their face. He keeps them pressed against the wall, raining blow after blow after blow. The Good Spartan stands to the side, his body hunched, rigid.

You want to react, help your comrade, but your bodies are frozen, like during an Egolock. You're malnourished, exhausted from work. These bodies are not fighters. Weak. Fear floods you.

The other guard stops when the party leader's body slides to the floor. The presence in their mind screams.

The Good Spartan watches. The other guard doesn't spare him a look. He kicks the party leader one last time and leaves.

The Good Spartan kneels by them and starts to say something, but they can hardly hear him. His voice is getting more distant. The corners of their vision are slowly turning white. Their last thought is for the Other sharing their consciousness. What will happen to them once this body dies?

Party leader gains +1 Ω and *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. They can no longer partake in discussions until the end of this adventure.

This is a turning point for Phineus, the Good Spartan. He will become who you need him to become. You spend the rest of your time teaching him all you know about guerrilla fighting and subterfuge. The seeds have been sown.

Then, one day, it happens in a blur. Your minds stretch and you find yourselves surrounded by emerald waters. The Old Priest rushes to you. No one has ever junctioned for this long before.

As your bodies recover from the ordeal, your thoughts wander to the hosts. Were they able to safely return to their bodies? One look around the room tells you that your party leader is fine, but what about their host?

"There are some people waiting for you, when you are ready," Alkibiades says. "Slaves smuggled from within one of the empire's iron mines. They say Phineus sent them."

You smile.

Gain +1 Defector and +2 Refugee. Subtract -1 ⚒. Mark I6. **See 0012.**

0004

With word and action, you rouse bravery and it inspires them to rise up. Of course, it's not your own life you are gambling, is it?

Still, you cannot back away now. The guards here are uncoordinated and indolent. They don't follow their own procedures. You plan, you spread the word and then you lead the charge.

The presence in your mind screams every time you see another of their friends slaughtered. For each guard killed, five slaves find death. For each stolen weapon, three slaves are slain. In each cave-in, as many slaves perish as guards. You cannot progress through the mine without wading through bodies. "Was it worth it?" the presence in your mind whispers.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. Gain +1 ⚒.

You take over the mine.

Spartan reinforcements will surely arrive soon, so you should hurry and take advantage of the situation. You look over the plans and supply routes, find easy places for ambushes. As you are about to address the freed slaves, you feel your consciousnesses stretch until you find yourselves back in the Balaneion.

The Old Priest rushes to you as you stumble, but time is of the essence. You tell Alkibiades about the transport routes so he can send pursuit hemiolas, while the Argo sails with succors to the freed mine.

The hemiolas return in the evening with much needed spoils, and you even welcome onboard the Titan that was used to haul the heavier merchandise.

The mine, however, is deep in enemy territory, and before you even get close, news of a bloody quelling reaches your city-ship. Unable to commit to a full force offensive, you hesitantly turn around.

Gain +1 ⚒, and +1 Titan. Lose -1 ✕ and -1 Humanity. Mark I7. **See 0012.**

0005

The Helots begrudgingly accept the situation. They are willing to listen to you when you offer them a plan of escape. You will need to prepare accordingly, but most agree to try their luck outside. Some of them still talk to you as if you are the person they know. Others avoid you.

Eventually, the time comes. The distraction you prepared is set off and the sign is given: run. Many won't make it, but everyone tries their luck. Adrenaline and the resolve to fight for their future pushes them forward. They have nothing to lose. The scramble in the dark is frantic. You are besieged by the guttural gurgles of the guards and screams of the hapless unfortunates cut down before they could reach the exit. The light of day almost blinds you, but you don't stop until you reach the canal.

There, you regroup. The freed slaves look up to you with hope in their eyes, thankful. But you expected to see more of them here.

Suddenly, your consciousnesses stretch until you find yourselves aboard the Argo, *submerged in green waters, heads spinning. The Old Priest rushes to you, but before he can say anything, you turn to Alkibiades and tell him about the slaves who escaped from the mine. With a nod, he is gone, and soon you feel the* Argo *move.*

Once the Old Priest is certain you have recovered, he helps you to the upper deck just in time for the Argo *to reach the canal you left the Helots at. To your boundless relief, they're still there. You take them in, for what else could you do? You've led them on this path, after all. Some of them, the strongest and most determined, elect to join your crew.*

Gain +1 ⚒, +2 Refugee, +1 ✕. Lose 6 Relief resources. If you don't have enough, gain +1 ⚠. Mark I8. **See 0012.**

0006

Most Helots seem scared by the idea of rebellion, but those who agree manage to convince the rest, enough of them for you to stand a fighting chance, at least.

The slaves know the tunnels like the backs of their hands, know all the shortcuts and good ambush spots, and you have taught them all the combat techniques you could in the limited time you had.

You hope it is enough.

Eventually, a plan is set in motion, the chains are broken and the dice are cast. As you move through the mine, from the slave pens all the way to the overseer's office, many are killed. Many more are wounded, but for each that falls, two more step in to fill in the gap. Too late do the Spartans realize this avalanche cannot be stopped.

Suddenly, you feel the presences in your minds push and pull, riled up by the action. No! you think, Not now. Not when you're so close! Sparta is bound to send reinforcements. You need to organize a defense, train these people more . . . The pull becomes unbearable and you feel yourselves stretching. You cannot fight it. You fall into the abyss, fall until you open your eyes, submerged in the emerald waters. The Old Priest is by your side as you sway. You truly are back in the Balaneion.

It will take time, but you will recover, the Old Priest assures you, before helping you all to the upper deck to catch some fresh air. While you were away, the Argo *picked up a ragtag group of refugees, the few who escaped the bloody reprisals for a rebellion in a nearby mine.*

Gain +1 Refugee, +2 ⚒ and 4 Relief resources. Mark I9. **See 0012.**

0007

With a heavy heart, you order your crew to secure the ambrosia containers. The Cyclonus shifts a little at the flurry of movement. "Hurts . . ." it whimpers over and over again.

You spread out the containers throughout the

room, but as the party leader is about to put them to the torch, they turn to the Cyclonus. Burned alive. Even a monster doesn't deserve such a death. You need to ease its pain.

You look at the argoxiphos on your hip, now somehow heavier than before. You look back at your crew and comrades. You know the responsibility is yours alone. Hesitantly, you climb onto the creature's back, then move along the metal spikes, each one a constant source of pain, you imagine, until you reach the nape. You draw your sword and kneel. One precise thrust and it will be over. You feel the Cyclonus's warm body beneath you. As you line up the thrust, you feel it tremble, as if it knows. The blade touches the rough skin and draws blood. The creature wriggles and whimpers.

"It hurts . . . Please . . . No . . ." you think you hear. You imagine them before the transformation, as a Cyclops tending to its flock of sheep on the grassy slope of some distant mountain. Going back home after a day's work. Exchanging heartfelt glances with their spouse and kids. Theirs, not its.

You feel your eyes water and your hands shake.

The party leader chooses, while the rest of the party should remain silent. This is their choice and theirs alone.

1. *Steel your heart. There is no going back.* **See 0015.**
2. *Stay your blade. This line you will not cross.* **See 0008.**

0008

"This is not what we are," the party leader says through clenched teeth. The moment over, they sheath their blade. "Help me free them."

You work as quickly as possible to rid the Cyclonus of their chains and the spears pinning them down. It takes a lot of time, effort and all your focus, but you manage to do it.

Gain +1 Humanity. Party leader gains 1 Mnemos node and the *Stay Your Blade* boon: once per Battle, they may decide not to gain +1 Ω.

The Spartans arrive as the Cyclonus rises to their feet with a guttural bellow.

You order your crew to light the containers and evacuate.

Meanwhile, the Cyclonus lets out a bestial roar and charges the Spartan detachment, trampling them, swatting them away like flies. This is what it looks like on the battlefield, a massive unstoppable beast emanating raw power . . . and yet, there is something utterly beautiful about it. Throwing away the chains.

You have barely made it outside when the ambrosia catches fire. The explosion shakes the very foundations of the city. Behind you, you can still see the Cyclonus, now on fire, still battling the Spartans. Then the whole armoury complex topples onto itself, burying the combatants in tons of rubble.

Party leader gains +1 **A**. **See 0016.**

0009

Alkibiades brings the construction equipment to life. The machina screeches and groans under the immense weight of the giant, and by the end, the crane is all but a wreck, but it manages to hoist the Cyclops up.

You check outside for any sign of the Spartans, but they don't appear to have arrived yet.

"I will be fine here," the Cyclops says, limping out of the cave and bracing against the rolling machina. "You're good souls. This place . . ." They nod toward the entrance. "We hid the weapons of the Last War in there. It is a vile place. A forbidden place."

As you lower them down, one of the gears in the hauling machine jams. Lines break, metal groans and the whole contraption falls apart. Once the dust has settled, you check your crew for injuries, but thankfully no one got hurt.

The Cyclops looks to the skies with tears in their eye.

"Who did this to you?" you ask.

The Cyclops lowers their gaze, then sighs. "I refused to be a part of the Spartan Empire. I didn't want to be turned into a creature that slaughters mindlessly and can't tell right from wrong. So I broke them myself. Better to be a cripple than a monster."

There isn't much more you can do for them, but as you leave for the Argo, *you witness silhouettes moving into the cave. The Spartans will claim what you left behind.*

Gain +1 and +2 .

0010

True to his word, Alkibiades manages to work the hauling mechanism, and in time, you are able to lift the enormous ballista. It's old and covered in a thick layer of dust, but you have never seen a weapon so complex.

"A Death-thrower," the Cyclops says bitterly and his eyes glaze over. "Take it and go wage your war." You can tell that the disgust in their voice is not only directed at you.

The way back to the Argo *with the hauling machinas is tricky, but Alkibiades once again proves his skills by delivering the siege engine in one piece.*

You have just finished loading the weapon onto the Argo *when you hear a loud crack. Then line after line snaps, gears tumble out and the whole contraption breaks down.*

You return to the cavern with a more sizable team to check on the Cyclops and take some of those high-grade materials. Dead Gods know you need them. When you arrive, the Cyclops doesn't move. There are deep slashes on their body, and their blood puddles on the cave floor. The Spartans came and left, like death itself.

Gain +1 and +1 . Note *Death-thrower* on the Argo Sheet. If you ever have a chance to craft a *Gastraphetes* card, erase the note to pay only half of the cost (rounding up).

0012

During your subsequent voyages, you will recall the Helot mine many times, wondering if ultimately you did the right thing. Of course, you never truly know the consequences of your actions, do you?

"So there are people out there," one of you muses, "with whom a junction is possible. What even is the junction then? How does it work?" The words weigh heavily in the evening air, for it rings of transgression. Trespass. You did not hijack their bodies consciously, of course.

But you do that with Titans. What do they feel? How aware are they of the process? Would they rebel, if it was invasive? Stupid question. You expect them to die for you.

"There are whispers of a secret Nietzschean project, long abandoned," says Erena, a Symmachy representative you suspect of being a spy. "A perfect warrior, for he would channel the will of the Supreme Leader himself, much like the giant monster your Titans meet on the battlefield."

"Why was it abandoned?"

"No one truly knows. But the rumor is the Nietzschean sired them himself."

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Mesalliance* Mnemos card.

0013

The Symmachy leader squeezes your hands as you order your crew to give out supplies and start treating the soldiers.

"Thank you!" they say, their eyes brimming with tears. You can see a weight lifted from their shoulders and they stand a little taller, despite their injured leg.

The sound of the Spartan detachment closing in has you organize an improvised defense, though you're not sure how you will manage to both repel their forces and protect the wounded at the same time. And yet, those sounds are getting farther and farther away.

It takes you longer than you would have liked, but eventually everyone is treated to the best of your ability, which still isn't saying much.

Once the Symmachy leader assures you they will be fine, you let them limp toward the shore, but an uneasy feeling settles in your chests. Unburdened, you go look for the wild Titan.

When you reach the cave, crows are already feasting on the poor Titan's corpse, the immense body mutilated by countless slashes, broken spear shafts sticking out of their disfigured face.

Later in the day, you catch up to the Symmachy unit. Their leader's face is grim and they don't quite look you in the eye when they see you. You notice there are fewer warriors than before and some are pale as corpses, and unmoving.

Lose 4 Relief resources. If you don't have 4 Relief resources, gain +1 . Subtract -2 . Don't gain a Titan from the next Titan symbol on the map.

0014

The Symmachy leader looks you in the eye. "The world has come to this now, has it? To each their own." They turn to their men. "Let's go. We are not out of the woods yet." They help one of the soldiers stand up and limp together toward where you came from, completely ignoring you. The injured men throw death glares your way and curse you.

The noises of the Spartan troops are getting closer as you hurry toward the cave. Inside, you find a lone wild Titan. They aren't aware of your presence yet, so you let the Titanokinigos unit subdue it. But the Spartans seem to move farther and farther away from you as the noises disappear. You hope the Symmachy soldiers make it to the shore.

Gain +1 Titan. Each Argonaut can subtract -1 .

As you return to the Argo, *your men's spirits high at the prospect of having another Titan join your ranks, you notice the blood on the ground. The closer you get to the shore, the more weapons you find. Broken spears, abandoned swords, and dented shields. Then come the bodies. Flies are already settling in. It doesn't matter how many corpses you have seen in your life, you will never get used to this sight.*

None of the Symmachy soldiers were spared. You count two other bodies, probably the Spartans. The footprints indicate they went along the shore further down the river. Near the water, you find the Symmachy leader facedown in the soil, their head cracked open.

Gain +1 .

0015

You think you've blocked out for a moment, the mind shielding itself from you. The deed is done, your bloodied arms proof enough.

You look at the solemn faces of your party and can't help but feel you've all just diminished a bit.

Party leader gains +1 Ω and a Fated Mnemos card. Mark B8.

There is no time to wallow in self-pity, though. You order everyone to light the containers at the same time, and make a run for it.

The force of the explosion propels you outside the armory. It takes you a moment to remember where you are as your vision swims. You look back at the armory, now ablaze. Flames engulf the entire structure and you can feel the heat even at a distance. The pungent smell of burned ambrosia is almost enough to make you gag. Somewhere inside, the body of the Cyclonus is burning.

You are being one step closer to defeating the Nietzschean, *yet there is no joy on your crew members' faces. There is only shame, and many refuse to look you in the eye.*

See **0016.**

0016

A squadron of Deathdealers zips through the air on their cable devices and attacks your Titans and crew alike. Your giants hold strong, but many of your warriors fall to their blades.

Lose -1 .

When you run past the edge of the city, you lose the Thanporos killers. They are unwilling to engage you on open terrain, where their aerial advantage would be lost. After a few hours, you reach the Argo. *The smoke from the armory is still visible, even at this distance, a stark reminder of the life you sacrificed for the greater good.*

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0017

The warrior gets so worked up that he goes after the refugees. He seems unstoppable . . . but suddenly he freezes, a surprised look on his face, and falls on his back, never to rise again. Some kind of aneurysm?

The refugees' joy is short-lived, as it is now time to bury the dead. Still, a young man among the crowd was impressed by your courage and wishes to accompany you.

Gain +1 Defector. Lose -1 Refugees. Each Argonaut gains +2 Ψ.

0018

The refugees rejoice when you agree to accompany them to see this black-veined warrior. It seems a weight has been lifted off their shoulders. There is confidence in their steps now and a focused determination has replaced the frightened resignation on their faces.

Inside the tent, a tall man sits on a broken piece of stone and smiles when he sees you. "Ah! The rats have finally come to their senses," he says in a sweet voice. His ripped uniform reveals bulging muscles stricken with blackened veins.

"We will not obey you anymore!" one of the refugees shouts. "We demand you leave this place and never come back!"

The Spartan's laughter fills the air. "And what if I refuse? Will you fight me?" He stands up and the refugees take a step back. You don't. The Spartan cocks an eyebrow in surprise. "Interesting. You wretches have brought some new toys for me to play with." He steps closer to you. "I have heard about you, Argonauts."

He thinks for a moment then steps back and opens his arms wide. "Let us fight! In this world where the weak should bow to the strong, I challenge you to a duel! Your leader against me! Man against man, fair and honorable. If you win, I will leave these people in peace. But if you lose . . ." There is a cold glint in his eyes.

Choose:

1. *The man towers over you, like a hero of old. It won't be an even fight, but maybe you can take him. You're strong enough. If you win, you will be the hero and no one else needs to get hurt.* Accept and fight the Spartan alone. **See 0032.**
2. *It is a mockery for the strong to challenge the weak to a duel and call it fair and honorable. There will be no honor if you fail and these people pay the price. You will show him the strength of unity. All for one and one for all.* All the Argonauts fight him together. **See 0033.**

0019

It doesn't take you long to find the leak in the pipeline. There isn't a single Spartan in sight, only the blackened aqueduct running the length of the land like black veins under corrupted skin.

A strong, almost corrosive smell emanates from the dark pool that is already as large as the smallest deck of the Argo. *You can already see the earth turning a darker shade of red and brown in certain places.*

Blood of the Primordials. A chill runs down your spine as you look at this vortex of oily black sludge. There is something dangerous about it, and yet, something enticing as well.

Behind you, the settlement is illuminated by the blazing sun, the dark tents standing out like ants, and you wonder how the refugees are faring against the Spartan warrior. You notice how the black sludge is turning into a rotten marsh where nothing grows or lives. Now that you think about it, there are no animals or plants around here. It's all barren. Even the air reeks of pollution. It will soon reach the settlement.

Choose:

1. *You came here to cripple the Nietzschean's war machine and you've already left the refugees from the settlement to the black-veined warrior. Let their lives not go to waste now.* Destroy the pipeline at the risk of polluting the environment even more.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0034.**
2. *Look at what a small spill did. A larger one would be devastating. Maybe you can still save the refugees from the settlement . . . if the warrior hasn't killed them all.* Evacuate the refugees but risk letting Sparta repair the aqueduct.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0035.**

0020

When the Spartan guards aren't looking, you start a conversation with other Helots. It seems that they are new to this mine and don't really know what happened, but they were brought in when some slaves escaped with one of the guards. The acts of resistance were quelled and their perpetrators executed as an example.

You feel anger boiling in your veins when you realize that this is indeed the same mine, but that your actions didn't change anything for most of these people.

Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. If they already have it, they gain +3 Ψ. **See 0022.**

0021

You wait until the Spartan guards have their backs turned before you approach the other workers. They were among a new group that was brought shortly after a rebellion erupted inside the mine and many slaves died.

You close your eyes for a moment, remembering the countless bodies. Was the price they paid really for nothing? It only seems to have made things worse for the new Helots as the Spartans work them even harder to discourage new rebellions.

Gain +1 . **See 0022.**

0022

There are more guards than before, there are scarcely any breaks and even the smallest slight can send the Spartans into a frenzy. Yet the slaves . . . endure. Determination is etched on their faces as they share water, support each other and whisper words of defiance in the dark places of the mine. Some of these Helots even have a viciousness about them. There is tension in the air.

Soon you hear of another 'Good Spartan,' Damianos. Always considerate of the workers. He often gives them extra food or makes sure they take breaks. He even delegates small tasks to some of the Helots. Your host seems to be among them and so you find yourself naturally trusting of him.

But these acts of kindness are few and far between, and the Helots are still slaving away, building the Nietzschean's might. You have tried to shape this mine's destiny once before and hardly made a difference in the end. Got people killed. So what is the correct course here? Resistance? Subterfuge? Or is mere survival enough?

Yet you can't stop feeling you are being brought here for a reason.

"I would not have believed it," says Damianos, the Good Spartan, as he stops by your group, "had I not witnessed it with my very own eyes. Your whole demeanors changed. You are the Argonauts, correct?"

You look at him, unsure if you should reveal yourselves or not.

"So it is true! Your secret is safe with me, for I have known the teens you inhabit since the day they were born," he says, his voice slightly trembling. "I was only a guard. When the project was shut down, I kept them safe. Or at least, alive."

Things start to connect for you. You remember what Gniphosa said about the perfect warrior project and the Nietzschean.

"He fathered them, right?" one of you says, breaking your cover. "These Helots are his—"

"No," Damianos says. "The project was abandoned precisely because of the oppose: the only viable candidates were of mixed origins and non-Spartan blood, and most often women. The trait he was looking for is not hereditary."

"If your philosophy preaches purity and strength"—it finally dawns on you—"you can't have your best warriors recruited from the ones you condemn, can you?"

Damianos nods.

"Yes. Most of subjects were executed, and I was powerless to stop it. But I gave some of them a chance to survive."

And they have been surviving ever since. But, you realize with sudden clarity, survival is not enough. You know why you were brought here.

"You will help us free this mine, Damianos," the party leader says with determination in their voice.

"I really wish I could," he says. Sweat shines on his forehead and he works his jaw as if trying to find the right words to use. "But my family in the interior would pay for it. I cannot risk outright disobedience."

Choose:

1. *The Helots are ready to act and are more determined than before. You will make sure this time things really change, but you need Damianos's help.*
Convince Damianos to help the Helots.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0040.**
2. *You shouldn't ask a mortal to choose between his family and the rest of the world. He has done enough already. He has operated in the shadows for years. Maybe he can serve the cause in some other way. Although, the suffering will not stop.*
Avoid putting his family at risk and convince him to become a spy.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0041.**

0027

Soon you hear shouts and shuffling on the other side of the farm. Roused by young Pasion, the Helots are standing up to their oppressors. They have the numbers, but not the skills or coordination.

You intend to even the odds. As you move to intercept the guards, the Symmachy leader looks at you with outrage. That wasn't the plan.

"We're changing the plan."

Each Argonaut gains +1 **A** and the party leader gains +1 Ω.

You clash with the disoriented Spartans and push them into a defense. Many Symmachy soldiers disregard their orders and join you in freeing the Helots. Soon a bell sounds, and you see Spartan reinforcements on the horizon, with a Cyclonus in tow.

You need to leave immediately, or they will cut you off.

You make a mad dash for the coast, through the thick wheat fields, leading the freed Helots to freedom. Yet you also bump into frightened slaves, all hunched with bags and baskets full of food, who back away when they see you. Before you can say anything, they are gone, and you have no time to go looking for them.

You stop only when you reach the anchorage. The Symmachy leader gives you a strange look. You're not sure if its disgust or admiration. They do, however, agree to take some of the freed slaves with them and help them find a new home—most likely in the Symmachy army. Pasion's smile is contagious and yet it doesn't quite reach his eyes. You see him often look back in the direction of the farm.

You think back to those people you bumped into in the wheat fields. You managed to free only a fraction of the workforce, and not all of the Helots wanted to be free to begin with. And the farm? The farm will continue to feed the Spartan war machine.

Gain 3 Relief resources and +2 ⛉.
If Helots: Friendly or better, you may gain +1 Refugees.

0028

With one last swing, you end his life while he is still on his knees. There is no blaze of glory as he dies, no clever last words, not even a look of hatred. Just death and the void it leaves in its wake.

The refugees' joy is short-lived, as it is now time to bury their dead. But a young man was really impressed by your courage and wishes to accompany you.

Gain +1 Defector and +1 ⚠.

0029

You work alongside the other slaves until the guards' attention focuses on another worker who has broken their axe. Your neighbors don't seem to know your hosts and have apparently been taken here recently after a massive slave escape. These Helots were relocated from farms and are not used to the harsh conditions of working in a mine. Many of them have already gotten sick or injured. Some died after barely a few days of labor.

With a sigh, you remember the escape, how some of the Helots stayed behind. You wonder if they are still alive. But things haven't changed here. Freeing the slaves wasn't enough.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. **See 0022.**

0030

You wait until you hear shouts and shuffling on the other side of the farm before you spread out into the fields. The wheat is dry and the sky is clear. It should catch fire like kindling.

As the fire spreads, you try to evacuate all the Helots still working in the fields. But many disregard your pleas and try to put it out with water from a nearby well. The fear of punishment beaten into them is so strong.

The storehouse catches fire as well. Several brave souls venture inside, risking their lives for their oppressors' supplies, only to rush out, their hands and faces burned. Panic swells in the air, and you can see utter fear and desperation on the Helots' faces. The 'good slaves' fall on their knees, arms slack beside their body.

They will all pay for this with their lives, you realize. All of them.

Gain +1 ⚠.

"We need to stay and—"

One of your crewmembers tugs on your shoulder and shakes their head. You notice Spartan reinforcements on the horizon, a Cyclonus and several zipping shadows of the Thanporos. Soon you will be cut off from your ship.

The smoke still rises high in the sky when you join the Symmachy and Pasion at the anchorage. Only a handful of his friends have made it. He doesn't say anything and avoids you. There is no anger on his features, but a deep sadness and a quiet resignation. Suddenly, he looks like he is ten years old, with dark eyes and sunken cheeks.

The farm will not produce food for the Nietzschean's army anymore, but the slaves will be killed as an example or relocated and punished. How many Helots could have been freed if the fire wasn't started?

Gain +1 ⛉.

0031

A Spartan guard yells at you to pick up the pace and you obey until they find another poor soul to torment. Your neighbor gives you a sympathetic smile and you talk in hushed whispers. There was a takeover at some point, but the Helots didn't keep control of the mine for long. Reinforcements arrived. Sparta took the mine back and executed half of the rebels, which scared the other half into submission.

You have a hard time swallowing the lump in your throat. You knew reinforcements would arrive, and yet you still left. But was there anything you could have done without the full support of the Argo *and inside bodies that weren't your own?*

Party leader gains a Fated Mnemos card. **See 0022.**

0032

The warrior smiles as the leader of your party steps up, xiphos in hand. "A duel it is."

The leader tests Fury (15+). They—and only them—may gain +X Ψ and +X Δ to add +X.
Fail: *Blow after blow, you are forced to defend yourself without landing a single hit. The Spartan's skill is on another level entirely. Blades flash, each swing a grazing wound. Fear grips your heart when you realize he's toying with you, crippling you muscle by muscle. One final thrust and the world goes black.* Unless you gain +2 ⛉, the Argonaut dies. If they survive, they start the next Battle with the *Fateful Wound* Minor Trauma card. **See 0017.**
Success: *You are not sure how long you can keep this up. Panting heavily, with a large gash across your abdomen, you watch the Spartan. He raises his xiphos . . . and falls to his knees, clutching at his chest.* The leader gains +1 Ω and the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. **See 0028.**

0033

All four of you step up, your weapons drawn. The warrior smirks. "Four against one? Weaklings. I could have a dozen men descend on this camp in a matter of hours. But I will kill you all myself."

The leader tests Fury (15+). Each Argonaut may gain +X Ψ and +X Δ to add +X.
Fail: *With so many people around you, it is difficult to focus. More than once, the warrior lunges at the refugees, forcing you to defend them.* Gain +2 Ψ.
Success: *The four of you manage to overpower him. The camaraderie and sense of purpose you found on Crete are blossoming into something grand.* Place 1 ⛉ on Inward Odyssey.

Regardless of the results: *"Surrender now. It's over," you say as your xiphos rests against his neck. Ever so slowly, he lowers his blade, but at the last second he jumps at you. You're quicker, but just by fraction of a second. His cruel smile never leaves his face, even as he slumps to the ground.*

As you leave the settlement, many want to join you, feeling they'll be safer on the Argo.

Gain +1 Refugee. Subtract -2 ⛉.

0034

It doesn't take Alkibiades long to figure out how to ignite the ambrosia. You barely have time to hide before a hellish explosion quakes the very ground, leaving you momentarily deaf. The violent conflagration spreads quickly, burning everything in its wake until there is nothing left but charred earth. Thick smoke engulfs the ambroduct. The smell is even worse than before. Once put to the flame, raw ambrosia will smolder for many weeks, making this section of the pipeline unusable. The Spartans will hear about this soon.

As you return to the Argo*, many of you suffer from ambrosia exposure, which makes you lightheaded.*

Party leader gains the *Black Breath* Affliction. All other Argonauts gain +1 Ambrosia token. Gain +1 ⛉ and +1 ⚠.

0035

The more time you waste looking at the spill, the more people could get sick. The effects of ambrosia aren't fully known, but the pollution is not something you can ignore. You need to prioritize life.

Once you and the settlement, you inform the refugees of the situation. You are met with ominous looks and you notice there are fewer people here than before. As you check the tents to see if you haven't missed anyone, you come across the Spartan's tent. Crows are picking at the dead bodies spread around it in a grotesque circle. You do not dare enter.

As you sail away, you take one last look at the black-veined warrior who came out to bid you a cruel farewell. You wonder how much time it will take for the Spartans to fix the leak and strengthen their defenses around the ambroduct.

Gain +1 Refugee and subtract -1 ⛉.

0036

"There was a guard in the mine, Damianos," the party leader muses. "He told us about the Nietzschean's experiment. That the junctioning ability was not hereditary. And these Helots didn't come from the Argo. What does that mean?"

The Old Priest ponders the question. "That the Argo *only harnesses something greater than itself?"*

"If that is true . . . do you think there may be others out there capable of what we can do? Of taming Titans?"

"Who knows?" says the Old Priest. "But it's a possibility. There is rarely one path to a goal. When you were away, Alkibiades found something he calls the Diolkos, an old system of paved trackways that allowed them to move ships across Sparta before the Great River Works were constructed. With the power of the Titans, we could use it to gain an advantage over the empire."

Gain the *Old Transportation System* Technology card (Secret deck 4, card 34).

0040

"Things won't change on their own," the party leader says. "And each day, Helots like these pay the price you are unwilling to pay. They too have families. If you truly care for these people, you will help us." You can see on his face that he won't forsake his loved ones, even if it breaks him. So you add "We can protect your family," making a promise you cannot keep. You see hope in his eyes.

Suddenly, the walls shake and dust falls from the ceiling. Something is happening topside. You follow Damianos toward the source of the noise, only to see Helots fighting the Spartans. In the end, they took the matters into their own hands.

Gain +1 ⛉.

If Symmachy is Friendly or better, **see 0044**. Otherwise, **see 0045**.

0041

"We have a proposition for you," you say. He listens to your arguments and you can almost see the gears turning in his head.
"Yes. That could work . . ."

Gain +2 ⛉.

Suddenly, the walls shake and dust falls from the ceiling. Something is happening topside. You follow Damianos toward the source of the noise, only to see Helots fighting the Spartans. In the end, they took the matters into their own hands.

If Helots: Distrustful or worse, or if ⛉ is 6+, **see 0047**. Otherwise, **see 0046**.

0043

"Before there was the Great River Works," says Pasion, "Sparta had a system of paved trackways to move ships across land. There was a map of it in the mine—maybe you can make some use of it?"

You nod, but your minds are preoccupied with something else.

"You recognized us back there."

The teen smiles. "Strange, right? Since that first time, I've been . . . I have seen your memories. Your struggles. Like . . . like you left a part of yourself with me? Does that make sense?"

"We don't really know how it works."

Pasion smiles again. "Ooh! Then maybe I'm like you? Could I pilot a Titan? Someday? Maybe?"

The party leader cracks a smile and winks. "Sure, definitely. Maybe."

A bond forms between the boy and the party leader. Note his name and bonus: "Pasion: +1 Fury" on your Argonaut Sheet. Gain the *Old Transportation System* Technology card (Secret deck 4, card 34).

0044

The Spartans are on the defensive and you realize the Helots aren't fighting alone. There are Symmachy agents among them. You spot Pasion, one of the former slaves you junctioned with last time. He looks better now and there is purpose in his eyes. "We need to get the others out," he says when he approaches you, a strange understanding in his eyes, as if he has recognized you are the Argonauts. "The Symmachy will blow this whole place up!"

The last thing you remember is Damianos taking up arms against his fellow Spartans. Then the Other in your mind gets bigger and stronger until you hear an ear-splitting scream and everything goes black.

You emerge from the Balaneion. Just as last time, the Old Priest is there, and between ragged breaths, you tell him what happened. Next time you wake up, it's night already. You are led to the Acropolis Deck, where Pasion stands among the other refugees, a bandage on his forehead and grime all over his face. He gives you a tired smile.

"We did it," he says proudly. "The Symmachy blew up the mine. There was Greek fire everywhere." You take a look at the refugees and wince at their large number, but you are happy they made it. Your mind then wanders to Damianos. You didn't see him among the refugees.

"He didn't make it." Pasion says when you ask him. "The Symmachy has agents in the interior. They will secure his family's safety." He wipes his eyes on his dirty arm as he looks at the horizon.

A bond forms between the boy and the party leader. Note his name and bonus: "Pasion: +1 Fury" on your Argonaut Sheet. Gain +1 Refugee and +1 ⚠. **See 0043.**

0045

Blades clash and war's song echoes through the mine's corridors as you make your way toward a young boy you recognized: Pasion, one of the slaves you junctioned with last time you were here. He nods and gives you the Symmachy's synoikismos sign. Even Damianos takes up arms against his fellow Spartans, but after the initial surprise, the guards are slowly regaining momentum.

The Symmachy might have infiltrated the slaves' ranks thanks to Pasion's knowledge of the people and mine, and supplied them with weapons, but without their full support, the Helots will not succeed. Pasion seems to have reached the same conclusion as you have, for he starts to order the evacuation. The last thing you see is the flash of Greek fire dancing in front of your eyes.

When you come to, you are kneeling in the emerald waters of the Balaneion, the Old Priest at your side. You tell him what happened.

"The good news is that most slaves escaped," he tells you. "Pasion told me they blew it all up. However, the Spartans had time to leave as well and took the battle outside. They captured the one who betrayed them and executed him." You lower your head. "They appear to have gone after his family as well."

"We joined the battle and managed to drive the Spartans away, but suffered losses too."

Lose -1 ✕ and gain +1 ⚠. **See 0043.**

0046

There's running and screaming. You see Helots jump on fully armed guards, using their tools to gouge eyes and break heads. The Spartans are better trained but are outnumbered ten to one by the slaves. And there is a vicious thirst to them. It feels like watching cornered dogs attack a bear.

Damianos is as surprised as you are and doesn't move. Suddenly, you see Helots rushing your way. A cold determination is painted on their faces as they jump on the 'Good Spartan.'

You want to tell them to leave him, that this is all a mistake, but at that moment the junction breaks.

When you open your eyes, you are floating in the emerald waters of the Balaneion. Between shuddering breaths you relate what happened to the Old Priest.

"We came across some refugees from that mine," he tells you. "Not many. Only the strongest, the most driven. They wish to join us." He points at a small group huddled in a corner. "They have left no Spartan alive in that place."

Your mind wanders back to Damianos, who didn't even have a chance to defend himself. So many years protecting Helots, only to die by their hand.

Gain +1 ✕ and +1 ⚠. **See 0036.**

0047

Damianos grabs you by the arm. "Their fate rests in their hands, but I will watch over them. Now come with me. I will show you something that could help you."

Damianos quickly makes his way to some office, then starts to pull out all sorts of plans, maps, journals and letters. "You wanted me to be a spy? Take it all. There isn't anything else I can do. I need to protect my family." He disappears before you can stop him.

Knowing your time in these bodies is limited, you page through the documents and try to memorize as much as you can—but the pounding in your head and the sound of battle don't make it easy.

After a while, you close your eyes to alleviate the pain in your head, only to find yourself back in the Balaneion. The Old Priest smiles at you and you tell him everything you memorized before you forget.

"I don't know what happened to the Helots inside the mine, but the Spartans are still there," he says. You think about Damianos and wonder what will become of him. Will he keep a low profile and slowly lose himself? Or will he one day snap? "Though we got a curious message with some information about the Nietzschean's junctioning experiment. Know anything about this?"

You smile. God speed, Damianos.

Gain +1 ⛍ and +1 ⚠. **See 0036.**

0048

You find some equipment made to cut metal and set to work, trying to be as quick as possible. The Cyclonus bellows in pain as your Titans pull out the spears, ambrosia dripping into their open wounds.

"Hurts . . ." they keep repeating.

It feels like hours have passed before the chains fall to the floor with a deafening clang, and if the Cyclonus's cries haven't alerted the Spartans before, this has. You have little time left, so you have your Titans help the creature up. They don't protest and whimper as they limp toward the exit..

Subtract -2 ⛉.

You expect a squadron of Deathdealers at every corner, but it's only once you reach the edge of the city that the Spartans ambush you. You hear the zipping sound of their gear before you see them fly through the air. One lands on the Cyclonus. Another attacks one of your Titans. You tell your crew to keep going while you secure the rear.

It's a life and death struggle, and at times you think the Thanporos will overwhelm you. One of your Titans falls to their precise cuts, their Antikratos Helm sabotaged. You fear to think what a death like that entails.

In the end, you manage to pull through and escape into open ground, where the Thanporos will not follow.

Once you are far enough from the city, the Cyclonus stops. "Thank you," they whisper. You see the hint of a smile on their mangled mouth. They shudder but let go of the Titan helping them. "I will go home now."

You're not sure if seeing them limp toward the horizon makes you sad or hopeful.

Lose -1 Titan. If you have the *Trauma Growth* Technology card, you manage to dismantle some of the more invasive body modifications: gain 3 Black Chain resources.

The Other Thermopylae

α	A War Out There	
1–2	Forsaken Aegises	☐
3–4	Cost of Freedom	☐
5–6	Justice of War	☐
7–8	People of Burden	☐
9–10	Those Who Live	☐
Ω	Homefront	

α A War Out There — *Fate*

The occupied city looms closer and closer as you guide the launch toward the docks. Darkness should soon provide you with cover, though even then you must remain cautious—this is Spartan territory now.

As you make your way through the back alleys, you sometimes get glimpses of patrols and bands of warriors, all heading to the acropolis. Though the soldiers remain vigilant, you can see the tension in their shoulders, their jaws snapped shut, those empty and haggard eyes.

At one point you overhear a frantic conversation, as one warrior tries to calm down the other: You have to strain your ears to hear what they are saying.

"Makarios, this . . . this war. It's going to kill us all."

"That's the risk we have to take."

"No, I mean . . . Every time I close my eyes, I-I see them. Our brothers. Dead. Just dead. Lying there, limbs all twisted. That last battle against the Symmachy—" His voice shakes. "And it's not just our brothers. I see others too. Our . . . enemies. And—" He starts to sob, but Makarios puts his hand on his mouth.

"Stop it," he whispers urgently. For a few seconds, you hear nothing but their heavy breaths and the fabric of their cloaks rustled by the wind. "I know it's hard. Believe me, I hear them too. But you mustn't let it show. Otherwise you're done for."

As you watch them leave, your gaze drifts toward the acropolis with its broken marble pillars, high above you. You need to get there.

Choose:

1. *If you impersonate Spartan soldiers, you'll be able to approach others without suspicion. But you will have to play your part and obey orders, whatever they may be. This could get ugly.*
Get to the acropolis disguised as Spartan warriors.
Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. **See 0001.**

2. *You will be invisible as Helot servants and you could easily listen in on the Spartans. Your crewmembers are wary of being disarmed, seeing how slaves are treated in Lakonia, but they put their trust in you.*
Get to the acropolis disguised as Helots.
Gain +1 ⛉. **See 0002.**

1–2 Forsaken Aegises — *Tragedy*

A Cyclonus has trapped you in a war-torn city. You could signal for the Argo to send a couple of Titans, but without a full team of Argonauts in the Balaneion, the risk of suffering casualties is high.

You were lucky to be able to hide inside an abandoned temple, but many others also seek shelter here, increasing the chances of your being found out. You see Helots of all ages, huddled together in tight groups, startled whenever the ground shakes. You also notice a unit of Symmachy soldiers sitting in a corner. They look like they have had a go at the Cyclonus. Many are injured or look half dead already.

A Helot perks up when he sees you. "Are you the Argonauts? Have you come to save us?" More than a hundred pairs of eyes turn toward you.

The leader of the Symmachy unit says, "The Nietzschean got us good but we can still stand our ground. Do you have a plan?" You wish to ask more about their brush with the Nietzschean, about their mission and their presence in the city, but time is of the essence.

Choose:

1. *Your crew and Titans have the best chance of surviving a skirmish with the Cyclonus, but the cost will be high and many of those you save, like the injured warriors, may not survive regardless.*
Risk facing the Cyclonus alone.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0021.**

2. *The Symmachy is more experienced in urban warfare and could hold out for longer, giving you more time to evacuate the Helots and regroup with a full force of Titans.*
Ask the Symmachy to distract the Cyclonus.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0006.**

3. *There are almost ten times as many Helots as there are Symmachy agents. They could keep the Cyclonus busy for a while, allowing you to slip past and return in force.*
Ask the Helots to distract the Cyclonus.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0017.**

3–4 Cost of Freedom — *Voyage*

The wind plays with your hair as you make your way through the hills of Lakonia. The land here isn't as polluted as some other places you have seen, but something ominous hangs in the air.

You sneak around a bend in the road and find yourselves watching a group of two dozen young Cyclopes. Many of them are as tall as the Titans you left on the Argo. While they seem like a joyful bunch, you notice their crude weapons and armor.

Their faces light up when they see you.

"You are the Argonauts, right?" one of them booms. "We have heard so much about you! How you destroyed the Spartan fleet!"

"We know how to fight too!" echoes another. "We've been practicing and we've already won some battles!" They eagerly show you their scars.

Confusion spreads among your crew at the sight. A vow of pacifism is central to their beliefs.

"Unlike our elders, we are not going to sit down and do nothing. We want to destroy our enemies, all those who have wronged our people and forced us to live a secluded life!" The other Cyclopes cheer them on. "Our ancestors were proud warriors and great smiths! They crushed their enemies! It is our legacy."

You notice their elephant-like feet, reddish-brown from soles to ankles. You thought that dirt at first, but now you're not so sure. You notice the cages they have hung around their waists, styled on the Cyclonus armor, still empty, waiting for their occupants. You notice the bestial rage hiding in their eyes, just a spark in need of the right kindling. This war warps people in more ways than one.

"Will you teach us?"

Choose:

1. *With a bit of training, you are certain these Cyclopes could become great warriors and a thorn in the Nietzschean's side. But this is treacherous ground. Even tamed Titans can accidentally kill people. This world was not made to their scale. Can these giants exercise restraint? And what of their customs?*
Train them.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain 3 Relief resources.
See **0004.**

2. *You have seen what war does to people, especially eager young men, and there are enough Cyclonuses in the world. It isn't too late to save them from a life of bloodshed and detachment.*
Convince them to abandon this folly.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0011.**

5–6 Justice of War — *Gods*

When you reach the square, the crowd is already besieging the temple-turned-prison. People push against the Symmachy soldiers standing guard, yelling and throwing refuse.

It takes some effort to navigate through the sea of people, but eventually you reach the doors. "The captain is waiting for you inside," one of the guards says.

As soon as they unbar the doors, the crowd pushes forward, almost knocking you over. People scream and scratch at each other and the guards have a hard time keeping them under control.

"I am sorry for this," says the captain when the doors close behind you. "Things are really getting out of control out there." He guides you to a table nearby and offers you water and something to eat before he sits down. "We captured a band of Spartan soldiers believed to be responsible for war atrocities in region, burning villages and manslaughter. We are gathering evidence and preparing a trial, but the people—as you have seen—are not pleased. They demand a swift public execution."

He stands up and walks around the room, hands clasped behind his back. "I wish to give them a fair trial. Only that way can we hope to lay a foundation for peace. We should not act on impulse and claim vengeance whenever we please. But these things take time and the crowd is growing restless. I fear they will barge in soon."

Choose:

1. *Continuing this cycle of violence and hatred is what the Nietzschean is counting on. He wants to turn you all into beasts. Yet by waiting, you risk the mob taking matters into their own hands.*
Wait and hold a proper trial.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0007.**

2. *Not only would you appease the people by publicly executing the prisoners, but you would make sure these men never return to the Nietzschean's army. It is a cruel thing to say, but these are enemy soldiers. They are guilty—of something.*
Publicly execute the prisoners.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0013.**

7–8 People of Burden — *Deed*

In a secluded valley, you come face to face with a wounded Cyclonus. They lie against the side of a hill, blood turning the grass red, cage armor broken in places. They can barely lift their head but despite their vulnerable state, they hear you coming.

You expect grunts and roars, so you are surprised when, between two ragged breaths, their hands on their chest, trying to stop the blood flow, the monster says, "Do not fear me. I will not harm you. I am done fighting." They do not move when you approach, yet knowing what Cyclonuses are usually capable of, you keep your distance.

Time passes and the creature doesn't attack. They don't ask for help. They simply lie there. You are no healer, but judging from their wounds, you think they could make it. The Cyclonus remains calm and a dreamy smile appears on their malformed face.

"I can still picture them. The fields where my cattle grazed." They raise one hand to their shoulder and you notice it's missing the weapon forearm. "The touch of my love. The laughter of our children."

Then, suddenly, they howl in pain and sit up so fast, some of your crew fall down in fright. They swat the air above them as if to push back an invisible foe, turn their head from side to side as if hearing noises that no one else can hear. So broken . . .

As you ponder what to do with the traumatized creature, a group of armed Helots arrives from the far side of the valley. They look disheveled, and some are injured, but their faces burn with fury and bloodlust. "This monster is ours. It killed half of my warriors!"

"Please, no . . ." the Cyclonus grunts. "I just . . . want to go home."

"Home? Those broken cages you wear like trophies—there were people inside, you monster!"

Choose:

1. *Although they might live, this Cyclonus's mind is shattered and they could turn on you in a heartbeat. And it's too dangerous to leave them alone . . .*
Let the rebels kill the Cyclonus.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 ⛉. **See 0010.**

2. *This poor creature is unarmed and clearly struggling with what was done to it. You have seen glimpses of their old personality shine through. There is still hope for them. Yet you doubt the rebels will back down.*
Stop the rebels from killing the Cyclonus.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ⛉. **See 0015.**

9–10 Those Who Live — *Dream*

In places, the red soil is much darker, almost like a carpet guiding you through the battlefield. At first, you encounter only a couple of bodies, runaways from the fight who perished of their wounds. But there are more the farther you go.

As you wade toward the heart of the battlefield to check for survivors, you observe two Cyclopes dressed in simple clothing guiding their cattle in the direction of the highlands with long, gnarled shepherd sticks. It seems so unreal you blink several times to make sure you are not dreaming.

After the Cyclopes spot your crew hungrily eyeing the animals, they frantically guide them away. Feeling your own stomach rumble, you can't blame them. It's been a long time since you tasted meat and your crew could use a hearty meal. With all the refugees you welcomed aboard recently, food is scarce.

Choose:

1. *Times of war call for sacrifices, even from civilians. These Cyclopes are blameless, but they live in the empire and you will need all the advantages you can get to bring the Nietzschean down. This meat could feed your crew and strengthen your fighters.*
Requisition part of their herd.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0012.**

2. *This herd is the Cyclopes' livelihood and most likely the only thing they have left. You can't demand they part with it. Besides, you need to hurry and check for survivors.*
Let them be on their way.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0026.**

Ω Homefront — *Family*

The giant statue catches your attention first. You can't tell which particular Olympian it represented, but its broken head and the way it seems to have been brought down hints at the violence that has taken place here. The ground between the small temples and cenotaphs is uneven. Their white marble tilts under the sun as if ravaged by an earthquake. And all around, hundreds of tents huddle together like scared mice.

The Graveyard of the Frail, as the recuperating Spartans from the city nearby call it.

As you walk among the tents, you observe their inhabitants and your hearts grow heavy with sorrow. You notice the missing limbs, empty eyes, bandages and rotting flesh. The sunken faces of those the empire disposed of.

A shiver runs down your spine and yet you press on, noticing not only Spartans but also Helots and even Cyclopes, all with various incapacitating injuries. Many can't even move to sustain themselves and simply lie there under the tents, waiting for Thanatos—or whatever took his place—to come.

It seems in weakness all are equally worthless to the Nietzschean.

You are tempted to leave. There are just too many people in need here. You'd never be able to help them all. And still, some are beyond saving. However, you came here to meet with an informant and so you keep walking among the misery and filth, and curse the cruelty of this world.

On the outskirts of the Graveyard, you see a lone Cyclops sitting in the sun against a broken marble column. Their arms are missing and ugly red scars mar their skin. "Thirsty," they say when you approach.

After you help them drink from your waterskin—what must seem like a drop in the desert for them—you see a group of Helots and Spartans nearby. They might know about your informant. The Cyclops thanks you and asks if you could help them to their tent, as they are too weak to go there alone.

Choose:

1. *Sitting under this sun must be horrible and the least you can do is help this Cyclops find some shade. Hopefully, your informant will still be here when you're done.*

Help the Cyclops.

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0027.**

2. *If you help one person, everyone else will ask for your help and you don't need the attention. It pains you to admit it, but the Cyclops will have to wait, despite sitting under the blazing sun. You need to find your informant.*

Look for your informant.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0040.**

0001 *The setting sun warms your backs. As darkness falls, you see fires being lit across the acropolis. The closer you get to your destination, the more footsteps echo in the streets and you see dozens of other patrols converging on the hill like an ant colony.*

Halfway up, you meet another patrol and the head soldier greets you with a nod, clearly thinking you're his superior. Conversations rarely strike and the stomping of sandals on the paved streets becomes an enchanting rhythm. You keep your nervousness at bay by focusing on the torn cloak of the Spartan in front of you until everyone stops at some obstruction.

Helot servants are having a hard time carrying amphorae full of oil up the steep street leading to the acropolis. One of the containers slips from their grasp and breaks on the pavement, thick oil running downhill.

All the Spartans turn to the party leader. You knew it could come to this. Hesitation will get your people killed. Steeling their heart, they approach the slave that let go of the amphora and throw them to their knees. With each blow the crowd of warriors cheers and the party leader feels a growing hatred: of the Spartans, of themselves. Five hits and they step back, blood dripping from their knuckles. The Helot is dazed but conscious and slowly crawls to the others.

Your procession moves on as if nothing has happened.

Gain +1 🏛. Party leader gains the *Hatred* Condition card.

Upon arriving on the acropolis, you notice a large group of Spartans clad in brand new armor standing in the middle of the acropolis, tall and proud. You settle yourselves next to a group that's worse for wear: chunks of their armor are missing and most of them are injured. One of the warriors holds his head in his hands while another walks in circles. Others just stare blankly into the void. Their leader sits on the broken base of a pillar. An ugly scar mars his chin, cutting his beard in two uneven parts. He looks at your torn cloak and dirty armor and you return his nod.

Then a soldier approaches.

See 0003.

0002 *Countless silhouettes flash in the windows, only to disappear as soon as a patrol passes by. Your blood boils at the sight of these people hiding in their own city, but you have a role to play now.*

Fires are lit on the acropolis as darkness falls and the shadows melt into the silent gloom. Halfway up to your destination, you are stopped by a patrol and shoved into a side street where other slaves are unloading amphorae filled with oil.

You grab your allotment and start moving up the street, but the steep incline makes your toil particularly difficult. You smile when you see the glow of the acropolis's braziers, when suddenly there is a crash and oil runs down the hill. With horror, you watch a Spartan captain approach the crewmember who broke the amphora and backhand them. The Helots quickly cower to the side of the street, but the other Spartans randomly grab some of you. Punches and kicks rain down on you so fast you barely have time to cover your faces. You could take them here and now, but then your cover would be blown and you doubt you would make it out of the city alive . . . so you just take it, powerless to do anything.

Eventually, the Spartans have had enough and step back, order you to clean it up. They resume their ascent toward the acropolis without giving you a second look. Several of your crew aren't moving. You feel your eyes swelling with tears over the senseless loss of life, but you quickly compose yourself—this is no time to mourn. Your people—your friends—will get a proper send-off once the mission is over.

Lose -1 ✕. Party leader gains +1 Ω.

Once at the acropolis, you pretend to tend to the braziers' flames, then follow the other Helots to the side, behind a row of broken columns and statues. The Spartans gather around a large group of freshly arrived soldiers with shining armor and heads held high.

You see one of them approach a man sitting on the broken base of a pillar, an ugly scar marring his chin, cutting his beard into two uneven parts.

See 0003.

0003 *"Tell me of this grand battle you just won!" says the young captain addressing the bearded veteran. His step is confident and filled with purpose, as if he is about to parade in front of the Nietzschean himself. The bearded veteran keeps his eyes downcast. "Tell me brother, did they scream in fear? Did they run for their lives?" A naïve yet sick eagerness is displayed on the captain's face as he stops in front of the bearded veteran. "Were they—"*

"Enough."

The word is barely above a whisper and yet silence falls suddenly on the acropolis, only disturbed by the crackling of the fires and the distant waves crashing on the shore below.

"War is a voracious beast that only takes. Tell me, boy, do you remember your parents' faces? Do you remember the place you were born, or your first love's embrace? This war warps everything you are."

"We are the great warriors of Sparta," says the young captain, fists clenched, his face turning a darker shade of red with each word. "It is an honor to serve and die for the Cause."

"Honor means nothing if you are dead!"

Something in these words stirs a memory within you. You see a flash of bronze. Crimson watering the earth. Your back turned and feet running. A voice calling you. Fear gripping you so tightly you forget how to breathe.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Coward's Way* Mnemos card.

You see some of the other Spartan veterans lower their heads, eyes brimming with forbidden tears. The bearded one is breathing heavily, his mouth distorted in an angry pout. His scar looks red and inflamed from this angle and the young captain keeps staring at it.

Finally, he shakes his head and looks at the veteran coldly. "You are nothing but a sad old man, useless to the empire," he says with fire burning in his eyes. "Blind to the glory you could receive, deaf to the honor that could be bestowed upon you. This is why we have been brought here." He steps closer to the bearded veteran and stares him down. "To replace the old and broken."

The veteran clenches his fists.

Gain +1 Ψ. Then, choose:

1. *No one would know it was you who said the words that tipped the scale. The Spartans would tear each other to pieces. In the chaos, you could slip away and see what treasures they gathered when they took the city.*

Turn the young soldiers against the veterans.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0005.**

2. *It will require finesse, but convincing the veterans to defect is possible. Their words have reminded you they are only human and are suffering just like the Helots. A chance to start over and do better could be just what they need.*

Wait for the situation to calm down and isolate the veterans to convince them to defect.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0009.**

0004 *Their eager cries drown out your answer. You train them for several days, from weapons and shield practice to analysis and military tactics. You wish you could teach them more but this is all the time you can spare. Not once do they complain or whine, absorbing all your teachings and lessons as if they were the most precious treasures in the world.*

When you leave, they promise to fight the Nietzschean's troops to their last breath. Some even dream of facing the monster himself.

Days later, you discover several destroyed camps and while at first you rejoice upon noticing many dead Spartans, you soon realize that Helot settlements were also targeted—or just in the way. It must be so easy for them to mistake one group for another, the tiny creatures that we are to them . . . In one place there are so many bodies in the water that you have to push through to get across.

Guilt riddles your hearts. Could this have been avoided? Or would it just be Cyclopes bodies you would find, mauled by Spartan hunters, clinging to their Vow even as they gave their lives? War truly smears all involved.

Gain +1 Ψ and +1 🏛. Make 1 tally mark under Vow in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet.

0005 *"Out with the old!" you shout and others share your sentiment. The bearded veteran looks at you for a split second, a look of utter hurt at your betrayal in his eyes, before he faces the younger soldiers, his features calm and composed.*

"We are all brothers, one unit fighting against a common enemy. How can we win if we fight among ourselves? You seek glory and victory. You will not achieve it by killing your kin." Other veterans join him, just as more young soldiers approach, encircling them.

But the veteran's words fall on deaf ears as the younger soldiers crack their knuckles, their faces turned into wolfish smiles. Blood spills on the ground as an ecstatic Priest of Ares jubilates. With horror, you see the two soldiers you spied on earlier trampled to death, their skulls crushed.

You feel your heart constrict as you leave behind these men about to kill each other but you need all the advantages you can get to win this war. This is no game, and winning will require cunning. It won't be pretty, but it has to be done.

Eventually, you find a repurposed temple where the Spartans have gathered all the useful resources they found. Echoes of a fight on the acropolis follow you as you depart in your launch, your craft as heavy as your hearts.

Gain 4 War Machine resources and +2 Ψ.

0006 *As your crew begins the evacuation, you grab the Symmachy leader's arm. "Why are you doing this?"*

They lower their head and seem to collect their thoughts before answering. "We were sent to assassinate the Nietzschean. But they were onto us before we even got there." They sigh. "I've seen too many things. We all have."

You are suddenly reminded of the Labyrinthians and how many of them were just good people to whom one too many bad things happened.

The Symmachy agents disappear among the buildings. That's the last you see of them.

Once outside the city, the Helots turn their hopeful faces toward you. It will be a tight fit, but you offer them a place on the Argo until they can find a suitable settlement to start over. As you sail away, you think about those Symmachy agents who died facing the Cyclonus and wonder how many more lives it will take to defeat the Nietzschean.

Gain +2 Refugees and +1 Ψ.

0007 *You follow the captain outside and are welcomed by the heated shouts of the mob. The captain then announces his decision to wait for the trial until all evidence is gathered. His explanation is met with scorn and anger. Someone throws a stone and it hits the Symmachy leader in the head. So much blood covers his face that you have a hard time seeing his features. He slumps to the ground, motionless.*

The square explodes with uproar. The guards rush to stop the advancing crowd as the people take the assault as a call to action and push toward the prison. You and your crew back up the Symmachy and push back.

The tug of war lasts for a couple of minutes, until the crowd becomes hesitant. You use this opportunity to regain control. The square is evacuated, everyone sent home and a search is launched for the firebrand who threw the stone, though you doubt the culprit will ever be found.

You help the guards bring the captain's body inside, your hearts heavy and heads low.

"Thank you for coming," says the guard who has assumed command. "It would have been far uglier if you hadn't been here. We'll hold the trial like the captain wanted." The silence is heavy between you afterward. There is only so much comfort words can bring.

Several days later, more evidence is found and one of the prisoners is judged innocent. Once he is freed from his cell, he rushes to the Argo, to thank you for saving his life. He wishes to put an end to this war and asks to join your crew. You could always use more men and his insight could be helpful.

Gain +1 Defector and +2 Ψ.

0009 *"We are all in this together," the party leader proclaims, drawing the attention of the crowd. "Young or old, ally or enemy, we all fight with a cause in mind. We all want peace and security for our loved ones. If you draw blood, know it is for that cause."*

By some miracle, you manage to defuse the situation. The young captain backs away but keeps throwing piercing glances at the veteran, who resumes his sitting position on the broken pillar. He only turns toward you when the new troops have left for the night, and introduces himself as Ilenios.

"Thank you for preventing a bloodbath from happening." He clenches his fist for a moment. "This war is really getting to me. I am not the eager soldier I once was." He seems lost for a moment. "Actually I don't know what I am anymore." It pains you to see a strong man like him feel so small.

"Join us and give a new meaning to your life. You won't be thrown away like a broken tool."

He looks at his men and you see the scar on his chin twitch. Slowly, as he thinks it over, you see a sliver of hope appear in his eyes.

"It would be desertion," he answers in a breath, hands shaking. He bites his lips, looks at his injured men and turns back to you. "But there is nothing but death awaiting us here. The Nietzschean will know about this."

You smile and shake his outstretched hand. "And so will others tired of this war."

Gain +1 Defector and +1 Ψ and +1 Refugees. Mark B9. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0010 *You step aside and the rebel leader nods his thanks. The Cyclonus jumps up when they feel their approach and becomes anxious. Upon tasting the first stings of blades, they roar and attempt to get up, only to stumble to the side, crushing several rebels in the process.*

You sound the retreat when you see the loose maul chain come a little too close. Several of your crewmembers are not fast enough. They are swept up then thrown against the valley wall. The sickening cracks of their bones will haunt you for nights to come.

Lose -1 ✕.

The rebels have also suffered losses, but they eventually manage to topple the Cyclonus and pin them down. They hack at neck, back, anything their tiny weapons can reach, all the while the creature howls. "Go home!"

They stop long after the Cyclonus has taken their last breath. Blood drips down their neck, while the Helots cheer and whistle.

If B8 is marked, **see 0033.**

The deed done, the rebels resume their march without gracing you with another look. With a heavy heart, you glance back at the Cyclonus and think about their words. Does their family know about their fate? Are they still alive somewhere?

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0011 *At first, when you refuse to train them, the young Cyclopes become violently angry. For a moment, you fear you will have to fight them, but their leader manages to calm them down.*

They eventually ask you to tell them of your adventure instead and you oblige, bringing food from the Argo, sitting around a campfire and sharing stories.

While they seem fascinated by everything that you have seen and been through, you are as interested in their own stories, their history and culture. Reluctant at first, they end up sharing some of their ancestors' legends, things that they were told when they were children but that no one remembers clearly. Some of them even think that these events never happened, but you listen regardless, captivated.

Gain +1 🏛. If B9 is marked, **see 0019.**

You leave the next day, as you must continue your journey, but it is with a light heart that you say goodbye to the young Cyclopes, feeling like you have saved them from a dark path.

Several days later, as you sail through the many waterways of the empire, you notice familiar silhouettes on the canal shore and your hearts sink. Sunken cheeks and skin covered with insects, crows plucking their eyes, gaping wounds crawling with maggots. The smell alone makes you gag. You count. Three of the Cyclopes are present. You remain silent for the rest of the day, chocking on guilt and tears threatening to spill. You cannot help but ask yourselves if these young Cyclopes would have survived, had you trained them.

Gain +2 Ψ.

0012 *You try to explain your need, but the Cyclopes take a stand between you and the cattle. The Nietzschean has driven them from their ancestral hills and enslaved their people. To them, you're same. They will have none of it.*

With a heavy sigh, you order your crew to restrain the giant. The Cyclopes look at each other, then at your weapons and relent. Just posturing of a broken people. There is a mix of profound sadness and anger on their faces as they split the herd in two, agreeing to let you have half.

Part of your crew takes the cows back to the Argo *to be slaughtered and the Cyclopes watch them go with their jaws squeezed tight. They remain silent as they leave, not even sparing you a glance. While most of your crewmembers seem excited at the prospect of fresh meat, you cannot help but feel guilty, and you wonder how much more you will have to take from others before this war ends.*

Gain 4 Relief resources. **See 0022.**

0013 *On the day of the execution, the crowd is even bigger. The whole city seems to have gathered for the event. The Symmachy captain eventually comes out of the repurposed temple, says a few words and orders the prisoners to be brought out. As soon as the first Spartans appear, people start jeering and don't stop until you reach the cliff.*

You notice that the Symmachy captain's jaw is clamped shut and there is a haunted look in his eyes. One by one, the prisoners are pushed off the cliff. Some try to hold on or escape but are shoved over the edge by the overeager crowd. One man in particular, dressed in black robes, seems merrier than the others. You hope their deaths will be quick, despite the atrocities they have committed. Allegedly. But who is truly innocent in times of war? You have killed as well.

If B9 is marked, **see 0032.**

Several days later, as you are about to leave to resume your journey, the Symmachy captain receives new evidence. It turns out a few of the executed prisoners were actually innocent, not even Spartan. The captain apologizes briefly, his voice thick with emotion, and leaves you. This revelation weighs heavily on your conscience. You can see guilt painted on the faces of all involved, including your crewmembers.

A priest of Hades waits for you outside the prison. "I thank you, Argonauts, for such a beautiful display of ruthless justice!" You recognize him from the execution. "We need more people like you in this world, ready to take action where others cower in indecision! Let me join you on your journey, for I am certain you will be at the center of many such events." As a priest of Hades, his abilities could be useful, but you cannot shake the guilt and gloom that follow you after hearing his words.

Gain +1 Ψ, +1 Priest (of Hades) and +1 🏛.

0015 *The rebel leader crosses the distance between you in several quick strides, a murderous look on his face. "Didn't you hear me? This monster killed my people! It deserves to die! It's the enemy!"*

Each Argonaut tests Courage (9+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *You do your best to defend yourself, but a blade finds its way to your side.* Gain +1 ⚓.

1–2 successes: *The rebels were able to injure the Cyclonus even without the help of a Titan, so it's not surprising they fight to the bitter end. You win, but the field of bodies makes you question if it should be considered as such.* Gain +1 🏛.

3–4 successes: *Despite their skill and numbers, you hold your ground and defend not only yourselves but the Cyclonus as well. It takes a few falling under your blades for them*

to realize they are risking more than what they bargained for. Each Argonaut subtracts -1 Ψ.

Regardless of the result: *Once the rebels are gone, the Cyclonus calms down. You are certain they will live. With great effort, they manage to stand up and lumber north. As you watch their massive silhouette slowly disappear behind a hill, you hope they will find their family again.*

Mark B10. Gain 2 Black Chain resources.

If you have the *Trauma Growth* Technology card: *It takes time but with the gear you've acquired, you are able to remove the modifications done to the Cyclonus's arm. There isn't much left of their original flesh, but at least they'll no longer feel constant pain.* Gain additional 2 Black Chain or Cyclopean Metal resources. Gain +1 Humanity.

0017 *The Helots place their fate in your hands, and you leave one of your Titans with them. Only the elderly and children stay in the temple, while the others spread throughout the city to distract the Primordial.*

Without the need to evacuate, you are able to quickly reach the edge of the city, but the screams of the fear and pain of the Helots drown your ears, a constant reminder of who you decided to sacrifice.

As soon as you get to the Argo, *you send a relief team to the city, but it's too late. The Cyclonus is gone, having killed your lone Titan, and the Helots have been decimated.*

The Symmachy leader notices your guilt. "War makes us all into beasts," he whispers. "We failed to assassinate the Nietzschean and the collateral damage was . . . More than half of my warriors perished, and others won't make it through the night." Their gaze lingers on their injured warriors. "We were ready to die in that city. You reminded us why we are fighting in the first place, and why this war needs to end." It is a poor consolation, but they are right. You will do everything you can to make sure those people haven't died in vain.

Gain +1 ✕. Lose -1 Titan.

0018 *One by one, you cut their throats. You try to do it fast, for it to be as painless as possible, but it does nothing to cleanse your conscience. At the end of the day, you have still killed broken boys who were forced into this war. As you wash the blood off your hands, you can't look each other in the eyes.*

When you return to the Argo, *heads bowed, you wonder what is truly going on. How could Sparta be running out of warriors?*

Gain +1 Ψ. Party leader gains +2 Ω. Random Argonaut gains a Fated Mnemos card.

0019 *There is a spark in Imbrus's eyes as he listens, and you can tell that he is deep in thought, perhaps remembering stories from his own childhood. Once the young Cyclops has finished, Imbrus turns to you. "Sparta plucked me from my family when I was a boy. I've forgotten even my parents' names and faces. I could not tell you if I was born a Spartan, a Helot or an Athenian." He then turns to the Cyclopes. "Be proud of your heritage. Cherish it. Others do not have that chance."*

Each Argonaut subtracts -1 Ψ and one may lose an Affliction. **Return to 0011.**

0020 *The Cyclops remains quiet, their gaze lost on the roof of their tent. They lie so still that if it wasn't for their open eye, you would believe they were asleep, or worse. You keep wondering how they lost their arms, but somehow you cannot find the words. No amount of compassion could make this situation better. Helping them drink and reach their tent was the least you could do, and yet it still feels like it isn't enough.*

"Before you go," they say as you are about to leave, "could you give me one last drink?" In their hurry to sit up, they knock over one of the poles and the tent falls down. Your Titan pulls it up, but you cannot help but grimace at the sudden pain in your shoulder where the pole struck you.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ⱥ.

You look for the informant, but there is no sign of them. Maybe they were never here. Maybe someone got to them first. You will never know.

When you return to the Argo, *Alkibiades calls you to the Gear Agora.*

"When you were away, we got a message from your informant about a special shipment coming down the River Works, supposedly a new weapon prototype to be integrated into a veteran Cyclonus." He smiles wryly. "We intercepted it."

And there it is, a gigantic bronze sword, somewhat overengineered for your liking. But when one of your Titans lifts it, it transforms, first into an axe, then a spear, then a sword again.

"I don't think it's of Spartan design," says Alkibiades, squinting. "Maybe Leleges? It's the same principle as a Metasword, just . . . decades ahead."

Gain +1 Ψ, +2 Ψ, +1 ⏃ and the *Context* ❦ card (Secret deck 5, card 56).

0021 *You send your pair of Titans to engage the Cyclonus while you circle round to get a better vantage point. The city reverberates with primal roars, shaking with each demolished building. As you move through the streets, you take in their raw power, small grains of sand in the grand scheme of things that you are, before you run to your positions.*

But the Cyclonus does not behave like you predicted. It disengages the Titans and goes for your crew. It sweeps the ground several times with its massive ball on a chain, sending your people flying like rag dolls.

Lose -1 ✕.

The Titans close the distance, but the Primordial turns toward them rapidly and pulls one of them into its deathly embrace. The echo of their breaking ribs will haunt you for weeks to come as much as their heart-wrenching scream of pain. But the other Titan jabs at the Cyclonus's neck. Blood drenches the fighters and the surrounding rooftops like a crimson torrential rain. With one last blow to the head, your giant shows the Primordial into a crumbling tholos. The monster trips and falls on its back with a loud crash, one it will not recover from.

As you look at the desolated cityscape, you realize how much you've lost this day. Yet, just for a while longer, you've held onto the most precious thing: your humanity.

Lose -1 Titan. Gain +1 Ψ.

0022 *The closer you get to the battlefield, the more bodies you see. Broken weapons, torn fabric, the fluttering remnants of a red and white banner, trampled green cloaks with the symbol of a closed fist. Symmachy and Spartans lying together in death, limbs thrown over each other in cruel irony.*

Gain +1 ⏃.

You force yourselves to look for survivors. To your surprise, and a peculiar breed of dread, you find that many of these warriors are still breathing—but only for a little while longer. A swift death on the battlefield is but a luxury spared most.

You usher those who you think will make it off the battlefield toward a lone rock you designated the rallying point. As you decide what to do with them, their bloody faces turn toward you.

Now that you take a closer look, you realize that they aren't Spartans at all. Small and malnourished frames, empty eyes—these are young Helots wearing Spartan armor and weapons. Some are too tired or wounded to move. When you ask them if they were forced to fight, one of them spits at your feet. They ignore your questions and watch your movements closely, but don't attempt anything.

You think about all the young Helot boys you have encountered. How many will end up on a battlefield like this one, fighting against their own kin and interests?

If Humanity -8 or worse, you must choose option 1. Otherwise, choose:

1. *If you let these Helots live, they will return to the Nietzschean and soon you will meet them again, on a battlefield unlike this one. This is a risk you will not take, regardless of how heavy your heart is.*

Kill these boys so Sparta can't use them.

Lose -2 Humanity. **See 0018.**

2. *These boys must have been forced or brainwashed into fighting for Sparta. It wasn't their fault, and you refuse to take their lives. You are better than the Nietzschean. You won't get rid of people just because they are in your way.*

Take the boys prisoners.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0038.**

0023 *Your pleas fall on deaf ears as the Spartans and Helots continue to scuffle, drawing more of their kin into the conflict. You try to separate them, but as soon as they get within earshot of each other, another fight erupts. You know that your presence is only delaying the inevitable, but still you hold onto the idea that some of these men will see the light.*

"It's no use," one of them says, as you sit around a fire that evening. "We've lost everything." Your eyes water as you feel the pain in his voice. "They took me from my family when I was a young boy. I don't even remember where I was born or what my parents looked like. By the time I was a grown man, I had already seen too much, killed too many and lost my way. Then they took the only thing I had left, the only thing I was good at, and sent me here."

He grimaces as tears pour down his face as if it is physically painful to cry, and maybe it is for someone who has never been allowed to. "There is no future for us. We can't return to our hometowns for fear of drawing shame on our families. No woman will look at us. No one will have us. The Nietzschean has us in his grasp until we die."

"We will have you," one of you says, a tear rolling down their cheek.

Gain +2 Refugees.

The next day, one of the Spartan refugees tells you of a Titan they saw nearby. You find the giant at the edge of the canal, but it runs away as soon as it sees the massive silhouette of the Argo *emerge from the morning fog. Cursing your luck, you send a Titanokinigos team after it, into the cave it disappeared into. You are surprised to find spacious corridors inside, as if the place was used by Cyclopes some other giant race. The carvings on the wall remain a mystery to you as you progress further in.*

Eventually, you find the Titan in one of several large chambers. While your team captures it, you take a look around. Among the rotting game and piles of refuse, you find a massive sword radiating so much power that you are drawn to it like moths to a flame. Too large to be lifted by a dozen men—probably the reason it has remained here for so long—but not too large for a Titan. When one of them lifts it, it turns into an axe, then into a spear and finally back into a sword again. Mesmerized by its beauty and transformative power, you cannot help but smile: the Nietzschean's fall is one step closer.

Gain +1 Ψ, +1 Titan and the *Context* ❦ card (Secret deck 5, card 56). Add the *Graveyard of the Frail* Terrain to the next Battle (if able).

0024 *"I have heard about you, Argonauts," the Cyclops says as they close their eye. "Thank you for helping my people." Their voice trembles at the end and a sob escapes their lips. "I am glad to know some of us escaped this nightmare."*

"What happened to you?" one of you asks, wiping their tears.

"I wasn't strong enough to become a Cyclonus, so the empire forced me to forge weapons. When I refused, they killed my family. And when my arms started to grow weak, they cut them off." Another sob rattles their throat but no number of soothing words can console them.

"I am happy to see that there is still empathy among the inhabitants of Hellas, and that you are not the heartless beasts some portray you as." They sigh and rest their head while their gaze wonders on the tent's roof. "We used to be such a peaceful nation. We didn't need anything more than fresh air, grass for our cattle to graze on, clean water to drink and others to share the joy of living with." They take a deep breath. "And once, we were great craftsmen too. The things we could build! It was truly a sight to behold!" You are glad to see a spark of joy in their eye and you can't help but smile as well.

While you stay with the Cyclops, sharing stories of your adventures and tales of their people, you have your crew bring supplies from the Argo. *It won't be easy for the Cyclops to eat without arms, but at least they have now recovered enough strength to be able to sit up. On your insistence, they accept the resources, but not before giving you something in return.*

"Follow the southern edge of the old western canal. After several miles you will encounter a jagged rock that even the empire's machinas would not be able to crack. There is a cave in the side of a cliff. The entrance is hidden by a heavy curtain of moss and no soldier ventures there, not since the Spartans lost a battle nearby. The legacy of the despoilers, but one you might use in your struggle against the dark one."

You thank him and by nightfall leave the Graveyard. The next day you follow the Cyclops's directions and indeed find the cave. Strange carvings adorn the walls, brutish glyphs depicting the atrocities of the Leleges.

Among the dust and debris, you find a giant heavy sword radiating so much power everyone in the room can feel it. One of your Titans lifts it and suddenly it turns into a spear, then an axe. Legacy of the despoilers, the Cyclops said . . . Maybe you can forge a new legacy for this weapon.

Gain +1 Ψ, +1 ⏃ and the *Context* ❦ card (Secret deck 5, card 56). Lose 4 Relief resources (if you can't, gain +1 Ψ).

0026 *"Times are lean and the beast of war voracious," says the party leader. "You should stay away from the beaten roads, lest your stock—or you—become its next meal."*

The Cyclopes look at you with a mixture of relief and profound sadness. Your own crew grumbles, but you see a few hopeful glances as well. You are reminded of why you came here in the first place.

Note 'Cyclopes Mercy.' Subtract -1 Ψ. **See 0022.**

0027 *You call in one of your Titans and manage to get the Cyclops on their feet. Step after step, you march under the sun, leaving behind the arguing Spartans and Helots. You expect the other dwellers to stare, but no one pays you any mind, the eerie yet disturbing silence giving the impression you walk among the dead. It breaks your heart to see people left to die this way, but it makes you even angrier. Most of those warriors served the Nietzschean. Everything was taken from them and in the end they were thrown away like broken tools.*

Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. If they already have it, gain +2 Ω instead.

You soon find the Cyclops's tent, a large sewn-together canvas that barely gives enough shade to cover their head and torso. As your Titan gently lowers the giant onto the ground, you work on their lean-to, strengthening the poles so the wind won't bring it down, fixing the stitches so it doesn't come undone. The Cyclops lies motionless, a satisfied sigh escaping their lips.

Each Argonaut tests Will (10+). Gain +1 Ψ and/or Ⱥ to add +1 each. If Cyclopes: Friendly or better, add +3.

0–2 successes: *The Cyclops remains weary of you and doesn't share their story.* Gain +1 ⏃. **See 0020.**

3–4 successes: *The Cyclops is thankful for your help and is willing to share their story with you.* **See 0024.**

0028 *Your words have the desired effect and the warriors stop fighting. They sit down, exhausted by the skirmish, and look at each other. It seems to dawn on them that they are all in the same boat and that they have all been used by the Nietzschean. For the first time, they really see each other.*

You join them on the ground and pass your waterskins around. Before you know it, others have joined you, expanding the circle. The Helot with the crutches turns toward you.

"We were wondering if you would come, Argonauts." He laughs at your surprise. "It's a backwater camp. There's nothing interesting here and no battles to fight." He thinks for a moment. "Although you did prevent one from happening. It looks like the Fates are still spinning their threads."

You ask them how they ended up here. They take turns telling their stories. The details vary each time, yet it is the same tale again and again, a tale of expectations and of fragile strength, of broken trust, of people being pitted against each other, forced to do things they didn't want to do, of death and fear. Stories of lost families and land, of warped identities and lies, of suffering and despair.

The more voices join in the telling, the more tears you feel welling up in your eyes. It's one thing to see bodies on a battlefield or slaves working in labor camps. It's another to feel their pain with every fiber of your being. These men all thought they were fighting for something bigger, something just. They all believed in strength and the glory of battle. And yet here they are, broken and discarded.

As evening turns to night and you learn a bit more about the empire's army, you take your leave with some of the warriors that wish to join you. The retelling of your adventures has inspired them, and while all are injured in some capacity, you notice that with care, they will regain much of what they lost.

"There is a cave not far from here," they tell you, "rumored to be a Leleges site."

Before you leave, you walk back to the Cyclops you met earlier. They haven't moved, and as you come closer, you realize with horror they aren't breathing, their body radiating heat despite the sun being long gone from the sky.

Gain +1 ⏃.

The rest of the journey to the cave passes in silence. Hidden by a curtain of moss, the place is a network of tall, wide corridors with strange glyphs marking the walls. A Leleges site indeed.

Eventually, you reach a chamber big enough for several of your Titans to fit in, and you rummage through its contents. Most of it is debris and refuse, as over the centuries the cave must've been used as a dump, but one thing catches your attention: a sculpture of a giant heavy sword. When you investigate, you realize it's not a sculpture at all. Too large to be lifted by a dozen men—probably the reason it remained here for so long—but a perfect fit for a Titan. As soon as one of them lifts it, it turns into a spear, then somehow into an axe.

Delighted at the prospect of having a powerful new weapon against the Nietzschean, you return to the Argo *with your loot and new crewmates.*

Gain +1 Ψ, +1 ✕, +1 Refugees and the *Context* ❦ card (Secret deck 5, card 56). Add the *Graveyard of the Frail* Terrain to the next Battle (if able).

0032 *Imbrus stands to the side and watches the execution with glazed eyes. The grimace on his lips twists his scar and gives him a ghastly yet solemn look. He remains silent, but you can guess his thoughts. Regardless of their crimes, these prisoners are his brothers in arms. He might have known them. And, in another life, he might have been among them.*

Gain +1 ⏃. The party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. If they already have it, they gain +3 Ω instead. **Return to 0013.**

0033 *You stare at the red-coated rebel as if you are seeing a twisted reflection of yourselves. You remember the blood dripping down your arms, the weight of the crime you have committed heavy on your minds. And yet the rebel doesn't seem bothered, as if this is a daily occurrence, and joins the others with a smile on his face, leaving you all standing there, repulsed, frightened and irate at the same time.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω and +1 Ψ. Then **return to 0010.**

0036 *Imbrus looks upon those men with deep sadness. In his eyes, the turmoil of past battles is reflected, all the losses and hardships he suffered, the painful loneliness of someone who has had to remain strong when all he wanted to do was scream. You expect shaking fists of rage, bulging veins on his forehead, but all you see are tears streaming down his face as he watches his brothers in arms jump at each other's throats.*

"How have we come to this? We are all equal in sickness and in death. We all wore the same colors, fought under the same banner. We were all fed the same lies and yet . . ."

Each Argonaut can reset their Ψ and one can lose their *Consumed by Rage* Affliction, then **return to 0040.**

0038 *As you tie their hands and pull those that can walk to their feet, the Helot boys remain silent. It will take much time for them to glimpse the truth of how they have been cruelly used. Bah! Many will never learn this lesson.*

Still, despite their determined silence, you can see that some of them are more relaxed than others, as if they are glad the battle is finally over. It might be your imagination, but is there really a flicker of hope in their eyes?

Gain +1 Captives. If you noted 'Cyclopes Mercy' earlier, the Cyclops shepherds come back and help you transport the wounded: subtract -2 Ψ.

0040 *The Cyclops drops their head, eye closed and accepting their fate. You force yourselves to leave, as you are sure that if you take another look at them, you will change your mind.*

Gain +2 ▽.

You look for your informant. One of the unfortunates points at a nearby tent, one tainted with dry blood. With the greatest trepidation, you cautiously enter. The stench is unbearable. Among dirty rags lies a man, or what was a man once, a grimace of terror frozen on his face. You lower your heads. You are too late. This trip was for nothing.

When you emerge from the tent, the Spartans and Helots you saw earlier are at each other's throats. It's about food.

If B9 is marked, **see 0036.**

"We were the true soldiers of the empire! Proud sons of Sparta! You owe us servitude and respect! Hand it over," one Spartan with a bandage covering his eye says, but the Helots don't yield.

"Your empire threw you out like refuse! Come and take it if you have the strength," replies one Helot with crutches.

The Spartan limps toward the Helot, grunting and sighing, trembling hands with missing fingers grasping feebly at the fabric of the former slave's weathered cloak. A few halfhearted punches are exchanged, resulting in both men falling over, opening badly healed wounds. There is desperation in their eyes, a blatant denial of the truth hidden by ingrained anger. Even with one foot in the grave, these men are still clinging to the hatred instilled in them by the Nietzschean, suffering.

You do your best to keep your own emotions at bay while you separate the fighters, urging everyone to calm down.

Each Argonaut tests Wisdom (10+). Gain +1 Ψ and/or Ā to add +1 each. If Helots: Friendly or better, add +3.

0–2 successes: *Despite your words, tensions remain among the Helots and Spartans.* Gain +1 △. **See 0023.**

3–4 successes: *You manage to talk the Helots and Spartans down, and they are willing to sit and listen.* **See 0028.**

From the Ashes

α	The Just War
1–2	Sand and Stone ☐
3–4	Bones of the Past ☐
5–6	Unshackled ☐
7–8	Cult of the Fallen Sun ☐
9–10	Gears of Progress ☐
Ω	A Peace for Our Aeon

α The Just War — *Heritage*

As the Argo glides around the prominent spit of land, you find yourself looking down upon dozens of vessels resting at anchor. At the heart of the fleet, two truly enormous vessels loom over all the others—a duo of tessarakonteres, enormous troop transports, although in the shadow of the Argo they still seem almost insignificant. They remind you of the Marathonian, back on Crete.

Countless smaller ships mingle with the military vessels, crafts of every shape and size. You recall the tales you have heard of the Athenians fleeing some cataclysm, forced to journey farther south in fear of the chaos. Now, their entire society is cast adrift on the waves.

Observing the Symmachy fleet, you notice the signs of toil and struggle. A team of carpenters repairing a pierced hull here, the fluttering of torn sails there. Soldiers sporting all kinds of injuries. While the Diaspora Fleet is an almost unrivaled force on the waves, you know that they have endured much hardship in recent weeks.

You can already feel wary eyes upon you as the Argo drops anchor. How you choose to present yourself now will be remembered.

Choose:

1. *These are strangers, and you have yet to determine who you can trust. Better to put up a strong front for your first meeting.*
Exhibit a show of force.
Subtract -1 ▽. **See 0001.**

2. *A more nuanced approach may be in order. The Symmachy is known for its subtlety, after all. You run the risk of appearing weaker, but perhaps, in being underestimated, you'll get the Symmachy to reveal more of themselves.*
Take a modest diplomatic envoy with you.
Gain +1 ▽. **See 0002.**

1–2 Sand and Stone — *Gods*

As you walk through the makeshift shanty town, you are struck by the utter destitution that surrounds you. The hurriedly erected tents packed with too many people. The children, their bellies swelling as their limbs waste away. The frail men and women, exhaustion gnawing at their bodies.

The camp sits out in the scorched wastes, just beyond the ambrosia-harvesting fields of Lakonia. The outflow of detritus from the works taints the land underfoot, rendering it impossible for plants or animals to thrive here. The Helots have nowhere else to go, and the empire has no use for the barren land.

Your heart swells to bursting as you look around at the destitute people, recognizing in them the dull light of hopelessness, the fading flicker of their spirits. The cruelty they have endured has left them hollow. Vulnerable.

If P4 is marked, **see 0008.** Otherwise, **see 0017.**

3–4 Bones of the Past — *Curse*

You were not sure what to expect when the runaway slave told you of the massive works under the mountains. A tunneling excavation to expand the Nietzschean's canal network, linking two key strategic waterways to allow the swift movement of his military from one part of Lakonia to another. And then they broke into a vast series of caverns, filled with strange, ages-old ruins.

Now, disguised as Helot slaves, you have infiltrated the works. The crumbling edifices press in close around you, the ancient stonework weighing heavily on your spirits. Pillars etched with strange, unreadable symbols surround you, telling an ancient, unknowable story. Is this what remains of the Leleges?

Moving through the deep tunnels, you try your best to remain unheard. Spartan patrols both inside and outside the cavernous excavation are a constant threat.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *The twisting tunnels remind you of the logic-defying maze of the Labyrinth and instill a primal dread in your heart.* Gain +1 Ψ.

0–1 success: *You stumble in the dark for a long time, before running into a patrol of Spartan guards. At first, they think you are slaves attempting to escape and move to detain you. You fight them off, but the clash leaves its scars.* Each

Argonaut gains +2 **A**. **Proceed to 0021**.

2–3 successes: *After some exploration, you come across a work camp, currently empty. You search through the stacked crates there and find a wide array of Primordial components.* Gain 2 Chimeric Tar or Cyclopean Metal resources. **Proceed to 0021**.

4 successes: *You begin to make sense of the almost labyrinthine layout of the ruins, emerging into what was once a main throughway of some sort. A largely intact structure beckons to you.* **Proceed to 0024**.

5–6 Unshackled — *Tragedy*

It was once a Cyclops, but now it is something else, something . . . lesser. Scars mar its torso while a hideous metal structure encases its body, a cage of iron with spikes that tear at its flesh. The head is engulfed by a misshapen helm and you know that, inside, the creature's sole eye has been gouged out. This is the cruelty of the Nietzschean.

As you watch the creature carefully, your guide, a Cyclops named Kalmenes, similarly weighs up the broken being before him, his features grim.

When you came across the Cyclops herdsman staring out despondently over a herd of massacred cattle, the towering, one-eyed giant had been quick to ask for your aid. The culprit? The creature that now lurches through the rugged canyon before you.

"We must be cautious," Kalmenes mutters. "Her ordeal has driven her half mad."

Choose:

1. *This is one of Kalmenes's people, mutilated as it is. If you are to defeat the Nietzschean, you'll need all the help you can get. And these pastoral giants might be the key.*

Try to find a way to subdue the broken Cyclops.

Cyclops: Diplomacy +1. **See 0010**.

2. *Though you sympathize with Kalmenes's plea, the creature represents too much of a risk, to you and to the countryside. Better to kill it quickly and eliminate the threat while you still have the element of surprise.*

Kill the mad Cyclonus.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0033**.

7–8 Cult of the Fallen Sun — *Supernatural*

As you walk through the upper reaches of the Argo, *you hear faint murmurs of commotion from one of the circular tholoi that crown the city-ship. Drawing close, you see a cluster of men and women gathered around a strange figure.*

The man wears tattered robes lined with gold, a shimmering symbol hanging from a chain around his neck. As you get a closer look at the symbol, you realize who he is—a priest of Helios. How he managed to get aboard the Argo, *you cannot say.*

"The shadows rise around us, and storm clouds blot out the sky, but still there is salvation for the right of heart. The sun sets, but will also rise, if only the faithful remain as a beacon to guide it. It is up to us to light that beacon!"

You see a few of the people entranced by his words, little seeds being planted in hearts desperate for meaning, an idea of purpose.

If P4 is marked, **see 0034**. Otherwise, **see 0038**.

9–10 Gears of Progress — *Deed*

The air is thick with the metallic tang of industry, sweat and blood. The soil underfoot is cloying, churned up by the marching of countless feet and the wheels of hundreds of wagons.

You feel exposed, traveling without your Titans, but getting close to the industrial complex of your enemies requires subtlety that the towering creatures are not well suited for.

As you draw near, you look up at the monolith of iron and marble, thick smoke pouring from its crown as the sounds of grinding machinery rises from within. From what you have been told, such a facility can produce hundreds of amphorae of ambrosia every day.

You come across the edge of a work camp, a scattering of ragged tents that house the labor force of the platform—a myriad Helot slaves forced to work themselves to exhaustion to fuel the Nietzschean's war machine.

Choose:

1. *Your enemy's forces thrive on their ambrosia reserves. A covert strike could cripple the facility and slow down the Nietzschean's war machine. However, the slave workforce will bear the brunt of any retaliation.*

Sabotage the facility stealthily.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0028**.

2. *What will be left when the war is over, if you do not save the people of the land? If you do not set an example? If you're methods are no better than the Nietzschean's, you'll change nothing.* Make an overt attack against the labor camp and free the slaves.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0042**.

A Peace for Our Aeon — *Crime*

The scorching Lakonian sun beats down upon the deck of the ship. Beads of sweat sprout upon even the hardiest of brows. The crew of the bulky tessarakonteres of the Diaspora Fleet swarm about in a frenzy of activity. Beyond, you can see other war vessels, all equally active. The Symmachy is preparing for war.

You have gathered with Heliast Pheidias, Archon Koragos, and the Helot, Ancus, but there are other delegates at this meeting, strangers you did not expect to find here upon receiving your summons.

Three towering Cyclopes loom over you, their broad bodies covered in a network of scars from long lives of toil and hard work. Hands the size of cargo crates are stained with soil and dust. Their skin is a dull bronze from living under the open skies of Lakonia. A single eye sits in the center of each giant's forehead, watching you with quiet wisdom.

If D8 is marked, **see 0016**. Otherwise, **see 0044**.

0001 *While the invitation from the Ecclesia seemed amicable, you know that you cannot lower your guard. The Symmachy is well known for its guile and manipulation. If you do not wish to be underestimated, you should appear strong. You order a launch prepared, a contingent of warriors accompanying you, as well as one of your Titans. The behemoth alone is a testament to your power.*

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω. **See 0003**.

0002 *Now is not the time for aggressive posturing. If you are to stand a chance against the Nietzschean and his Cult of Man, you will need willing allies. You muster a small diplomatic envoy to accompany you. From what you know of the Symmachy, they will likely respect a more tactful approach.*

Gain +1 ▼. **See 0003**.

0003 *You are guided to the upper deck of the ship, where a cluster of figures has gathered around a low table. One bears fine robes, while another is clad in armor of polished bronze and a helmet that only a commander could wear. Still another is more simply dressed, but her features are sharp, shrewd. A fourth is there as well, dressed in far more ragged clothes.*

A politician, a commander, a spy . . . and a Helot envoy. Lovely.

"Ah! At last. It is good to finally meet you, brave Argonauts." The robed one bows his head toward you. "I am Heliast Pheidias, servant of the Athenian people and lawmaker among the Ecclesia. This is Koragos, the Archon of the Symmachy forces in this region. Syagra,"—he skims over the shrewd woman—"and Ancus, our liaison to the coalition of the Helots."

"First, we should—" Heliast's words are interrupted by the low call of an alarm. You all turn to see a fleet of vessels sporting black sails, their flanks clad in iron plating, racing across the waves. A warband of Spartan Palirroia, highly skilled fleet-killers.

Choose:

1. *This is not the first time the* Argo *has come to the defense of those in need, and it will likely not be the last. You need to set an example.* Signal for the *Argo* to cover the Symmachy's retreat.

Lose -1 . **See 0004**.

2. *In the same way that you must protect your own home, the Symmachy and its allies must learn to fight for theirs, soldier and citizen alike. You won't be of much good in this war if the* Argo *is too crippled to fight.*

Order the *Argo* to pull back, while the Symmachy takes the brunt of the attack.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0005**.

0004 *You give the signal and the* Argo *moves to the head of the fleet. You can already see its defensive hemiolias deploying. Some Symmachy vessels follow your lead, but most are committed to defending the fleeing civilians. As such, your own forces will lead the counterattack.*

You see the enemy bearing its anti-trireme weapons against the Argo. *You watch as dozens of projectiles soar through the air. Fire and black smoke veil the sky. A rumbling thunder of impacts meets your ears, and you see fumes rising from the city-ship. Numerous holes mar the titanic hull.*

Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ▼. **See 0006**.

0005 *"Muster your fleet!" you demand. "You must move to intercept, before they strike the Argo!"*

The Heliast opens his mouth to respond, but Koragos is already barking orders to his troops. The former spymaster remains silent and unreadable, but the Helot leader, Ancus, wears his emotions more clearly.

"What of our people?" he exclaims. "We are not warriors, we have no training!"

The *Argo* *begins its sluggish turn, making sure that several ranks of Symmachy and Helot ships insulate it from the oncoming enemies.*

The Symmachy counterattack clashes with the raiders. While you are get a distance away from the front line of the conflict, you can already hear the screams of the wounded, the roars of the enemy, and the ringing of steel. Dozens of devastated craft litter the waves, their crews floating helplessly in the waters, some still clamoring for aid as your vessels race by. By the time you engage the foe, the raiders have exacted a terrible price upon the Helot and Symmachy forces.

Charging into the fray, you become aware of a low chanting. A figure emerges from your number, standing on the prow of the ship. He chants a war prayer to Ares as your warriors prepare to engage.

Gain +1 Priest (of Ares) and +1 ▼. **See 0006**.

0006 *You notice a sudden discordance in the ranks of your foes. In the rear lines of the Palirroia, some of the ships have raised different colors, a white banner with a black helm emblazoned upon it, and they are engaging the Spartans from the rear. The bulk of the raider force is now suddenly caught between two fronts.*

Confusion seizes the Palirroia at this betrayal, and their resolve falters before the desperation of survival fills them with a frenzy. Even with this sudden twist of fortune, the battle will not be without cost.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Fury (9+). You may gain +1 **A** to add +1.

Fail: *The Fates seem to favor your Spartan foes, and one of their number strikes a lucky blow.* Gain +2 **A**.

0–1 success: *The Spartans, like rats in a trap, fight with the fury of the Nemean Lion, catching your crew off guard.* Gain +1 .

2–3 successes: *Even with such an advantage on your side, the raiders are able to hold out longer than expected, and a few slip the net. You lose a number of vessels in the process.* Lose -1 .

4+ successes: *The surprise seems to have numbed your foes. As the tide begins to turn, you and your allies quickly rally, and the raiders are utterly routed.* Gain 3 War Machine resources, and the party leader gains the *Roused* Condition card.

Regardless of the results, **see 0007**.

0007 *With the Spartan raiding fleet in ruins, you look to the vessels that bear the white and black colors on their sails, sudden traitors to their own kin. Soon you reconvene with your allies and the leader of the renegades.*

You lock eyes with him. He is a man of grim countenance, his features scarred by many conflicts. In his hands he holds a steel blade and a broad shield of thick cowhide and gleaming bronze. He nods curtly to the Archon and to the spymaster, but only gives the Heliast a cursory glance. He sneers at the Helot envoy.

"It seems that it is true what they say," he growls. "The Argo and its people really are a force to be reckoned with."

As you look upon the aged warrior, memories flash through the mind of one of your number. Memories of a time of glory, of opponents defeated, of the rush of victory. Then, just as swiftly, the memory vanishes.

Least likely Argonaut gains the *Scorned Champion* Mnemos card.

"We want to see the Nietzschean fall," the warrior says, neatly sidestepping identifying himself. "He means to have us remain mere shadows of him rather than see us stand as true warriors. We wish to see him unseated and restore the old ways of Sparta."

"You warmongers were no better then!" Ancus cuts in.

"Warmongers?" he bellows. "This war wasn't started by Sparta. Your Athenian friends invaded us, struck without provocation. All actions against the Symmachy have merely been self-defense."

You glance to the Symmachy officials, surprised. None of them meets your gaze.

"We saw the threat the Nietzschean posed," Syagra finally says, breaking the silence, "and took preemptive action to protect our people."

Anger boils up within you. The Symmachy has been ready to lure you into a conflict that was of their own making, a war they sparked, to . . . what? To fix their mistakes? To pay the blood price their war demands?

"You see, Argonaut, you need somebody around showing you who your friends really are. I wish to travel with the Argo, *as an adviser. I was once in the counsel of the Nietzschean and can tell you much. About your foe, and about your so-called allies."*

Choose:

1. *The knowledge of an old ally of the Nietzschean is too valuable to pass up, even if his presence makes your other allies uneasy.* Accept the Scarred Veteran into your council. Mark P4.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0011**.

2. *You cannot trust this stranger and do not wish to anger your other allies. This man clearly has the Spartan mindset. Allowing such people to shape the fate of this land may be dangerous.* Refuse the aid of the Scarred Veteran.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . **See 0012**.

0008 *"The empire of man has been built on the backs of countless weaker vessels," the Scarred* Veteran *says. "Those not strong enough to remain independent become fodder for the Nietzschean's war machine."*

"He has been powerful enough to rise to the top, and you wish to topple him," you observe. "Is that not hypocrisy?"

"In the Nietzschean's Sparta, the fear of losing power hollows true strength. New challengers are stifled before they can come into their own. They are cast down and exiled through underhanded methods. Strength cannot flourish, only stagnate. The structure of the empire has begun to rot from within and must be cleansed."

Place 1 ▼ on Inward Odyssey. **See 0017**.

0009 *"This is not the way!" you say,* cutting *the priest's words short. "The gods have perished, and in their wake they left a hole that the Nietzschean tries to fill. But you can be better than this, better than Ares or the Cult of Man. You don't need gods, divine or mortal."*

A weathered man speaks up. "We have nothing left. The Eschaton took our world and the Nietzschean enslaves the rest. Who will help us? You?"

"We will give you the supplies, the tools and the knowledge, so you can help yourself. It won't be easy and it will require much strength, but of a different kind: the strength to compromise and to work together, for the betterment of the whole!"

As you look around, you see many nodding at your words. The priest sputters, seeing *his grasp on the crowd diminishing by the second. The Helots turn their backs on the zealot of Ares and agree to join you in talks.*

By the time you depart the settlement, you have sent some of your people to teach the Helots not only how to defend themselves but also to establish trade and agriculture. As a show of gratitude, the Helots share with you resources stored in the nearby temple-turned-storehouse, remains of the Spartan operations in the region.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain 2 Chimeric Tar or Supersolid Relief Mass resources and lose 4 Relief resources (if you can't, gain +2 ▼). **Return to the Voyage Phase**.

0010 *"My people don't deserve this, Argonaut." Kalmenes rumbles. "We tried to commit to a life of nonviolence, and this was how the Nietzschean repaid that."*

Already, a strategy is forming in your mind, albeit a risky one. You order one of your Titans forward, while your Titanokinigos hunters prepare a trap with chains and grappling hooks.

The partially converted Cyclops hears your approach, roaring fiercely as she turns her blind head toward your Titan before the two clash with thunderous violence. As the trap closes around her, the Broken One lashes out with a fearsome swing, connecting squarely with the Antikratos Helm of your Titan. The helm buckles, and dark fluids seep from under the ruined metal. The Titan slumps to its knees.

Lose -1 Titan.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Fury (9+). Gain +1 Ψ to add +1, gain +2 **A** to add +2.

Fail: *The wrath of the Cyclops is impossible to predict, and a chain breaks loose, striking you.* Gain +1 **A**.

0–2 successes: *In spite of your best efforts, the Broken One cannot be subdued. She writhes on the ground, rolling over and crushing one of your squad. You fight fiercely, but in the end you are forced to kill him.* Lose -1 . **See 0035**.

3+ successes: *It is difficult, but eventually you get the better of the Cyclops. Kalmenes manages to land a powerful strike to her helmeted head, knocking her senseless. You and your crew look at one another, a feeling of elation coursing through your veins.* Random Argonaut gains the *Roused* Condition card. **See 0014**.

0011 *The scarred warrior smiles at your decision.*

"Excellent. I am glad to see that you have the wisdom to make the right choices. I will make the arrangements, and we can speak more at length later. There is much I can teach you in the coming days."

With this decided, he turns on his heel and marches away. You note the unease that now sits on the shoulders of the Symmachy officials and, most of all, on those of Ancus, who glares after the warrior with vehement rage.

Gain +1 Defector and +1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012 *The warrior grunts at your decision, disappointment flashing in his eyes.*

"As you wish." He turns from the gathering. "Strength be with you, Argonauts, and be wary of these people you welcome to your table as friends. They are almost never as they seem."

With that, he departs, and you feel a weight lifting from the Symmachy representatives. Ancus, meanwhile, brightens, his entire frame seeming to grow taller as the warrior leaves.

Before you depart from the Diaspora Fleet, a number of Helots come forward. Their ships were destroyed in the battle, and now they have nowhere to go. They volunteer to join you on the Argo.

Gain +1 Refugees and +1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0013 *You allow the priest to continue his sermon of war, of violence, of bloodshed,* feeling *the insidious words worming their way into the minds of all present, and* you feel *uneasy. Is this not the same rhetoric that gave rise to the Nietzschean in the first place? That turned Lakonia into a war-torn wasteland?*

You cannot help but think about the people still hiding in the tents, the children, the elderly and the women the priest seems to have a dislike for. This approach may protect them in the short term, but it may send Sparta into a spiral of regression.

Before you depart, the priest finds you, a broad smile on his features. He blesses you all in the name of Ares and commands some of his adherents to join you on your quest, for the glory of his god.

Gain +1 ▼, +1 , and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0014 *The Broken Cyclops finally falls still, her ribs heaving as your crew struggle to restrain her. Kalmenes kneels next to her, placing a hand over her pulsing chest. Eventually she relaxes, turning to you with a*

grateful gaze.

"I . . . thank you, Argonauts. I know this was no simple task." Kalmenes bows his head. *"My people will remember this. The conversion process of the Nietzschean is a grueling one, and it will take much to undo it, but I believe, with time, my brother can be saved."*

The Cyclops reaches down, unfastening the helmet that encases the Broken One's skull. Gently, he removes it, trying to cause as little pain as possible.

You part ways, the Cyclops taking his restrained kinswoman back to his people. As they depart, you feel hopeful. If a servant of the Nietzschean can be salvaged, perhaps your task is not as grim as you once feared. You need only commit yourself to your path and remain sure of your choices.

Mark D8. Gain 4 War Machine resources. If you have not yet researched it, gain the *Trauma Growth* Technology card. Otherwise, gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0015 *You turn your back on the penned slaves to focus on the looming machina. Already, you can see weak spots. A reservoir of ambrosia fuels the mechanism, pipes leading throughout the structure. A well-placed flame could easily bring the whole thing down in a chaotic explosion, and likely much of the cavern along with it. It would take the Spartans months to clear the debris.*

It does not take you long to enact the plan. With a thunderous boom, the machina is engulfed in a titanic, fiery explosion. Shards of white-hot metal leap through the air as Spartan and Cyclopean slave alike are consumed by the raging fire.

The cavern shivers in response, rocks tumbling from the distant ceiling. You and your crew flee, but the retreat is perilous. After a time, the rumbling of the collapsing cavern reaches you, and you warily venture back to pick through the debris and salvage what you can for the Argo.

A movement to one side catches your eye. A Cyclops slave, badly burned by the explosion, lies dying. Dozens of metal fragments pierce her body. Her one eye looks to you, her gaze full of pain and sorrow, and she releases her final breath. You feel a twinge in your heart. Was hindering your enemies really worth such suffering?

Gain +2 and +1 or 4 War Machine resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0016 *Among the Cyclopes delegation, you recognize the features of Kalmenes, the individual who aided you in bringing the rogue Cyclopes to heel. He nods in recognition.*

"It is good to see you again, little warriors," he rumbles. "I feel more confident knowing that you will join these talks."

"What of your kinswoman?" one of your number asks.

"She continues to recover," the Cyclopes responds. "The road to health will be a long one, but I am hopeful that she will complete this journey and be made whole once more."

You feel a swell of warmth at the news, a more favorable outcome than you had first feared.

One Argonaut may lose any 1 Affliction. If there are no Afflictions among the Argonauts, gain +1 . **See 0044.**

0017 A figure stands over a small crowd, *his robes faded by age, but still* stained bloody red. *In his outstretched fist, a bronze-tipped spear traces patterns in the air as he talks. A priest of Ares, you realize.*

"The deceitful Nietzschean claims to be equal to the gods themselves! We cannot allow this heresy to continue. I will share with you the wisdom of Ares, and you will become masters of warfare. We will stain the land with the blood of these heretics, this Cult of Man, and show them the true wrath of the gods!" Many of the younger men listen with a gleam in their eyes.

Choose (you may only choose 3 if P4 is marked):

1. *The young Helots are vulnerable and will need guidance to ensure they do not fall into the old ways of the Cult of Ares, or become like the empire you seek to overthrow.*
Leave some of your people behind to guide the Helots.
Lose -1 . **See 0009.**

2. *Whether you agree with their beliefs or not, the Cult of Ares can be put to use teaching the Helots the ways of war and combat so they can fight for themselves. There will be time for a more peaceful approach, once the war is over.*
Allow the priest to rouse the Helots to fight.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0013.**

3. *Your allies among the Spartans may once have been the oppressors of these people, but they can also be a key to their elevation. Perhaps the Helots need a more aggressive instructor without the delusion of faith in the Dead Gods.*
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0020.**

0018 *You order your crew to move out, slowly approaching the slave pen. You tackle and neutralize the guards and shatter the lock on the gate. As you break the chains holding the giant workers in place, an alarm sounds throughout the camp. Enemies are already moving on your position.*

The Cyclopes—and a lone Titan!—are quick to rouse once you free them. Some of the towering giants break apart a few carts in the work camp, using the wooden boards as shields to protect themselves and your crew.

The Spartans close in, and you face a brutal battle as you flee the excavation, the Cyclopes and Titan in tow. Several of your crew fall during your flight.

Just as you are leaving the excavation, you spare a final glance backward. You know that the freed workers will be replaced, and the construction will continue. But still, you have liberated many innocents today. A light to stand against the darkness of the empire. Perhaps it will kindle others.

Gain +1 and +1 Titan, lose -1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0019 *You take just a moment to survey the battlefield. Around you, you see your allies, bloodied but still strong, still determined, rallying around you. In that moment, you know the kindness and humanity you've shown so far have truly paid off, and the peoples of Lakonia are coming together, maybe for the first time in history. If you can keep it up, the Nietzschean will undoubtedly fall.*

Gain the *Wise Providence* boon. Any Faction: Diplomacy +1. **See 0052.**

0020 *"Damn fool,"* the veteran *grumbles. "The way he's stirring them up, he'll have them throwing themselves against the Temple of Man within the day. No plan, no support, just blind faith, bloodshed and slaughter. They've no chance."*

"Show them better, then."

The veteran nods and soon you meet with what passes for leadership among the Helots, and the priest. The Helots are wary of trusting your Spartan comrade, but the priest's eyes glisten at your proposal, and the Helots are eventually swayed.

An agreement is reached. Some of the veteran's officers will stay behind to train the Helots in the art of guerrilla warfare, self-defense and strategy. It will do little to resolve the issues they have with supplies, treating their sick or the like, but at least they will be able to defend themselves.

Before you depart, the priest approaches you. Seeing that the Helots are now in good hands, he wishes to join you, to spread the word of Ares wherever it may be needed.

Gain +1 , +2 , and +1 Priest (of Ares). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0021 *You delve deeper into the ruins, following the growing sounds of activity, until you emerge into a large open space. Ahead, you see the bulk of the Spartan workforce. They have erected a large machina, powerful chisel-like tools swinging at rock and ruin alike.*

Atop the roaring contraption, chained Cyclopes work the mechanisms with large but careful hands, ideal for moving the gigantic machinery about or clearing detritus. Spartan warriors keep the titanic workforce in line, tugging on chains here, jabbing with a spear there.

Glancing around, you see a large iron pen to one side. Within, a dozen or so Cyclopes are contained, staring at the stone floor and their chains with hollow, emotionless eyes.

Choose:

1. *At best, these Cyclopes will remain here, doing the heavy lifting for the Spartans. At worst, they could be transformed into creatures you'll have to fight later on.*
Break the Cyclopes slaves out of containment.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. Subtract -1 . **See 0018.**

2. *If you allow the Nietzschean and his forces to complete this construction, they will be able to move ships, warriors and resources across Lakonia far faster, posing a greater threat to you and your allies.*
Destroy the machina and collapse the tunnel works.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 . **See 0015.**

0022 *A unit of Spartan Hoplites moves to intercept you, the tips of their weapons gleaming in the dull light of the dawn as they take aim at your crew. Suddenly, a terrible roar echoes forth, and a cluster of towering shapes crests the hillside behind the Spartans. Kalmenes, Serapion and a trio of other Cyclopes charge the enemy flank, catching them unawares. The Spartan Hoplites, caught between you and the Cyclopes, are quickly routed and retreat toward the rest of the convoy.*

Your Cyclopean allies glance to you for an instant, sharing a nod of deep respect. Then they move further into the battlefield, placing their large bodies between the Spartans and your men as a shield of muscle and flesh.

If you have none, gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. Start the next Battle with 3 Break tokens in the Kratos Pool. **See 0032.**

0023 *"Now do you see?" The Scarred Veteran asks. "There were plenty of opportunities where the Symmachy could have intervened but chose not to. The Nietzschean was clever enough not to present himself as a direct threat, more a useful, gullible tool, until he was strong enough to oppose anything the Athenians could throw at us. By the time the Symmachy acted, it was already too late to stop him."*

"Why not tell us this before?" you ask. "Is this supposed to be a lesson?"

"It is, but perhaps not the one you think," the veteran replies cryptically. "I wanted you to see how your Athenian friends would act when confronted with their past. Their first instinct to hide the truth and have you cover over their misdeeds for them. It's important you don't become a puppet for another power."

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0025.**

0024 *You enter the hollow structure to find an ancient foundry. It is long abandoned, but was clearly once a place of great power and vibrancy. You can almost sense the presence of fallen Hephaestus here, his guiding hand teaching and inspiring many mighty creations.*

You spy murals on the walls, faded, but still legible. Towering one-eyed figures work the gargantuan bellows, while a looming figure toils at the anvil in the center of the image, a crown of some kind gracing his head. With a jolt, you come to a realization—these ruins are not of the Leleges, but of the Cyclopes! How far the one-eyed giants have fallen, to go from masters of the forge to wandering cattle herders. You cannot help but wonder what happened to change them so.

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **See 0021.**

0025 *Returning to the* Argo, *you find a small delegation awaiting you: a cluster of Symmachy warriors led by Heliast Pheidias. Behind them, carried by a Cyclops, is an unusual piece of bronze and stone of giant proportions, one that you have seen before: the object that sat astride the prow of the Symmachy flagship during the attack. Its long, obelisk-like shape resembles that of a blade. Its base is covered in bronze plating and lapis lazuli carvings.*

As you look up at the towering device, Pheidias bows his head.

"A gift, Argonauts. A sign of trust between our two peoples and a cementing of our alliance. We accomplished a great victory today and put right one of the many sins of the Symmachy. Koragos told me of what you learned today. I hope that, in spite of this, we can continue to work together."

He looks up at the strange contraption.

"It is a relic of the Bronze People, that much we know, but the Symmachy never could determine how to operate it. However, the people of Athens always looked up to Those Who Came Before. They inspire a hope that perhaps we could aspire to the heights they achieved." His fingers run across the base of the device ponderously. "When the Diaspora fled into the waters surrounding Athens, we mounted this on one of our flagships, a septireme by the name of the Voice of the People. *That ship was lost today, a sacrifice in the defense of the people of Lakonia, but this symbol endures. A symbol, and something more, in the right hands. We believe yours to be those hands, Argonauts. Take it with our gratitude and our faith. May it spur your people on and guide you through the war ahead."*

You accept the gift, looking over the device once again. Alkibiades, you are sure, will be able to unravel all of its secrets in time. An echo of a bygone age, now becoming a symbol for the people of today. A rallying cry. A voice of and for the people.

Gain the *Voice of the People* card (Secret deck 5, card 58). Gain 4 War Machine resources. Subtract -2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0026 *Parting ways with the spymaster, you take the priest into custody. There is a brief scuffle and an outcry from the gathered crowd, but the holy man is no fighter and is soon subdued. As your guards drag him away, he spares you a wild-eyed glare.*

"You think you can snuff out my light, Argonauts, but you are all fools!" Spittle gathers on his lips as he hisses at you. "The sun has set, but it shall rise again and again, kindled anew, for infinity, and you will all be burned away in its glorious light!"

You see his words for what they are, the insane rantings of a madman, but you cannot help but feel uneasy. You see the dark looks that some of his assembly are giving you, and wonder for a moment whether your actions were worth angering the Dead Gods' adherents.

Gain +2 .

The next day, you awaken to find a small barge moored at one of the Argo's trading docks. Aboard, a wealth of resources for Alkibiades and his shipbreakers to put to use, courtesy of an 'Athenian friend.'

Gain +1 and 4 Relief resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0027 *Initially caught off guard, your foes stagger back under the combined fury of the* Argo*'s warriors and Titans but soon recover, shoring up their defenses. You spy spear-tips moving through the enemy lines, a unit of Spartan Hoplites making their way to the front line.*

Undeterred, you throw yourself into the fight, striking out at Spartan warriors on either side with fierce determination. Eventually, the enemy is pushed back, but the struggle is not without cost, and you feel many places on your flesh where the foe scored a hit.

Each Argonaut gains either +2 or +2 . **See 0032.**

0028 *Coordinating with your crew, you split into several small teams, donning rags that will allow you to blend in with the workforce.*

Before nightfall, you strike. Explosions rock the facility, stores of ambrosia set alight in the growing dusk. Guards scream in surprise as knives pierce their sides. A team of oxen pulling a heavily laden wagon suddenly bolts in fear, trampling their handler and destroying a portion of the animal pens. Chaos engulfs the facility.

Fleeing under the cover of the growing night, you realize that your own losses were minimal, and you've even managed to acquire a few things of use: shipment schedules, maps showing trade routes, even mention of a place called 'the Manufactory,' although you have some trouble learning its purpose from what few papers you have. Another of your teams comes across a cache of Primordial components, stacked and ready for transport.

Gain 2 Supersolid Relief Mass resources and +1 .

As you set course back to the Argo*, one of your people breathes heavily, her lungs wheezing and rasping. With not a little alarm, you notice that she has begun to cough up mucus filled with midnight-black grains—crystals like salt, but glistening with a sinister light. You will need to discuss this with the academicians of the* Argo.

Random Argonaut gains the *Black Breath* Affliction. Gain +1 .

As you leave the facility behind, the Spartans have already sent in a retaliatory force of soldiers to quell the workers, and make them pay for the damage. Guilt flickers in your mind, knowing that your actions here will have a price for the Helots. A price that will be paid in blood.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0029 *Dawn has just broken over the rugged Lakonian countryside as you deploy your fleet. You glance from side to side, seeing countless black shapes cutting through the waves beside you. The Symmachy forces fall in beside you. Leading them, a giant septireme, like the Marathonian you encountered on Crete. A towering stone and bronze structure graces its bow like a figurehead, a blade-like shape that aims at the land ahead.*

You make landfall under the cover of darkness and work your way up to where a worn roadway traces a long line parallel to the coast. A short time later, the first wagons of the convoy lumber into view, pulled by chained Cyclopes.

You wait, tension filling your every muscle as you observe the troops protecting the convoy. The wagons carry enormous cages that hold what must be an entire tribe of Cyclopes. Finally, you spot it: a wagon of elegant design, a lavish throne atop its structure. In that seat is a man wearing armor that gleams in scarlet and silver. Ephor Anamestis.

You nod to one of your crew and a horn sounds. The battle is begun.

If Cyclopes Diplomacy: 5 or higher, **see 0022**. Otherwise, **see 0027**, and make a tally mark.

0030 *You clash with the Spartans in a frenzied melee that puts you in mind of the legends of the battle of Thermopylae, a fearsome force of warriors resisting a far more numerous army. Every foot of progress you claim is paid for in blood, and by the time the Spartan numbers begin to dwindle, you know that you have lost far too many of your own in the clash.*

Lose -1 . If 8+, random Argonaut gains +4 . **See 0049.**

0031 *The battlefield is littered with bodies, and the air reverberates with the clangor of battle. As the fighting has moved, you've lost track of your allies. They have obviously focused their attentions elsewhere. The* Argo*'s forces stand alone against the Ephor.*

You look to your own warriors, their weapons stained, their eyes wide. The hunger of battle gleams in their eyes, deep and primal. They are not yet sated and, if you are truly honest, neither are you. What are you becoming?

Gain +1 . **See 0052.**

0032 *The clamor of battle engulfs you, the stench of spilled blood thick in the air. Somewhere nearby, a wagon burns, its contents releasing cloying smoke that burns the eyes.*

Out of the roiling chaos, a unit of black-armored warriors emerges. In their hands they carry spears and light shields along with ropes and grappling hooks. With a lurch, you recognize them—Spartan Thanpteros warriors. Deathdealers. Trained to capture and subdue Cyclopes, they are adept giant-killers. The black-clad soldiers are heading straight for your Titans.

If Symmachy Diplomacy: 5 or higher, **see 0039**. Otherwise, **see 0045**, and make a tally mark.

0033 *The Cyclonus lifts its head as you approach but barely has any time to respond before you and your men are on it, striking with ruthless efficiency.*

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Fury (10+). Gain +1 to add +1, gain +2 to add +2.
Fail: *A meaty hand slams into your side, cracking ribs and driving the air from your lungs.* Gain +2 .
0–2 successes: *The monster is fierce and fights back with all of its might. You hear screams as some of your warriors are caught by the beast. It clutches one to its chest, crushing them with a powerful arm.* Lose -1 .
3+ successes: *You carry out the attack flawlessly. Your crew dart in, strike and pull back before it can retaliate. Your Titan lands a direct hit to its belly, opening its guts. The thrill of combat charges through you.* Random Argonaut gains the *Roused* Condition card and the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction.

Regardless of the results, **see 0035.**

0034 *"Zealots," your Spartan ally spits. "Even with their gods dead, they cling to power, spreading madness and fanaticism in their wake. The Nietzschean eradicated all but a few of the priesthood, for good reason."*

"And what reason is that?"

"The Olympian Cults needed to control their followers, keep them pliable. To do so, they convinced them that they were weak, with false stories and empty promises. If you tolerate such influences among your people, you will find a rot growing at the heart of the Argo*, one that will be difficult to excise."*

Random Argonaut resets Ψ and gains +1 Ω. **See 0038.**

0035 *The body falls to the ground, and your hunters regard it in silence, the rush of victory mingling with regret. Kalmenes kneels next to it morosely. He lets out a low, shuddering sigh.*

"This wasn't what I wanted," he rumbles. "But the Fates do not always grant us what we desire. Thank you, Argonauts. At least now, my sister is at rest."

He tends to his fallen kin, removing some of the metallic constructs that profane the body. He allows you to take the equipment. Perhaps Alkibiades and his artificers could make use of the pieces.

Gain 4 War Machine resources and +1 ⛫. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0036 *"Kalmenes has a point," your leader says. "If we give ourselves over to violent tendencies, we risk becoming more like the Nietzschean. There is a time for conflict and aggression, but we must also keep a place in our societies for peace."*

The Cyclops delegates are silent for a long moment before Kalmenes bows his head toward you.

"Thank you, Argonaut," he rumbles. "I pray my people remember your words."

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0047.**

0037 *"The* Argo *may be well armed, but we need to keep our people safe," you insist. "We can provide refuge for your non-combatants during the fight, but we will not endanger our ship unnecessarily, for it is a beacon of hope to rally around. Its loss would spell the end of the war."*

"Very well." Koragos nods stiffly. "We cannot force you to risk your home. We will supply you with rations and materials to house the non-combatants. Now, on to the finer details of the assault . . ."

Gain 4 Relief resources. Make a tally mark. **See 0029.**

0038 *Watching the sermon from a distance, you become aware of a presence at your elbow. Turning, you see the familiar features of Sgagra, the spymaster of the Symmachy. You're not sure how she got here—and that's probably the point.*

"This man was one of the most influential priests of Athens," she explains. "And people listen to him still, even though his patron is dead. But the worship of the sun . . . It was always pitiless. Cruel. We do not need that in the new world."

"So why not stop him?"

"He's a relic of Athens, a part of the Symmachy's past. He has the hearts of many. If we act carelessly, we will lose favor. But you . . . You do not have the same restrictions I do. Please, contain the threat—however you see fit."

Choose:

1. *Disgust fills your stomach, but you have already seen on Crete what can happen when a dangerous cult drives its roots into a society. You must protect yourselves from unbridled fanaticism.*
Take the priest into custody and silence him.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0026.**
2. *Resignation fills your chest. You need the support of the people, not their leaders. How will they respond if they see you crushing anyone who espouses an ideal you disagree with?*
Allow the priest to continue spreading his rhetoric.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. Subtract -2 ⛨. **See 0040.**

0039 *You brace yourself for the charge of the agile Thanporos. For a moment, you debate ordering the Titans to pull back, but the sight of the gargantuan creatures fleeing, even momentarily, could strike fear into your allies' hearts and give the Spartan forces an edge. Doggedly, you commit to the fight.*

Like black hail, a flight of flaming arrows arches over your heads and dives down toward the Spartans, peppering them with barbed projectiles. You turn to see a unit of Symmachy archers, Archon Koragos barking orders to them, making ready to loose another volley.

The Thanporos, exposed to ranged weapons, retreat behind enemy lines.

If you have none, gain +1 Pygmalion Stone (only if Pygmalion track is unlocked). Start the next Battle with 3 Opening tokens in the Kratos Pool. **See 0050.**

0040 *"No," you say firmly. "That's the Nietzschean's way of doing things. Our people need to be free to choose what—or who—they will put their faith in. That's the only way they'll trust us to lead them."*

"As you wish," Sgagra mutters. "I hope that this is not a decision you will end up regretting."

With that, she is gone, slipping away into the crowd like a shadow. You turn back to the priest, who seems to be reaching the climax of his sermon. He speaks of the need for loyalty and sacrifice, and of embracing the sun's love.

You feel a twinge of unease as you listen to the words, the fervor with which they are spoken, and the rapt attention that the crowds seem to be giving to the zealot in their midst.

The next morning, you are awakened by a dull rumble. You rush to investigate, finding Alkibiades hurriedly quenching a series of fires burning deep within the Argo. One of the aeolipilean engines lies in ruins, scorch marks surrounding red-hot metal fragments. According to witnesses, a man identifying himself as a 'Child of the Fallen Sun' set fire to a stockpile of ambrosia, claiming that the sinful machina was an instrument that would someday be used to defy the sun.

Gain +1 ⛫ and lose -1 ☯. Mark C8. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0041 *"Serapion is right," the party leader says. "The Nietzschean and his regime will only thrive if we continue to leave room for him to do so. Each one of us needs to be willing to step up and fight for our people, to keep them safe."*

The Cyclops delegates are silent for a moment, before Serapion nods to you in thanks.

Party Leader gains +1 Ω. Next Battle, Escalate 1. **See 0047.**

0042 *You hate to squander such an opportunity to damage your enemy, but you cannot leave the slaves to suffer under this regime. You order your warriors to ready their weapons.*

When the attack begins, the guards are caught utterly off-balance. The slaves, most getting ready to rest after a long day toiling under the lashes of the Spartans, are slow to realize what is going on, but once they see your gleaming armor, your bloodied blades and your grim expressions, they rouse, a growing clamor of uprising and hope awakening among them. In no time, the labor camp is the site of a fierce battle.

A droning horn catches your attention. You glance to the far horizon to see a dark smudge approaching. Word has reached your enemies, and a counterattack is on the way. Reluctantly, you order a retreat.

By the time you return to the Argo*, you are able to take stock of your forces. The battle was a costly one, but many former slaves now wish to join your cause, bringing a small hoard of stolen tools and materials with them.*

Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 Refugees and 4 Relief resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0043 *With a little hesitancy, you agree to the Argo's participation in the battle. A knot of worry gnaws at your insides as you make plans to risk your home in a dangerous confrontation, but you realize that doing nothing would be the far riskier decision. You just pray that the city-ship will not come to any grievous harm. In anticipation of the battle, you send a messenger to Alkibiades. You will need to invest some resources in preparing the city-ship for war and arming its people. Thankfully, your allies delegate warriors to bolster your guard.*

Lose 3 War Machine resources (if you don't have any, gain +1 ⛫). Gain +1 ✕. **See 0029.**

0044 *Archon Koragos speaks up as you approach. "There isn't much time. Our allies have informed us of a convoy that the enemy is using to transport a large workforce of Cyclopes, to work in the northern ambrosia drilling fields. The convoy is under the command of Ephor Alkestis, one of the Nietzschean's highest-ranking officers."*

The sudden crash of flesh on wood causes you all to flinch, turning to see one of the Cyclopes, his fist striking the deck.

"The Ephor is an animal who torments and mutilates our kind for his own amusement!" he growls.

"Calm yourself, Serapion!" the Cyclops to his left chides.

"How can I be calm, Kalmenes?" he asks furiously. "Our clans are being decimated, and in the meantime, we cling to an ideal of pacifism that allows this empire to flourish! Instead of fighting, we hide away, tending our herds and allowing evils like the Nietzschean to run rampant! No, Kalmenes, this is no time for idealistic philosophy or pacifism! If we are to do the right thing, we must act to defend our people!"

Choose:

1. *Serapion is right. A people must stand up and defend themselves in times of trial. The trap of violence is a perilous one, but it must be risked, sometimes.*
Speak out in favor of Serapion's opinion.
Subtract -1 ⛨. **See 0041.**
2. *The Nietzschean's Empire thrives on the philosophy of violence. The Cyclopes would be wise to avoid it.*
Support Kalmenes's stance.
Gain +1 ⛨. **See 0036.**

0045 *It is unsettling, the ferocity with which the Thanporos strike. Your warriors put up a valiant defense, but the furor of the Spartans is almost impossible to deny.*

You see a man standing head and shoulders above the other Spartans, a red plume cresting his helmet. He hefts his trident for a moment, pulls back and hurls it with all of his might. Before you can call out a warning, the deadly projectile flashes through the air over your head and skewers one of your Titans in the side.

Lose -1 Titan. If ⛨ 7+, lose -2 Titans instead. **See 0050.**

0046 *A low horn sounds across the battlefield. Turning to face the source of the noise, you see a swarm of silhouettes racing toward the enemy from the shoreline. Hundreds, thousands of figures race into battle, some armed with swords and spears, others wielding clubs, farming tools, or just their bare hands. In their midst, Ancus shouts encouragement to his fellow Helots as they surge toward the Spartans.*

The empire may have been the better trained, but the former slaves are far more numerous and their resolve cannot be denied. Soon they prevent the Ephor's forces from maneuvering, penning them in and leaving them vulnerable.

You may gain +1 Refugees. Start the next Battle with 1 Single Wound in the Wound Stack. **See 0049.**

0047 *Archon Koragos directs your attention to the maps on the table. "We'll be able to ambush the convoy here, and free the Cyclops slaves. However, our priority must be eliminating the Ephor. Losing him would grievously harm the empire's presence in this region."*

The Ephor is said to lead some of the elite among the empire's forces, so cracking his position will not be easy. It is decided the Titans will be deployed for ground assault, a rare case of using them against mortals rather than Primordials. The naval forces of your allies will provide support from the canal.

Choose:

1. *There are few vessels with the power the* Argo *has at its disposal. Your aid could be instrumental in punching through the enemy forces. However, that would leave your home vulnerable to retaliation.*
Commit the *Argo* to the attack.
Lose -1 ☯ Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0043.**
2. *The city-ship may be a potent weapon, but it's also a symbol of hope to countless people. If the civilians of the Diaspora Fleet take shelter on the* Argo*, then your Symmachy and Helot allies will be better able to fight by your side.*
Suggest the Diaspora's non-combatants seek refuge on the *Argo*, and commit your resources to protecting these innocents.
Gain +2 Refugees. **See 0037.**

0048 *"We will not be burdened by your secret, Archon," you conclude firmly. "If the Symmachy truly want to make amends, you need to come clean to your allies."*

"Do as you will, Argonaut." Koragos sighs. "I cannot stop you." He turns to leave, his shoulders sinking with weariness. You find yourself wondering whether the Archon truly believes in what he was asking of you, or only wants to keep the secret out of duty to his post.

Gain +1 ⛨. If P4 is marked, **see 0023.** Otherwise, **see 0025.**

0049 *Finally, after a long and grueling struggle, you find yourself at the center of the convoy, among broken carriages and countless skirmishes between the empire's enforcers, your allies and the freed Cyclopes. The Ephor's carriage looms ahead of you, several large wagons overturned on either side.*

If Humanity -5 or better, **see 0019.** Otherwise, see **0031**, and make a tally mark.

0050 *The heart of the convoy, the largest of the wagons and the all-important carriage that shelters the Ephor, is almost within reach. You can see your allies attacking from the flanks, pressing in closer.*

With each step the enemy is forced to relinquish, their fighting becomes more desperate. Many of the soldiers who remain are heavily armored, the Ephor's elite guardians. Each one bears a glimmering sword, the edge shining with a black sheen.

If Helot Diplomacy: 5 or higher, **see 0046.** Otherwise, **see 0030**, and make a tally mark.

0051 *"We will not allow the words of an enemy to rip this alliance apart," the party leader says slowly, "but we will watch you closely from now on. If you misstep . . ."*

Koragos nods, although he hardly seems overjoyed at your decision. You wonder whether he truly believes in what he was asking of you, or is merely acting out of duty. In that moment, you feel the weight of the countless secrets that a man in his position must carry. You hope that, if ever your people find out, they can forgive you for this.

Make 2 tally marks under Transition in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. Mark G8. Gain +2 ⛨. If P4 is marked, **see 0023.** Otherwise, **see 0025.**

0052 *"The legendary Argonauts, the Symmachy's lapdogs." The Ephor's features twist into a sneer. "You think you have won here," he goads. "You are chaining yourself to a lesser entity, and they will drag you down, cut you loose when you become inconvenient."*

"And you would know, being the Nietzschean's thrall, right?"

"I would know, for they have sent me here! To monitor the empire's growth, a synoikismos agent in their midst. But they were so misguided . . ."

"Enough!" yells Archon Koragos, approaching with his warriors. "Amanestis, for your betrayal of your own people, the dereliction of your duty to the Symmachy and countless other crimes, I sentence you to death."

"And here it is," growls the Ephor with a self-satisfied smile. "Silenced before your allies could learn the truth. One day you will slip on all that blood."

The Archon steps closer to the fallen Ephor, sword bared. He raises it above his head. Amanestis doesn't break eye contact with his former countryman as he pulls back . . . and then stands down.

"No, Amanestis. You will not sow more discord. Speak your piece. Tell the Argonauts your truth."

At first shocked by this development, the Ephor quickly regains his composure and leers in your direction.

"Clever. But they are too smart to fall for your sudden openness, Archon. Listen, Argonauts." He licks his lips. "The Symmachy knew that the Nietzschean was a threat. But he was useful in a way. He kept the rest of Hellas busy while they consolidated power. So they provided him with the means and the knowhow to continue his reign." He sniggers. "Nations fell, thousands slaughtered, and they turned a blind eye. They even persisted in trading with them. The Helots' backs were broken with Symmachy-stamped yokes!" He spits toward Koragos. "They were too cowardly to act until the threat came to their own doorstep. By then, it was too late. And now no political maneuvering, no business savvy, backroom deal or clever plot will save them, or you, for the only real power is raw strength. That is the truth of the Nietzschean. I die gladly pronouncing it!"

Archon Koragos nods and lashes out, neatly removing the Ephor's head from his shoulders.

Silence falls across the gathered troops as Koragos turns his back on the corpse, meeting your gaze for just a moment. Blood still drips from his exposed blade.

"Was what he said true?"

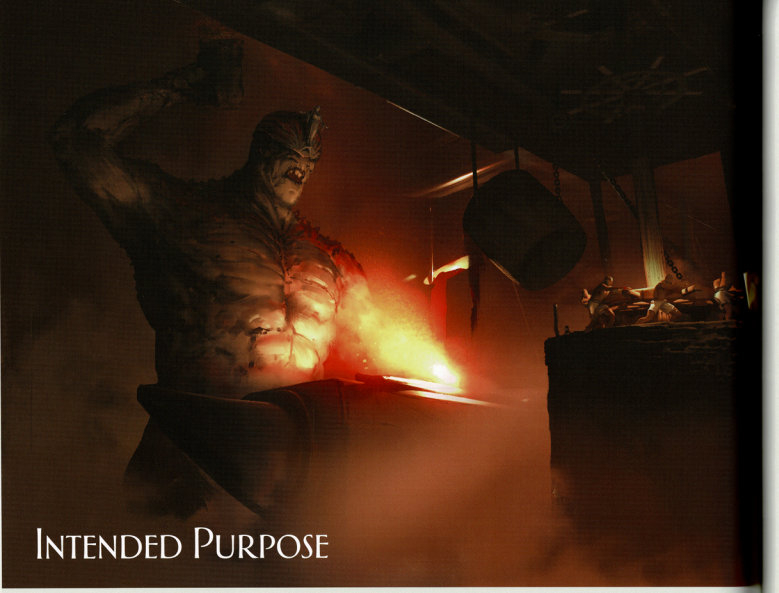
The Archon is silent for a moment, before sighing. "Yes. He was once one of our best agents, sent to keep an eye on the Nietzschean's regime. He repeatedly urged us to intervene, but the Ecclesia chose to ignore the warnings. A war would have been too inconvenient, we decided."

Destruction is all around you, from the smoldering ruins to the still twitching bodies of the dying. The death toll . . . unimaginable.

"Inconvenient?" you ask exasperatedly. "As opposed to this? How many have died because of your decision?"

"Too many," the Archon admits. "Now the lives of many more depend on what you do with this information."

Gain as many Ⓐ as a group as you made tally marks.
Then choose:
1. *You cannot ignore what Amanestis said. The Symmachy had a hand in allowing the Nietzschean's Empire to flourish, and failed their people in the process.*
Hold the Symmachy accountable.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ⛫. **See 0048.**
2. *Amanestis would have said anything to harm his foes. He had nothing to lose. If you are not careful, his final words could cause more harm to your forces than you wish.*
Allow the past to remain buried.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 ⛨. **See 0051.**



Intended Purpose

α	There Once Was An Empire . . .	
1–2	Merchants of Death	☐
3–4	The Hand You're Dealt	☐
5–6	Breath of the Grave	☐
7–8	Face of the Enemy	☐
9–10	Shadowplay	☐
Ω	. . . That Knew No Mercy	

α There Once Was An Empire . . . — *Curse*

Dozens of wagons make the headlong dash for the far end of the valley, where the hills split apart to reveal a large bay and a fleet of waiting ships. At the head of the column, your Titans, laden with supplies, trudge steadfastly toward the shore.

You glance to the people you are helping to escape. The Cyclopes, the towering giants of the Lakonian highlands. Cattle herders, so quiet and reserved yet incredibly strong. Prized by the Spartan Empire either as beasts of burden or as weapons of war.

If you finished the *From the Ashes* hub, **see 0012**. Otherwise, **see 0002**.

1–2 Merchants of Death — *Voyage*

You stand atop the Acropolis Deck of the Argo*, gazing out toward the horizon. At your side, Pheidias, Heliast of the Symmachy, stands with hands folded in the small of his back, his posture rigid, face unreadable in the dawn light. On your left, Ancus, a leader among the Helots, shifts nervously in place.*

On the horizon, out of the rising sun to the east, several ships appear. They are large and elegantly decorated with designs of gold and ivory, their sails a rich purple color. The trade envoys of Nubia.

A small delegation boards the Argo*, consisting of a half dozen warriors, each armed with a bow and a sickle-like khopesh. These few guardians flank a single, tall woman. Her skin gleams with an ebony glow, while her wide, dark eyes scan the representatives of the* Argo *with an imperious gaze. A headdress of glittering gold, gemstones and ostrich feathers adorns her scalp.*

She speaks with a deep, powerful voice. "I am Amanirenas of Napata. I speak for the people of Nubia, and extend greetings from our great empire."

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (9+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1. Subtract -2 if Helot Diplomacy: Friendly or better.

0–1 success: *In spite of your caution, your lack of familiarity with Nubian culture and customs puts you at a disadvantage.* **See 0029.**

2–3 successes: *You should be wary but still courteous. These are potential allies, after all.* **See 0003.**

4 successes: *A strong first impression is key, but you should also make sure to give nothing away. These strangers will be looking for any advantage they might be able to use.* **See 0031.**

3–4 The Hand You're Dealt — *Tragedy*

The enemy camp is a hive of activity, the sounds of barking soldiers, clashing weapons and growling animals thick in the air. As you look down from your vantage point on the hillside, you see a complex of cages, gargantuan creatures housed within, countless beasts you cannot identify from this distance.

Beyond that, you see what can only be described as a field of wooden towers. A Titan runs among them, harried by countless smaller figures zipping between the structures on cables. Eventually, the giant falls from the thousand cuts. You cannot see what happens next, but the cries of pain that echo across the camp tell you that the creature's demise is not swift.

You glance to your side, where an older man lies prone, also watching the camp with narrowed eyes. Rags adorn his frame, the garb of a farmer.

It was this man, Mikon, who told you of the camp where the Nietzschean trains his Thanporos warriors—the Titan-hunters of his army, although the common people whisper another name for them: Deathdealers.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). If ▽ 6+, subtract -2 from each test. You may gain +1 Ψ and/or Δ to add +1 for each.

Fail: *You try to move with stealth, but it is as if all of your grace has deserted you in this key moment.* Gain +1 Ψ.

0–1 success: *Try as you might, you are not subtle enough, and a squad of patrolling guards find you. The scuffle is brief but bloody.* Each Argonaut gains +2 Δ.

2–3 successes: *Managing to avoid detection, you come across what must be some kind of armory. There, you find several of the mauls you are used to seeing on the Cyclonus monsters.* Gain 2 Black Chain resources.

4 successes: *You spot a low, wide tent belonging to the overseer. Inside, you find a table laden with papers, maps, and diagrams. Your allies can make use of this.* Subtract -1 ▽.

Regardless of the result, **see 0035.**

5–6 Breath of the Grave — *Supernatural*

The night air is thick around you as you proceed deeper inland, the scattered remnants of a once lush forest tracing skeletal shadows around you. Your scouts report that the Cyclops settlement you are seeking is only a short distance ahead.

As your expeditionary force moves further into the forested valley, your Titans flanking the small column of warriors you took with you, you become aware of a thick, cloying fog drifting through the trees around you, growing thicker by the minute. Patches of inky black, smog-like fumes choke the air.

Stepping off the path, you lean in close to some of the foliage, and what you spot causes alarm to flare inside you.

Thick black droplets of shimmering fluid cling to the leaves of the trees, the fog coalescing as a slimy film. Before your eyes, the greenery warps and twists, dissolving into an oily slurry.

If any Argonauts have the *Black Breath* Affliction, **see 0038.**
Otherwise, **see 0027.**

7–8 Face of the Enemy — *Dream*

A former noble of Sparta, Pylenor of Asopos has lost much in the way of influence since the Nietzschean's rise to power. Still, he has many warriors at his disposal, as well as wealth and resources. When the Symmachy representative, Orthaeus, asked for your aid in brokering a deal, you couldn't afford to refuse.

Now, along with a Helot leader named Keba, they gather around a table to discuss terms. For every proposition, there is a counter offer. Frustration boils in your blood. You feel no closer to a resolution than when you started.

Finally, Orthaeus suggests you take a break from the talks, and you are eager for respite. There are cabins prepared for each of you.

Choose a leader.

Midway through the night, the party leader wakes up to see a dark figure straddling them, their hands stroking their face. The stranger pulls their hands away from their face, something in their grasp. A mask. A mask . . . that looks just like the party leader's face!

Party leader gains +2 Δ.

Reacting instantly, the party leader throws the figure from her bed and shouts the alarm. The assailant scuttles from the cabin before anyone can apprehend them, leaving behind only what looks like a fleshy mask, a fragment of shapeless skin.

Keba's expression becomes grim as she examines this. "We have a Metonym in our midst."

"A face-changer!" Orthaeus curses. "Sent here to disrupt the negotiations. They could appear as anyone, and we'd have no way of knowing it!"

"There is a way . . ." Keba says. "Confine all key personnel to their cabins, and I can find them. Be warned—this is a grueling test I will submit you to."

"You can't be serious!" Orthaeus sputters. "We're all to be treated with suspicion? Made prisoners on my own vessel? Is your own allegiance beyond doubt?"

Choose:

1. *The Helot leader is right. Detaining everyone and questioning them will be the best way to find this enemy before it is too late. If they are left to roam free, many people may die.*
Have all members of the talks confined to their quarters for interrogation.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 Priest. **See 0022.**

2. *In spite of the risks, taking severe actions against your allies will gain you no favors, and could make for strained relationships when you do return to the negotiating table.*
Refuse to detain your allies and instead search for the Metonym by observing the crew.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0046.**

9–10 Shadowplay — *Family*

The message is delivered to you in the depths of night, a letter left in the Bridge Tholos with no sign of who delivered it. All it contains is a location, a time and a request to meet alone. Now, you move through the crowd, feeling exposed without your warriors or Titans at your back.

You are ready for treachery but are forced to admit that curiosity keeps pushing you forward. In spite of danger, you need to know what this invitation—or bait—may yield.

Slipping down a side alley, you spot a figure waiting for you, clad in nondescript gray robes. They lower their hood, revealing young feminine features. The woman's face is wrought with worry. "Argonauts, thank you for coming. I am Nesaea."

You regard her in silence, wary of any treachery.

"I am—I was a Krypteia agent," she admits, pain echoing in every word. "I was but a little girl, taken from my parents, with no say. I did horrible things. But you . . ." There is hope in her eyes. "I want to be like you. End the Nietzschean's horrors. I want to help you, Argonauts."

The agent goes on to describe her time in the Nietzschean's service, the dark deeds of her career, and her desire to make amends. You consider her words for a moment, uncertain whether she can be trusted.

If ▽ 5+, **see 0052.** Otherwise, **see 0023.**

Ω . . . That Knew No Mercy — *Heritage*

From among the boulders on the hillside, you gaze down upon the valley below, taking in the sight before you with awe.

Ruins sprawl across the vale's floor, ancient edifices that tower above the land. Their outlines are impossible to mistake—the blocky, angular design of the Leleges, so poorly imitated by the Nietzschean's regime. A settlement of this size would be something a historian could only dream of. A city to house, what, a million souls? This, you have learned, was once the capitol of the ancient civilization. The City of Laestracos, sitting at the foot of a soaring mountain.

You see dozens of Spartan warriors moving about, shepherding shackled Cyclopes toward excavation sites. In the heart of the city, under the shadow of a hollow citadel, a forest of tents has been erected, while closer to the edge of the ruins, a complex of pens has been built to contain the giant slave workforce.

You will need to be wary. They have the numbers. The Ephor Basileios has taken charge of this excavation and surrounded himself with his most elite troops. He cannot be allowed to escape.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (9+). Gain +1 Ψ and/or Δ to add +1 each. If ▽ 6+, subtract -1 from each test.

Fail: *A piece of crumbling masonry catches you in the shoulder.* Gain +1 Δ.

0–1 success: *A cluster of Spartan warriors discovers you. The clash is brief, but you know that the commotion has drawn attention and will likely put the Imperials on the defensive.* Each Argonaut gains +2 Ψ.

2–3 successes: *Even with the towering Titans in tow, you still manage to remain unseen, delving deep into the ancient city. Confidence swells within you.* One Argonaut may reset Ω and gain the *Roused* Condition card.

4 successes: *The sheer scale of the city plays to your advantage, allowing you to move unseen. When you hear a patrol approach, you are able to hide in the hollow shells of the towering buildings, their scale enough even for a Titan to hide within.* Subtract -2 ▽.

Regardless of the results, **see 0058.**

0001

Arriving at the slave pens, a tight knot forms in your stomach as you observe the terrible conditions the Cyclopes endure. Their bodies are covered in scars and welts. Many of the giants sit in silence, staring down at powerless, broken hands. Heavy scarring on their shoulders suggests some kind of weighty yoke. All bear shackles that bind their wrists and ankles. Breaking those bonds would be difficult . . . for mortals. You order your Titans forward and the clang of broken chains resounds through the camp.

The Spartans mobilize in response, enemy javelineers ascending to nearby rooftops and Deathdealers blotting the sky. One of your Titans lets out a tortured roar, blood flowing across bronze skin. It raises an arm to protect itself, to no avail.

Lose -1 Titan.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (9+). Gain +1 Ω and +1 Δ to add +1. If Ψ 4+, subtract -1. If 'Cyclopean Allies' is marked, add +2.

Fail: *Bloodlust dulls you to pain.* Gain as many Δ as you have Ω (minimum 1).

0–1 success: *Spartans close in on all sides, and your flanks crumble. The enemy spears thrust deep into your ranks and skewer more crew with every attack.* Lose -1 ✕.

2–3 successes: *As you hold back the enemy, a freed Cyclops bursts the doors of a nearby armory. Many others delve inside, and emerge with an array of tools, scraps of wood, anything they might use to defend themselves.* Gain 4 Relief resources.

4 successes: *The enemy is numerous, but you are the Argonauts, and your bonds are iron. You stand shoulder to shoulder and refuse to give an inch. Your allies, Symmachy and Cyclopes alike, are emboldened by your example.* Subtract -2 ▽. Regardless of the result, **see 0004.**

0002

A clamor rises from the back of the procession. Beyond the convoy, you see bounding shapes, lithe horses with wiry warriors straddling them. Spartan Hippeis, cavalry designed to run down foot soldiers, closing fast.

You organize a defense, but the Cyclopes are less compliant, focusing only on fleeing the enemy spears. At times, it is a near thing for you to avoid the thundering feet of a giant running for their life. The Cyclopes need time to get to the ships, and it seems like you are the only ones who

will fight to buy them that time.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Fury (8+). If 6+, subtract -2 from each test. Each Argonaut may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *A panicking Cyclops brushes against you, sending you flying.* Gain +2 **A**.

0–1 successes: *The Hippeis swing wide and flank your formation, striking from two sides at once. The cries of the wounded fill the air, many of your crew among them.* Lose -1 ✕.

2–3 successes: *In moments, the crush of battle closes in around you, and you are caught in a frantic struggle to survive. You emerge from the melee alive but wounded.* Each Argonaut gains +1 **A**.

4+ successes: *The iron will of your shield wall pushes the enemy back long enough for all of the Cyclopes to flee to the ships. You can feel the surge of confidence rising in your men.* Subtract -1 .

Regardless of the result, **see 0028**.

0003

She smiles as she glances about. You can sense her taking in every detail. "It is a pleasure to see the home of the legendary Argonauts, and their . . . unique beasts. Is it true you bend the Titans to your will?"

"In a way," you answer warily. "It is a difficult process to explain."

"It has been fascinating, studying what Titans of Hellas we have been able to capture. They are not so cunning or willful as the giants of Nubia. Perhaps that is why they are so readily tamed . . ."

Your ears perk up at her mention of captive Titans. You are sure that was no mistake on her part.

Amanirenas quickly switches topics. "As a sign of good faith between us, I have brought a gift of weapons and armor, forged by the finest Nubian smiths. A taste of what we can offer, you might say."

Gain 3 War Machine resources. **See 0032.**

0004

The enemy closes in, leaving you with only one avenue of retreat—a long road leading up to the mountain looming over the city. At the base of the mountain, a temple is carved into the rock itself, its massive stone doors shattered. You plunge into the darkness, heedless of where it may lead.

Inside, vaulted passageways stretch deep underground, tall enough to easily accommodate the Cyclops slaves. Complex murals decorate the walls, sprawling images inlaid with precious metals showing armored warriors dwarfing their foes, clutching mighty weapons. The Leleges.

If K3 is marked, **see 0016**. Otherwise, **see 0018**.

0005

"Day by day, we keep shedding blood to protect you," you challenge the towering herdsmen. "What happens when you run out of people willing to defend you?"

"They're right," Serapion says. "We can't have the small folk fight our battles for us."

"It is more than that," Kalmenes counters. "This is part of who we are, what makes our people whole. When we sacrifice it—"

His words are lost in the cacophony of Spartan war cries.

The Palirroian triremes force you into the shallows, where the Hippeis are waiting, hungry for violence. They bay wildly in anticipation of the coming bloodshed.

That anticipation rapidly turns to horror as the Cyclopes and your Titans leap from your ships. The towering figures charge the Spartans, slamming into them with brutal force. The front line is utterly obliterated. Soldier and horse alike are ground into a mush and cast aside like so much detritus.

The battle ends in a decisive victory, but the cost is high. Many Cyclopes have fallen. As you take in the carnage, one of you feels the stirring of a long-forgotten memory in the back of your mind. Images of similar carnage, of countless dead around you.

Gain +2 . Least likely Argonaut gains the *Death Precedes* Mnemos card

Surveying the aftermath of the battle, you are joined by Kalmenes, looking across the scattered bodies in silence. The one-eyed giant's face is twisted in grief and regret. He looks to you with a baleful gaze, then turns away, shaking his head bitterly. This is a dark day for his kind.

Make 1 tally mark under Vow in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0006

Your hemiolia flotilla hastens across the waters. Glancing back, you see the Palirroia still closing in. Tension fills your gut as you scan the waves ahead for any sign of help coming your way.

Choose the first option that applies:
If Symmachy: Friendly or better, **see 0007**.
If Helots: Friendly or better, **see 0008**.
Otherwise, **see 0009**.

0007

Just as the Palirroian vessels seem set to overtake you, your lookouts shout from the rigging. Green sails appear in the distance, a fleet of Symmachy warships rushing to meet you. You feel a swell of relief at the sight, although you know the battle ahead will still be a difficult one. The Symmachy may be able to counter the Palirroia, but the ground troops remain.

Subtract -1 . **See 0011.**

0008

The Palirroia are closing in on your ships, herding you toward the water's edge where the Hippei warriors are making ready to attack you in the shallows. Suddenly, a blaring horn echoes across the hills that lead down toward the water. You glance beyond the Spartan ranks to see a dark mass swarming across the land. A veritable horde of warriors races toward the rear of the Imperial troops. All manner of figures, from farmhands to former soldiers, to common men and women. The people of Lakonia, mustered into one united movement. The Helots have come to your aid.

Subtract -2 . **See 0011.**

0009

You press on, the crewmen on your oars pushing themselves to their limits as you try to keep ahead of the pursuing ships. You keep looking for any sign of help coming your way, but there is nothing. A hollow feeling fills your chest. Nobody is coming to your aid.

Gain +2 . **See 0010.**

0010

The Palirroian triremes flank you, forcing your ships into the shallows. Your Titans leap into the water, while your crew deploy alongside them, establishing a small beachhead before the Spartan forces close in.

Your troops engage in a terrible skirmish, and blood soon flows freely, while the screams of the dying fill the air. You spot one of your Titans wading through the enemy. A squadron of Spartans surround it, harrying it with spears. The towering creature lets out a groan of anguish as, slowly, it topples, vanishing into a writhing mass of Spartan bodies.

Lose -1 Titan.

Eventually, you turn the tide of the battle. One of your warriors strikes down a prominent officer among the enemy ranks, and the heart seems to go out of the Spartan soldiers as they are routed.

In the aftermath, Spartan and Argo warrior bodies alike surround you. As you take in the carnage, one of you feels the stirring of a long-forgotten memory in the back of your mind, images of similar carnage, of countless dead around you. In a flash, the images are gone.

Least likely Argonaut gains the *Death Precedes* Mnemos card.

You glance up to see Serapion standing next to you, observing the corpses with a grim expression.

"You paid a heavy price today, Argonaut," he rumbles. "You stood alone against the tide and protected my kin. I will not allow my people to forget your actions today. I hope this is a wakeup call. We cannot stand aside while others fight our battles." He lifts his head, looking over to the looming shadow of the Argo. "We will do what we can to repay you for this day. We have the ability to reinforce the city-ship. My kind . . . have a way with metal."

The Cyclops turns to leave, while you remain on the silent battlefield, considering the victories and losses of the day. You hope, when the Cyclopes have more time to consider their situation, they will take a more active role in the war, but the vow they have sworn is so immutable, so sacred to their nature. Perhaps that is a good thing. A society that chooses peace is a rarity. What was it that initially inspired their decision? You doubt even the Old Priest would know the answer to that.

Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0011

Your allies engage the Spartan forces, turning the tables on them: now it's you who flank them. They falter, discord rippling through their ranks. When your Titans join the fray, their merely mortal soldiers lose almost all their courage.

Soon the clamor of clashing iron and bronze fades, and silence fills the air, the shoreline littered with bodies, the cost in life grievous on both sides. As you take in the carnage, one of you feels the stirring of a long-forgotten memory in the back of your mind, images of similar carnage, of countless dead around you. In a flash, the images are gone.

Least likely Argonaut gains the *Death Precedes* Mnemos card.

In the peace that follows, you return to your ship, where Kalmenes and Serapion await you. The two Cyclopes bow their heads to you gratefully.

"Our thanks, Argonauts," Kalmenes says. "Our people owe you their freedom. The Nietzschean would have turned us all into his slaves. Or weapons. It is good to see the clout that you have built up, the alliances that grant you power."

You part ways, the Cyclopes joining the Diaspora Fleet, where they will work to reinforce the alliance with their animal husbandry and smithing. You find yourself wishing you had been able to convince them to fight in the war alongside you, but the vow they have sworn is immutable, so sacred to their nature. Perhaps that is a good thing. A society that chooses peace is a rarity. What was it that initially inspired their decision? You doubt even the Old Priest would know the answer to that.

Gain +1 and 3 Relief resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012

Two Cyclopes you recognize lead their people. Serapion and Kalmenes, who reached out to you for help as their people fled the empire and their giant-hunters.

"We're moving too slowly!" Exasperation enters your voice as you look to Kalmenes. "We're too vulnerable out here."

"Calm yourself, small one," Serapion chides you. "Fury will only cloud your mind."

You find it perplexing, how the towering giant can remain so peaceful in the face of such dire threat, but you also feel a strange calm seep into your being. His stoic placidness is reassuring.

Party leader gains the *Roused* Condition card. **See 0002.**

0013

"The Nietzschean continues to invent new horrors to unleash on the world." The Scarred Veteran points to the wagons. "We seem to have become witnesses to a test of some kind."

"There are people living in the valley . . ."

Rage boils inside you. How many people have suffered for the Nietzschean's thirst for power? How many bodies have lined the path of his idea of progress and strength?

The party leader gains +1 Ω and the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. **See 0041.**

0014

Upon the dais, you spy a slumped figure of a Cyclops. Chains bind their hulking frame to an enormous anvil, while a metal frame encircles their skull, cruel hooks latching onto their empty eye socket.

The giant raises their head as they hear you approach, eyeless socket turning toward you. They recoil a little.

"It's OK," you murmur. "We're here to help you."

"Too late for that." The Cyclops points to their side, where a deep wound bleeds profusely. "A gift from Basileios. A final punishment for my efforts to inconvenience him."

You feel anger rise within you, realizing the Ephor fled through this very chamber, determined to rob you of even the small victory of saving this broken prisoner.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Those with *Consumed by Rage* Affliction gain +2 Ω instead. **See 0024.**

0015

Pressing deeper into the city, you come across what must have once been the seat of its rulers. Only vestiges of the citadel now remain, an empty carcass the Spartans have taken up residence in. An enormous machina looms over it, a gaping maw at one end full of iron teeth designed to grind up rock and earth. Close-by, a convoy of wagons is being loaded with pilfered artifacts.

This convoy is where you begin your attack. Your Titans overturn some of the wagons, creating defensive barriers around you. Smashing open some of the crates, you reveal not only Leleges artifacts but components harvested from a Primordial as well. You are curious about why the Ephor would need this but have no time to think on it further—the Spartans begin their counterattack.

Gain 2 Chimeric Tar resources. Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Fury (9+). Gain +1 Ω or **A** to add +1 to your roll. If an Argonaut's Ψ 4+, they subtract -1 from their roll.

Fail: *Anger flares inside you at the pain you feel, but you will not fall this day, not when there are still foes to vanquish.* Gain +1 Ω. Then, gain as many **A** as you have Ω (minimum 2).

0–1 success: *The Spartan retaliation is fierce and brutally bloody. For every step you take, you pay a heavy price.* Gain +2 .

2–3 successes: *Your Titans are vital during the course of the battle, striking fear into the enemy. The Spartans retreat, and you are able to take a moment of respite.* Gain 4 War Machine resources.

4 successes: *The Spartans fall before you in the dozens. You move deep into what was once enemy territory, finding a large cage. Inside, a captive Titan looks at you, surprisingly docile.* Gain +1 Titan.

Regardless of the result, **see 0021**.

0016

Emerging from among the Symmachy troops, Helicaon, the young captain you came to the aid of on one of your adventures, salutes you.

"We should divide our forces. My men and I can hide in the passages, ambush the enemy. We'll give the Cyclopes a better chance of escaping."

"That's a suicide mission," you state. Helicaon smiles at you.

"If my warriors and I have learned anything from your example, it is what it means to put yourself in harm's way for those who need protecting. We're ready to do what is necessary."

You feel a swell of pride and compassion for the young soldier, his eyes shining with the light of one ready to do his duty. It seems as though your example has had a deeper impact than you'd expected.

One Argonaut can lose any 1 Affliction. That Argonaut permanently gains +1 Courage. **See 0018.**

0017

The Scarred Veteran, wielding his bronze-tipped spear and broad hide shield, and already drenched in the blood of fallen enemies, bellows a war cry. He rushes past you, eager to clash with the Spartans, and you see some of your warriors swept up in his frenzy. You feel the stirrings of adrenaline in your own heart in response, the heat of battle warming your muscles.

Party leader gains +2 Ω and permanently gains +1 Fury. **See 0019.**

0018

You split your forces. The Cyclopes flee down one path, while you make a stand in one of the ancient halls. The freed slaves will be safe, of that much you can be sure.

The clash is brutal, the Spartans fighting to reclaim their liberated property while you fight for the safety of your one-eyed charges. You may not have the numbers, but you have the determination, and your Titans.

When the furor of battle passes, you survey the dead, Symmachy and Argo warriors having fallen side by side, comrades to the end. More numerous by far, however, are the corpses of the Spartans. Among the fallen, you find the body of Basileios, slain by a single blow from one of your Titans. On his broken body, you find a long iron blade, the edge gleaming with a dark substance.

Lose -1 ✕ or -1 Titan. Note *"Ambrosia-infused Sword"* under the Boons section of your Argonaut Sheet. This grants you Fury +1. **See 0030.**

0019

The Spartans are already depleted, and they have nowhere to run. Eventually, with no other option left, they turn and fight.

It was inevitable that the clash would be bloody. What surprises you is how swiftly it is over. In moments, you are left standing over a field of enemy dead, your own losses surprisingly light. The fury of your initial assault did more damage than you'd realized.

Your celebration is soured a little, however, when you realize that the Ephor is nowhere to be seen. It seems he escaped during the chaos.

Mark K1. Party Leader gains +2 Ψ, gain +1 . **See 0030.**

0020

A Cyclops stands atop the dais, leaning over an enormous anvil. A hammer sits in their grasp, striking a glowing lump of metal. A circlet of iron rests upon their skull, cruel metal hooks affixed into an empty eye socket, and chains wrap around their body, binding them.

The giant's eyeless head turns to face you. It seems as though, even in the thundering of this ancient, mystical foundry, their ears are supernaturally sharp.

"We mean you no harm," you declare. "We're here to help. We are no friends of the Nietzschean or his empire."

Sorrow and relief fight on the giant's face as a single bloody tear rolls down their cheek.

If you have none, gain +1 Sisyphus Tear. **See 0024.**

0021

The enemy ranks falter. You are the more unified, lethal force. The Spartans soon descend into a full rout, their Ephor among them.

The pursuit takes you toward the base of the mountain looming over the city. As you draw close, you see it—a temple, carved into the rock itself, its door shattered. Led by the Ephor, the Spartans flee into the dark interior, and you follow.

Within, you find titanic vaulted chambers lined with intricately carved pillars. Immense carvings decorate the walls, inlaid with precious metals that depict towering warriors clad in gleaming armor. The Leleges.

If P4 is marked, **see 0017**. Otherwise, **see 0019.**

0022

Keba requests two guards to escort her while you guide everyone back to their cabins. It feels strange, taking control of a vessel that belongs to your allies, but until this threat is neutralized, you have no choice.

You do not take part in the interrogations, choosing to stand outside the room the Helot has commandeered. However, from the strained words and occasional shouts of fear or pain, you get the feeling the process is not one you wish to witness . . . Too bad you will have to undergo it yourself.

Each Argonaut gains +2 **A**. Gain +2 . Note "Allies Detained" and **see 0047.**

0023

You look into the trusting eyes of the young woman, unable to discern truth from lies.

Choose:

1. *A double agent in the enemy's ranks would be able to do much on your behalf, although maintaining her cover would require allowing her to operate against your allies.*
Gamble on trusting the agent.
Cyclopean Symmachy +1. **See 0054.**

2. *Without being fully certain of her motives, you feel as though Nesaea would always be a liability. While it may deny you a potential asset, perhaps handing her over to the Symmachy for questioning would be wise. If you can trust them . . .*
Hand her over to the Symmachy.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0055.**

0024

"I am Esperos. Hephaeston to my people, the last of my profession," she declares and only then do you realize this Cyclops is a woman.

"Hephaeston?"

"The Spartans call us forge-priests, but we were so much more. We transcribed our people's history in metal, each fold of iron a narrative, an alloy's balance a promise, a blade's temper a threat. Through our craft, the history of the Leleges was recorded."

"So you truly were the dreaded empire of

legend."

"Yes. Our empire spanned the known world. In the name of Ares and strength and glory, immeasurable atrocities were inflicted on the innocent." The giant's head bows wearily. "We murdered mercilessly and indiscriminately. Who we did not kill, we enslaved, and turned into cogs or weapons of the empire."

"So who—"

"Without enemies from without, we turned our hatred inwards. To Ares's joy, we slaughtered one another for centuries until the plains ran red. Then we turned heavenwards . . . and the reprisal was unprecedented." Esperos shakes her head. "But before that happened, the last king of the Leleges, tired of the bloodshed, made the vow of pacifism and led a handful of his followers into the highlands, renouncing empire."

You look at the giant anvil, where a massive, flat blade lies. It is made of an alloy unlike any you have seen before, an odd pattern running through the metal. Even gazing upon the weapon, you feel pressure push down on your mind. The history locked in the blade screams out to you, long and bloody. Esperos touches the hilt hesitantly.

"The Ephor forced me to forge this," she laments. "A subjugator blade. The world has not seen this cruel weapon for an aeon. It's heavy with the immeasurable weight of the sins of the Leleges."

You realize the immense sword could only be wielded by the most powerful of your Titans.

Either gain the *Immeasurable Weight* card (Secret deck 5, card 57) or Cyclopes: Diplomacy +2.

"My people remember their vow of pacifism," says Esperos, "but they do not remember why they swore it. Now, more than ever, they need to remember."

Choose:

1. *The Leleges' vow prevented them from being eradicated, but it has also left them vulnerable to the Nietzschean empire. Without their strength, you may lose this war and everything will be for naught. Perhaps a narrative of the Leleges being forced into pacifism against their will might loosen their vow. You must be cautious, though, for if the deception is ever discovered . . .*

Tell the Cyclopes a false narrative of what happened to the Leleges.

Mark M1. Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +2 . **See 0039.**

2. *The Cyclopes were consumed by death but have turned away from that path, redeeming themselves through generations of pacifism. They deserve to know the full history of their people, even if it only serves to reinforce their adherence to their vow.*

Give the Cyclopes a true account of their past.

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . **See 0042.**

0025 *You glance to the shackles that hold Esperos in place, the bindings so reminiscent of those of a Cyclonus. Many of the chains are fastened directly into her flesh, designed to inflict pain and enforce obedience. You have neither the time nor the knowledge to break these bonds.*

"Go, Argonauts. More Spartans are doubtless on their way. Flee, and take what you have learned here with you."

You know you cannot linger here, but still you hesitate. After what seems like an eternity, you flee the Hephaeston temple.

See 0045.

0026 *The Titans lumber forward at your command, descending the hillside. As they wade into the mists, they release low, animal groans. As quickly as you can, you evacuate the settlement, a dozen or so fearful Cyclopes following your Titans out. Even so, a few of the giant herders fall victim to the swirling mists, stumbling and vanishing into the cloying blackness.*

As the last of the evacuees exits the valley, you turn back to the midnight-black fog. Your Titans soon emerge, the skin of their lower bodies marred by burn marks, black lines and bloated veins. The last one, a mere twenty or so paces from the edge of the valley, suddenly stumbles. A pained scream releases from its belly and it claws at its own flesh, as though trying to tear itself apart to escape the torment. With a pitiful cry, it vanishes into the fog.

Lose -1 Titan.

The Cyclopes are grateful for your aid, and gift you with much in the way of supplies, as much as they can spare. Surprisingly, among their numbers you find some Helots, who were seeking safety with the giants. Homeless once again, they attach themselves to your retinue.

Behind you, the forest has completely vanished, but the swirling fog of oily blackness remains. You remember the fate of the Titan and know that nothing living remains in that once pristine place. And that weapon is still out there.

Mark L3. Gain 4 Relief resources, +1 and +1 Refugees. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0027 *A figure stumbles out of the underbrush, barely recognizable. Perhaps it was once a deer, but now it is something . . . less. The fur sloughs off in ragged patches, exposing skin and muscle. Flesh stained black releases the sickly sweet stink of rot. The creature turns toward you, and you see that the flesh of its face has almost completely fallen away, the eye socket hauntingly empty. It opens its mouth, releasing a loud, tortured bleat. Around you, your Titans cough and gasp as the fog worms its way into your throats.*

"Pull back! Get out of the mist!"

You scale the hillside until you are above the cloying fog. Fresh air fills your lungs, clearing your head.

The forest is entirely engulfed in fumes. Sounds of distressed wildlife surround you, a few small shapes fluttering up out of the smog before falling back to earth, vanishing from view.

Glancing to the side, you spot dark shapes on the edge of the valley. Wagons, armored figures swarming around them. Thick black fumes spill forth from them, tumbling down into the valley.

If P4 is marked, **see 0013.** Otherwise, **see 0041.**

0028 *The sun hangs high in the sky as your ships race toward your rendezvous with the* Argo. *Gathering on the upper deck of one of the septiremes, you meet with the closest thing the Cyclopes have to leadership at this point, the two Cyclopes known as Kalmenes and Serapion.*

Kalmenes holds something in his hands, a shimmering metal shape. One of your Titans' weapons, damaged in the morning's assault. The blade has been repaired and . . . altered. The weapon seems sturdier. You marvel at the improvements.

One of your non-Unique weapon cards gains the "masterwork" keyword. Note it on the Argo Sheet.

"This is exceptional work," you comment.

The Cyclops bows his head. "Smithing has always been a gift of my people. For as long as we recall, metal has bent to our whims."

"Curious. Such talent, and yet you resign yourselves to living as herdsmen?"

"That's exactly what I have been trying to tell our elders." Serapion glowers at his kinsman.

"But my arguments always fall on deaf ears. My brethren would rather hide than try to fix the world's problems."

"You are young, Serapion. You lack the wisdom that comes with experience," Kalmenes retorts, the normally calm Cyclops growing a little more animated. "The vow of pacifism is a part of who we are. If we forsake it, we turn our backs on everything that we stand for!"

Gain +1 .

Suddenly, the alarm siren blares. You look back, spotting black shapes cutting through the waves. Spartan Paliroia, wave-hunters. They are moving to flank and catch you between their blackened hulls and the shoreline, where enemy cavalry moves parallel to your course.

Choose:

1. *The Cyclopes cannot hide from the wars of the world. If you continue to fight their battles for them, they will never learn to defend themselves.*

Force the Cyclopes to fight for themselves.

Mark J2. Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0005.**

2. *The Cyclopes have lived peacefully for as long as memory recalls. Breaking that ingrained culture would likely damage the Cyclopes society for generations to come.*

Have the *Argo*'s warriors fight to protect the Cyclopes.

Lose -1 . Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0010.**

3. *You won't ask the Cyclopes to break their vow of pacifism, but you cannot defend the giants by yourselves without sustaining heavy losses. You could risk pressing hard, but you'd be leaving everything in the hands of your allies—or the Fates.*

Press onwards in the hopes of uniting with allied forces.

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0006.**

0029 *"It is an honor to meet with you. It is not often we encounter representatives from the lands of Kush and Egypt."*

You feel Pheidias wince at your side as you mention this last place. Across from you, Amanirenas sneers at your words.

"Egypt is a shadow of its former self. They weep over the corpse of their precious river and pray to gods who have fallen silent. We no longer concern ourselves with them. The Eschaton sundered the lands of Sinai and opened the way for us to trade directly with the people of the north, rather than moving our goods along the Nile and negotiating with the Pharaohs of the Old Kingdom."

You curse inwardly, realizing your misstep. The negotiations are not off to a good start.

Party Leader gains +2 . **See 0032.**

0030 *In the hush that follows the battle, you hear a low, rhythmic clanging coming from deeper beneath the mountain.*

You follow the sound down another mural-lined passage. In the carvings, figures clad in gleaming armor and wearing blood-red sashes go to war against an army of figures just like themselves, girdled belts of deepest blue. Cities burn beneath their feet. Prisoners kneel beneath the blade of a towering figure wearing a crown-like helm.

As the images continue, the crowned Leleges leads smaller and smaller numbers, until at last only he remains. He removes his crowned helm, casting it away, and it is only now that you can finally see his face. The noble jawline, powerful cheekbones, and single, central eye. A Cyclops.

As the puzzle pieces fall into place, realization dawns . . . or maybe you always knew. The pacifist herders were once the most brutal, expansionist empire of old.

You shake your heads. There will be time for that later. You resume your march and soon emerge in an enormous cavern. Statues tower above you, Cyclopes supporting the ceiling upon their shoulders like Atlas holding up the heavens. Deep pits plunge into the earth around a raised dais, molten rock far below raising the temperature of the air to unbearable levels.

Even here, in this place of reverential awe, you see signs of the bloody past the murals told of. Remnants of slave-powered machina can be seen against the chamber walls. Shackles hang from columns ringing the dais, places to hang prisoners, perhaps as a punishment, or as a warning. As you look at the massive structure, you can feel the ghosts of history lingering here, a taint that sits heavy on the air.

If K1 is marked, **see 0014.** Otherwise, **see 0020.**

0031 *"Welcome, Trade Mistress Amanirenas." You bow respectfully. "It is a privilege to meet with you. The power and wisdom of the Nubians is well known. We hope that a bargain can be struck that will benefit both of us."*

"So formal!" Amanirenas chuckles. "Are all Argonauts so well mannered? Far more respectful than those brutes the Nietzschean sends to deal with me. I think the fact that I am a woman upsets them. They . . . lack the enlightenment of our own empire."

You feel a twinge of unease at her words. Knowing she has had such close dealings with your enemies is troubling. She smirks at your changing expression.

Subtract -1 . **See 0032.**

0032 *"We cannot be seriously considering dealing with these vultures, can we?" Ancus interrupts. "They put weapons in the hands of our enemies! Trade information to both sides. They even deal in slaves!"*

"Slaves is an ugly word." Amanirenas shrugs. "We prefer 'servants.' We simply offer aid to those who can pay. We have no quarrel with you. It's just business."

"She's right," the Heliast mutters. "In times of war, there will always be those who play to both sides. It's up to us to make the more attractive offer."

"You see?" Amanirenas smirks. "Your Symmachy overseer understands how things work. Now, are we to make a bargain, or shall things continue to be awkward?"

Choose:

1. *The Nubians are merchants first. You cannot afford to make yet another enemy, and there's no knowing what alternative deals they may make with the empire.*

Strike a deal with the Nubians.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0033.**

2. *The Nubians may not be your enemy yet, but they bargained with the Nietzschean far longer than with you. A fair-weather ally who deals in slavery. Better to burn that bridge early.*

Refuse to do business with the Nubians.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0034.**

0033 *Amanirenas smiles broadly as you open the negotiations. They last for some time, the Trade Mistress driving a hard bargain, but in the end you gain much, including some rarities the Nubians have collected on their travels: pieces of Primordials that you know you can make use of, and a captive Titan, a prize beyond the value of gold or supplies.*

As the delegation departs the Argo, *you glance to your allies. Pheidias is unreadable, but Ancus is clearly troubled. You wonder how making such a bargain might affect your alliance with the Helots. How can the former slaves tolerate ones who make deals with slavers?*

Gain 2 Cyclopean Metal resources, +1 Titan, and +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0034 *"We don't deal with slavers," you growl.*

Amanirenas's eyes narrow as she meets your gaze. "Be very careful what you say, Argonaut," the Nubian Trade Mistress cautions. "You wouldn't want us as an enemy."

Her warriors tense, hands reaching for their weapons as they cluster in a defensive ring around their leader. You consider attacking for a moment longer, but you know that the massacre that would follow would be too costly.

"It didn't have to be this way, Argonauts," she rumbles. "Now, let us go, or face much bloodshed."

Reluctantly, you allow the Trade Mistress and her retinue to depart.

Ancus is grateful for your stance opposing the slavers, and offers warriors and resources from his forces to help reinforce the Argo. *You turn from him to watch the Nubian vessels slip away from the Argo and cannot help but wonder if you made the right choice. Amanirenas, you are sure, will go to your enemies with any resources at her disposal.*

Gain +1 , 4 Relief resources. Mark N1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0035 *Passing through the camp, you observe what you can from the shadows. Every recruit you see—some mere children—bears horrific cuts and brands. You also spot a line of cages just large enough to hold a mortal, but not broad enough for them to lie down. Their inhabitants have neither eaten nor drunk in some time and are barely conscious.*

You come to the edge of a broad training field, where a cluster of recruits face a taller officer clad in light armor and bearing the machina that you know to be of the Thanporos: hip-mounted attachments that can fire rope and a grappling hook over long distances and pull the warrior aloft, allowing him to sail through the air like a hawk. He is currently screaming at a youngster, a man barely out of his teens. Mikon gasps as he gazes upon him.

"My boy . . . My son!"

"Your son is here?" you ask sharply. Mikon flinches fearfully.

"Forgive me, Argonauts. I thought if I told you the truth, you would not help me. They took Alcaeos months ago. Please, we must save these boys! They don't deserve this!"

Choose:

1. *Your companion has a point. If you leave these young men in the clutches of the Nietzschean, they will be indoctrinated into his machina of war.*

Help Mikon to rescue his son and the other Helot youths.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0036.**

2. *You'll never get a second chance at this. Once your presence is discovered, the empire will bulk up their defenses. The beasts in the cages could cause a lot of damage if released, although the harm they cause will be out of your control.*

Unleash the beasts from their pens and destroy the whole facility.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 . **See 0037.**

0036 *You rush the officer, who gives a surprised cry before you swiftly strike him down. The young recruits stare at you blankly. It seems as though whatever ordeal they've endured has left them mentally able to process very little. Perhaps they have been subjected to the cages you saw before, and some kind of brainwashing.*

"Alcaeos?" Mikon rushes toward his son. "It's me, your father!"

"Father?" The boy's voice is distant, his eyes unfocused. "They said . . . I have no father. Just a fatherland . . ."

The youngster sags, looking up to Mikon with suddenly brightening eyes, and the pair fall into a tight embrace. You feel a blossom of warmth in your chest as you see the pair reunited, the Nietzschean's attempt to shatter their bond undone. Mikon looks to you and the gratitude shining in his eyes is as bright as Helios's chariot.

You order a retreat, your crew spiriting away the youngsters—those that do not resist, that is. The enemy finds you before you leave the camp, and the fighting is fierce.

On returning to the Argo, *Alcaeos and Mikon are quick to volunteer to join you, eager to put a stop to the empire that so nearly destroyed them.*

You glance back to the shore, uncertain whether you've made the right choice. The camp persists, and it will not be long before more Titan-killers are being trained.

Gain +1 Defector and +1 . Lose -1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0037 *Seconds after you break the locks on the cages, chaos erupts. A Titan thunders from its pen, a terrible growl in its throat. The other captured beasts break loose and tear the camp apart. Screams of horror mix with the roaring snarls of monsters. Very few survivors persist, the most numerous among the slain being the young, the inexperienced. You feel guilt churn inside your heart. You could have saved them.*

Moving through the chaos, you find a lone figure kneeling next to a corpse that you recognize. Mikon lies slain, his son leaning over him and . . . weeping. A bloody dagger is still clutched in his hands.

"He . . . he was the enemy." His voice is distant, unfocused. "He made me weak . . ."

Your heart goes out to the broken, confused soldier, but there is nothing you can do. Reluctantly, you turn away. You know that the image of the broken man, little more than a child, will stick with you. The Nietzschean must be stopped, before more sons can be turned against fathers like this, before more monsters of war can be unleashed on the world.

Departing the ruins of the camp, you find a Titan wandering through the wreckage, silent as it regards the chaos. With a little work, you capture it for return to the Argo.

Gain +1 Titan and +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0038 *You take a breath, but the air seizes in your lungs. Your body is wracked with pain as every muscle pulses. Glancing down at your hands, you see the droplets forming on your skin, slithering across your flesh to trace the network of your veins. Wherever the cloying darkness touches you, flames of agony scorch your mind.*

Any Argonaut with the *Black Breath* Affliction gains +2 . **See 0027.**

0039 *You feel a twinge of unease, but you know what you need to do. Too many people will perish needlessly if the Cyclopes continue to cling to their pacifist ways. A Cyclops civilization more prepared for war will be an immensely valuable forced into exile. Their nomadic ways were not a choice but a punishment, and to defy their ancient enemies they need to rise up once more and take up arms. You can only pray that the giants will not find out the truth, at least, not until the Nietzschean is defeated.*

Make 2 tally marks under Vow in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. **See 0025.**

0041

Deep in the valley, the campfires of the Cyclopes encampment can be seen, the swirling midnight doom rapidly closing in. You realize that the giant herdsmen are unaware of the peril and will soon be consumed.

Turning back to the edge of the valley, you can already see the strange wagons moving away.

Choose:

1. *You've seen the horrors that this weapon can inflict. The Cyclopes will not survive without help. Your crew will not endure the smog, but your Titans . . . Perhaps they will stand a chance.*
Help the Cyclopes escape the valley.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0026.**

2. *It may already be too late for the Cyclopes, while if you let the Spartans get away, you'll miss the chance to study this technology and perhaps come up with a counter to it.*
Pursue the Spartans and secure the weapon.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 ⛫. **See 0043.**

0042

You cannot doom the Cyclopes to repeating the mistakes of old. You will not hide these lessons, paid for in blood, from those you claim to call your allies. The one-eyed giants may distance themselves from the war, leading to greater costs for your crew, but you are not here just to spill the blood of your enemies. You are fighting a far more dangerous foe than just the Nietzschean—you are fighting his ideology, an ideology that the history of the Leleges directly refutes.

If K1 is marked, **see 0044**. Otherwise, **see 0025**.

0043

You circle around the valley's edge toward the Spartan forces. Reinforced by your Titans, you charge them, overwhelming the small escort with ease. These warriors were expecting pacifist Cyclops herders, not the battle-hardened Argonauts and their beasts of war.

Once the fury of battle has passed, only a few Spartans remain alive, kneeling in the dirt with their hands raised in surrender. Out of these few, one stands out, a surprisingly frail individual. He identifies himself as a scholar, assigned by the Nietzschean to study and adapt plundered Leleges relics, including the devices stowed in the wagons. In exchange for his life, he offers to help you study how this ambrosia-fueled machina, this 'Breath of the Grave,' works, and how best to protect yourselves against it. You accept, taking your new prisoners and the scraps of the ancient machina for further study back on the Argo.

Departing the valley, you glance backward. The forest has completely vanished, but the swirling fog of oily blackness remains. Nothing that once lived remains, be it plant, animal, or Cyclops. Your heart twinges with guilt. You can only hope that securing the weapon for further study was worth the giants' sacrifice, and that a counter to the deadly mists can be developed.

Gain +1 Defector and +2 ⛉. If none of your Titans has it, assign the *Umbral Strain* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0044

Slumping over the anvil, the Cyclops's breathing is becoming heavier. You know there is nothing you can do for her at this point. Surprisingly, Esperos's features are calm. She is at peace with herself, accepting of her fate. You wonder what her suffering must have been like to make it so easy to accept death. Eventually, the last of the Hephaestons slips away.

Sparing a final glance backward, you flee the Hephaeston temple. Behind you, the last record-keeper of the Leleges lies dead, a voice of the past silenced by the Nietzschean.

Any Argonauts may lose their *Consumed by Rage* Afflictions. **See 0045.**

0045

When you return to the Argo, *you find the Old Priest waiting for you, a wise glimmer deep in his eyes. He listens to your tale, and nods his head sagely. "Tyranny is an alluring snare, difficult to escape, and it always exacts a terrible toll in the end. Beware of falling victim to this fate yourselves, lest in unseating one tyrant you give rise to another."*

Gain +1 ⛫. Subtract -2 ⛉. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0046

The Helot grunts in disgust at your choice but does not protest further. You set about searching the ship from top to bottom. It is a long and laborious process, and soon you find bodies hidden about the ship, strange markings marring their faces. The Metonym is collecting new aliases. A this point it is also far to late for confinement to work—anyone on the ship could be the spy.

Lose -1 ✕ and **see 0047**.

0047

Dawn breaks. Tension fills the air as the time for the talks to resume approaches. You have but a short time before Pylenor arrives and the assassin may strike, so you split up to search the ship.

Each Argonaut must test Cunning or Wisdom (8+). If 'Allies Detained' was noted, add +3 to the test. Gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *Not all wounds are physical. Paranoia cuts deeper than any blade.* Gain +2 Ψ.

0–1 success: *You feel as though every face you run into poses a threat and flinch at shadows. You cannot trust anybody, even your own crew. A call echoes forth from above deck. Pylenor has returned.* If P4 is marked, and ⛉ 6+, **see 0051**. Otherwise, **see 0048**.

2–3 successes: *Try as you might, you have no luck tracking down this mysterious assassin. Every time you think you have a lead, it turns into another dead end. There is a clamor from above decks. Pylenor is returning.* **See 0049.**

4 successes: *You find a soldier's corpse hastily hidden in a storage crate. A discarded mask is beside them. The body is still warm; you are close. You rush to pursue them.* **See 0050.**

0048

By the time you reach the upper deck of the ship, you're too late. Pylenor lies in a pool of his own blood, what looks like a Symmachy warrior standing over him. He turns to you with a triumphant smirk, then lifts his blade to his own throat. The Metonym dies without a sound, and you are left with two bodies, no alliance with Pylenor or his house, and a fierce sense of frustration deep within you.

Mark M6. Gain +1 ⛫. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0049

You climb onto the upper deck just in time to spot Orthaeus meeting with Pylenor. A Symmachy guard moves in close, dagger in hand. Pylenor cries out in fear as they lunge for him.

You rush the assassin, protecting Pylenor with your bodies. As much as you'd like to capture the face-changer, it is clear the enemy agent does not plan to be taken alive. They will kill one of you, or die trying. Reluctantly, you strike him down. Unfortunately, the damage has been done.

"If the empire could send an agent here to strike at me, then nowhere is safe," Pylenor stammers fearfully. "I am sorry, Argonauts. It was a mistake coming here. It is clear who is strong and who is weak."

You cannot convince the Spartan to join your cause, but his gratitude for saving his life does extend to offering you supplies and repairs.

Mark M6. Gain +1 ⛉ and 4 War Triremes resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0050

You arrive on the upper deck to see the soldier whose corpse you just found standing close to where the delegates are welcoming Pylenor aboard. You tackle them, seizing them firmly by the arms and dragging them below deck to a cell, where they will remain until you have time for a proper interrogation.

The negotiations resume, and a deal is finally brokered. Pylenor will provide regular supplies and intelligence. One of his men will travel with you, a native guide to help you plan your future actions against the empire.

Mark M6. Gain +1 ⛉ and +1 Defector. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0051

The delegates gather to meet with Pylenor. Among them, you spot the Scarred Veteran watching the proceedings with piercing eyes.

Before anyone can respond, your ally steps up to Pylenor and drives a dagger deep into the Spartan noble's belly. Pylenor chokes, eyes full of surprise, before he slumps to the deck, lifeless.

The Scarred Veteran turns to you, a wicked smile on their peeling face. Then they bolt for the side of the ship, dodging any guards in his way, and dive into the waves, vanishing without a trace.

The Scarred Veteran is found on one of the lower decks, unconscious. Fury fills him as he realizes what has happened. Pylenor is dead and with him, the promise of alliance. Worse still, you see a number of Helots eyeing your Spartan ally with fear. Rumor and distrust will spread. Perhaps this is the greatest purpose of the face-changers, to sow such discord. If so, they have succeeded, as many, including some of you Argonauts, wonder why the Metonym killed the other victims, but left the Spartan alive.

Mark M6. Gain +1 ⛫. Helots: Diplomacy -1. You may cross out P4 (Scarred Veteran), if you like. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0052

You look into the trusting eyes of the young woman, unable to discern truth from lies.

Choose:

1. *A double agent in the enemy's ranks would be able to do much on your behalf, although maintaining her cover would require allowing her to operate against your allies.*
Gamble on trusting the agent.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0056.**

2. *Without being fully certain of her motives, you feel as though Nesaea would always be a liability. While it may deny you a potential asset, perhaps handing her over to the Symmachy for questioning would be wise. If you can trust them.*
Hand her over to the Symmachy.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0055.**

0054

Nesaea smiles at your answer and you bring her onto the Argo *for a full debriefing. Later that day, you are roused from your pensive thoughts by a sudden commotion. You rush to the source of the noise, near the Titan Stoa. Arriving on the scene, you see one of the giant creatures writhing on the deck, clutching at its chest and throat. Foamy spittle escapes from beneath its Antikrates Helm as it unleashes struggling gasps of breath. Then, it grows still.*

Nesaea is nowhere to be found. Rage fills you, fury at being deceived and over the loss of the Titan. The Krypteia played you and achieved their goal. Your trustworthiness used against you.

The party leader gains +1 Ω. Gain +1 ⛫. Lose -1 Titan and subtract -2 ⛉. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0055

You cannot take a chance with the security of your alliance, or your home. You take the agent prisoner. She struggles for a moment but soon realizes she stands no chance of resisting.

"I thought you were different from the Nietzschean," she says, with sadness in her eyes, "but you are all the same in the end."

You hand her over to spymaster Syagra and she takes her to the Diaspora Fleet. Sometime later, the Symmachy shares the intelligence they wrung out of her, and informs you she died during the interrogation process.

"She died?" you ask, shocked. "So was she trying to betray us. Was this some kind of ruse?"

Syagra looks deep into your eyes, you cannot read her. "Impossible to verify."

Then she leaves and you are left to wonder: what is this war making out of you?

Party leader gains 2 Despair tokens. Gain +1 ⛉ and +2 ⛉. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0056

Reluctantly, you accept her offer. "Thank you, Argonauts. You truly are different."

Nesaea smiles at your decision, proceeding to share much information with you. She tells you of the training that goes into the creation of a Krypteia agent, the current priorities of her organization and an impending mission to strike at your home, the gargantuan city-ship. With that, you gain much, and are able to pass this intelligence on to your allies.

However, this aid comes at a price. In order to maintain her position within the Krypteia, you must give Nesaea useful information in return. It fills your heart with nausea to do it, but you offer a few tidbits that will cause minor harm to your allies. You can only hope that this price will be justified by the good you might achieve.

Gain +1 Defector, +1 ⛉ and +2 ⛉. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0058

Approaching a market square, you spot a tall figure clad in the distinctive Spartiades Command armor. His confident authority is unmistakable. This is the commander of the camp, Ephor Basileios. You draw close enough to eavesdrop as he listens to a subordinate's report.

"The work continues apace, my lord. The excavation machina works as intended, and supplies of ambrosia from the Umbral Fields are plentiful."

"And the Nietzschean's . . . pet?"

"Still resisting, but it will break, in time. We will have access to the secrets of the forge-priest temple soon."

"Perhaps it will be more pliable with some added coercion," the Ephor muses. "Begin executing slaves until it cooperates."

Choose:

1. *The slaves are innocent victims, and you will not allow their lives to be bargaining chips. If revealing yourself is the price, so be it.*
Prioritize the slave pens and freeing the Cyclopes.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0001.**

2. *Your heart goes out to the slaves, but you have a mission to accomplish. You can end this operation for good. There's no telling what artifacts the Ephor has already retrieved.*
Prioritize sabotaging the works.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0015.**

Misery Industry

α	Dark Waters	
1–2	The Living and the Dead	☐
3–4	Maws of Byzantion	☐
5–6	Market Forces	☐
7–8	Night Trade	☐
9–10	Cost of Progress	☐
☊	Burn It Down	

α Dark Waters — *Tragedy*

The air grows thick around you, oppressively heavy as the skies overhead choke with dark clouds, blotting out the sun. Dotting the landscape like lonely monolithic giants are the ambrosia drilling platforms of the empire, the looming 'Elephants,' tall against the sky, their blocky structures casting long shadows. These are the Umbral Fields, the heart of the empire's vast ambrosia extraction operation.

Ahead, an enormous column of thick black smoke, a mountain of flame, ash and debris, rises into the heavens. Strange, silvery light flickers through it, flashes of energy like lightning but somehow different. A creeping sensation of unease seeps through your body as you draw closer.

The ground is covered in a thick layer of damp sludge, gray ash sticking to your feet and pulling you downward. Around you, vast pools of oozing black fluid gather in the contours of the land, foul-smelling lakes of oily darkness. Your swift march soon becomes a challenging slog as your boots are caked with black-stained muck, and fatigue sets in. You get the sense that as strong as you are, the very land itself is sapping you.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Courage (8+). If you have the *Black Breath* Affliction, subtract -1. If L3 is marked, subtract -1. You may gain +1 Ψ and/or +1 ♙ to add +1 each.

0–1 success: *Navigating the toxic swamp proves to be too much, even for seasoned warriors such as yourselves.* If L3 is marked, **see 0001**. Otherwise, **see 0002**.

2–3 successes: *Moving a large force through difficult terrain is a challenge, but one you are willing to rise to. Your only worry is that the local population that may hinder or slow your progress.* **See 0003**.

4 successes: *You are the Argonauts. You faced the Labyrinth and the might of Temenos. You shape your own fate. You can handle the trappings of a tainted mire.* **See 0004**.

1–2 The Living and the Dead — *Heritage*

You glance upward, taking in the shape of the recently retaken facility. Clouds of black smoke belch from the summit of this structure, an ambrosia 'Elephant.' It is part of the Nietzschean's war machine, a complex to extract the slick black fluid from deep underground. Morose silence hangs over the Helot army camp sitting in its shadow, a heavy pall that weighs on the mind. The funeral pyres you passed on your way in were all too powerful a reminder that even capturing a relatively lightly defended Spartan facility has a severe cost.

A sudden clamor rings out from beyond the platform. You move to investigate, finding one of the Helots standing before a semicircle of towering Cyclopes. Despite of the giants' immense size, the somewhat scrawny woman appears undaunted.

"My people have paid a terrible cost for this conquest!" she protests.

"The burial chambers this abominable mechamism is situated over belonged to our people!" the leader of the Cyclopes snarls.

The Helot looks to you plaintively. "Please understand, my people have nothing. We finally have something of value here, a way to build our future!"

"Go look for your black poison elsewhere!"

"Where? Finding a good site is impossible." The Helot sighs. "Before the Nietzschean came, the Umbral Fields were a bastion of the Cult of Hades. The dead are buried everywhere!"

Choose:

1. *The dead deserve to rest in peace. Your alliance may need ambrosia, but ripping apart the culture of the giants to get it is not the way. You'll find another source of the liquid.*

Support the Cyclopes in reclaiming their burial site.

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0011.**

2. *You sympathize with the giants, but the Helot has a point—without this, his people have nothing of value to barter with. This kind of poverty would keep them enslaved to the Spartans, or vulnerable to another predator taking control of them.*

Support the Helots in keeping the Elephant operational.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain 12 Chimeric Tar resources and +1 ♙. **See 0012.**

3. *If the two factions continue to bicker like this, your alliance will tear itself apart. The only way to stop this is to intercede directly. Perhaps under your control, the platform can be used with minimal damage to the graves below, although you doubt such a decision will earn you any favor with either side.*

Have some of the *Argo*'s crew take over the Elephant's operation.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 ✾ and 6 Chimeric Tar resources. **See 0013.**

3–4 Maws of Byzantion — *Voyage*

The Symmachy-designed weapons are impressive. Enormous barrels of worked bronze have been carved to resemble ravenous serpents, their snouts opened in a hungering roar.

The rumble echoes far across the landscape, bouncing from the distant hills to your ears once more. Liquid flames wash over the thicket and the test buildings, consuming wood and sticking to stone. They spread frighteningly fast and are fickle to the changing winds, so much so that the Symmachy contingent has hard time containing them.

Still, the Archon who called you here, Telinea, gazes upon her creations with pride. Behind her, a towering Cyclops bears a dour expression, his eye narrowed with unreadable emotions. It is hard to understand the giants at the best of times, and this one is clearly guarding his thoughts.

"Magnificent, are they not?" Telinea asks you. "A single brace of these flame ballistae could destroy an entire fleet in seconds. Just think of what the Argo could do with a dozen of these installed along her hull!"

"Do not be too proud of this technological terror you have constructed, Archon," the Cyclops growls. "You took this invention from my people, from the ancient forges of the Cyclopes. We extinguished those forges for a reason long ago. The damage it can wreak, the unstoppable infernos it can birth, will scar the land and destroy countless lives."

The giant turns to face you, a pleading look in his eyes. "Argonauts, I beg of you, try and make this woman see reason! These machines cannot be unleashed upon the land."

Choose:

1. *The Cyclops is right. These flames cannot be controlled. Your Symmachy allies may be displeased, but you must be careful that, in your quest to defeat the Nietzschean, you do not unleash worse terrors upon the world.*

Condemn the use of these weapons.

Gain Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0032.**

2. *This is war. You need weapons such as these to counter the empire. There may be a grim cost to their use, as flame consumes foe and ally alike, but this may give the Symmachy a means of directly combating the Primordials.*

Support the development of the Maws of Byzantion.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +2 ⛉ and the *Maw of Byzantion* 🁢 card (Secret deck 5, card 59). **See 0033.**

5–6 Market Forces — *Crime*

The cacophony of the squabbling men and women is loud in your ears, a rabble of conflicting voices vying for dominance.

The Argo *finds itself host to a meeting of dozens of representatives of the Resistance, a conclave called to discuss the state of the war. Many matters have already been raised, from the growing numbers of freed Helot slaves fleeing southward to escape the worst of the conflict to the reports of Primordials roaming the central plains, and to the apportioning of lands hard won in battle. Each dignitary present pushes for the best terms for their people, and you are witness to much posturing and political bravado. If you are honest, it is quite tiresome, but a grim necessity of any alliance.*

You glance up as the two most vocal groups—a collection of nobles from the Symmachy's Ecclesia and a cadre of Archons from the Diaspora Fleet's military wing—raise their voices in an increasingly heated debate.

Choose the first option that applies:

If D5 is marked, **see 0034**.

If C7 is not marked, but D9 or D10 is marked, then **see 0035**.

Otherwise, **see 0036**.

7–8 Night Trade — *Dream*

You glance down from the clifftop, watching the comings and goings on the bay far below. Upon the waters, you see a small fleet of ships. They are sleek vessels, hulls low to the water, sails made of black cloth. All the better for operating under the cover of night. Typical smugglers' craft, you know that these ships carry cargo of a very specialized kind—slaves.

These are not Palirroia but rather a mercenary band eager to make a quick coin off the suffering of others. You feel the bile rise in your throat at the thought. The slavers do not know of your presence, so now is the time for you to move against them.

Choose:

1. *These slavers may not recognize you. You could deceive them by pretending to be interested buyers. You will be stalking into the mouth of the lion's den, but you are the Argonauts.*

Meet with the slavers directly, posing as possible clients.

Lose 10 War Trireme resources (if you can't, lose -1 ✕). **See 0018.**

2. *If you allow yourselves to be captured, you can get in among the slaves and figure out a way to break them out. It will be risky but worth it if you can save all the slaves in these mercenaries' holds. If things go south, you will just have to rely on the crew of the* Argo *to come to your aid.*

Allow the slavers to catch you as potential merchandise.

Gain +2 ⛉. One Argonaut with a *Tragedy* Mnemos card gains 1 Mnemos node. **See 0043.**

9–10 Cost of Progress — *Family*

The clamorous noise of the work camp bombards your ears as, clad in the torn rags of Helot slaves, you scuttle your way between tents and ramshackle huts. Overhead, the looming structure of the ambrosia Elephant stands tall, belching out voluminous clouds of smoke and ash into the sky. You were called here by one of your agents, reporting of an Imperial facility developing new ways of processing ambrosia. It was rumored that this encampment was not only producing the black fluid at a greatly increased rate, but that the product was more volatile.

As you lie in wait, a terrible, fiery explosion rips through the camp, plumes of choking black smoke rising into the air as flickering tongues of flame jump up from the machina at the heart of the operation. Screams of pain and fear rise.

Choose:

1. *The cataclysm seems to be centered on the work pits at the heart of the camp, where the Cyclopes operate heavy machinery. They are the most at risk. It would be dangerous to move so deeply into the facility and your mission here has another focus, but without your help, many giants will surely die.*

Help the Cyclopes workers escape, regardless of the risks to yourself.

Gain Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0025.**

2. *This chaos, whatever the cause, presents an opportunity to you. If you make your way to the slave camp, perhaps you can free the Helots trapped there. This may not be the goal of your mission, but saving lives is more important than finding information.*

Focus on rescuing the Helots and hope you are still able to carry out your mission afterward.

Gain Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0026.**

3. *As much as you want to help, you have another reason for being here. You can use the time while the Spartans are distracted by the flames to search the soldier barracks unnoticed and find information relevant to your mission.*

Focus on your mission, leaving the workforce to their fate.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0027.**

☊ Burn It Down — *Gods*

The vast plain stretches before you, an expanse of blighted landscape scorched clean of any trace of green vegetation. Menacing the devastated land, immense marble and iron towers ascend far into the sky. Dozens of ambrosia Elephants vomit thick, acrid smoke heavenwards. The immense clouds of roiling fumes are a churning black mingled with a strange, flickering inner light.

At the heart of this plateau of oppressive industrialization, a massive temple complex crouches upon a low hill, with avenues of mausoleums and tombs carved from black granite worming their way down the gentle slopes: an immense necropolis. Once a monument to the glory of Hades, now it is the heart of the Umbral Fields, the organ that pumps ambrosia through the empire's arteries. And in its shadow, a sprawling city of slaves.

The news that led you here, little more than hearsay, was certainly sparse. The empire has been channeling hundreds, thousands of slaves into this location. And all the while, more and more ambrosia has been diverted here than exported, which just doesn't make sense. Unless . . .

You eye the elite Symmachy troops mustering in the hills. You notice the excessive amounts of sea fire amphorae. They're here to stop the Nietzschean's operation, by any means necessary. The collateral damage to the workforce will be high, yet there is no hesitation to their preparations. Maybe they know more than you, but if they do, they're not letting on.

You ask for a few hours of a head start.

"Very well. But I can only give you until dusk." The Symmachy commander gives a reluctant grunt of assent.

Choose:

1. *There are countless abducted Lakonians, Athenians and Cyclopes among those slave camps. You could disguise yourselves and mingle with them to move through the facility, and perhaps spread the word among them of the imminent attack.*

Infiltrate the slave camps.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0006.**

2. *While a desire to help the slaves of the work camps pulses strongly within you, you know that exposing your presence even to friendly eyes would threaten the mission. However, infiltrating the Imperial barracks may provide a path for you to learn about the facility and cripple it, rendering the Symmachy attack unnecessary.*

Infiltrate the barracks disguised as Spartan soldiers.

Lose -1 Humanity. Subtract -2 ⛉. **See 0008.**

0001 *As you press on through a low valley, you hear a loud click. Glancing around, you spy a mechanism on the ground near the foot of one of your crew. The device is spewing forth a thick, black fog you recognize. Already your people cough and splutter as dense fumes choke the air.*

The Breath of the Grave.

You hurriedly order a retreat to higher ground, but it is too late for some. A number of warriors fall to their knees as black oil coats their skin, inky rivulets flowing from their eyes and nostrils.

Lose -1 ✕. **See 0005.**

0002 *You struggle against the mire's clutches to no avail until, with a powerful lunge, one of your Titans reaches forward and tears you from the mud, lifting you free. It continues to tear crewmembers out of the muck, lifting them to freedom, ignorant of its own safety. By the time your people are safe, the bog has risen to its waist. You try to help the colossus free of the sludge, but the pull exerted on the massive body is too great. With a fearful howl, the Titan slips beneath the surface.*

Lose -1 Titan. **See 0005.**

0003 *Shapes appear in the distance, clustered atop a low hill. Upon spotting you, they wave frantically. You cautiously approach to find a growing pool of oily black material swamping the base of the hill, surrounding the figures and cutting them off from any escape. The group, you can now see, are a collection of bedraggled men and women, couted in thick filth, their clothes little more than rags. Helots stranded by the flow of ambrosia. With the aid of a Titan wading into the midnight mire surrounding them, you are able to guide the Helots to safety.*

Gain +1 Refugees. **See 0005.**

0004 *As you progress deeper into the toxic swamp, you spot a pattern. Large indentations in the soil, like immense footprints. Even your Titans would be dwarfed by whatever creature created these markings.*

There are other odd things too: ripples upon the surfaces of the oily pools shift contrary to the wind or run up vertical areas. At one point, you swear you see a hand of pure black, like a sculpture of carved onyx stone, rise from a pool to claw toward the sky.

Subtract -2 ▼ or gain +1 ⍾. **See 0005.**

0005 *Dusk falls across the land, the glow of the smoking pillar ahead casting sinister shadows. You press on until you reach the base of the infernal column, where a hellish scene ripped straight from the Eschaton itself awaits you. An enormous pit has opened up in the earth, and you can see ambrosia pipelines running toward the lip of the crater, where they abruptly end in ragged, torn metal.*

One of your number steps up to the very precipice of the crater. There, in the middle of the mighty chasm, is a roiling, churning mass, a thrashing blackness like the heart of the abyss itself given form. The sight transfixes you. Your mind hears a call that awakens a memory. You lift one foot to step out into the void.

Least likely Argonaut gains +1 Ѧ and the *Spewed by the Abyss* Mnemos card.

A figure tackles you to the ground, using his body to push you away from the pit. He is a truly sorry figure, a twisted form that was once a man. His arms are stained pitch black, dozens of sores marring his once proud musculature. Scraps of Spartan armor remain on his frame, but they are scorched, burned away in some places. His eyes are bloodshot, and he wheezes with every breath.

"Stay away from the pit!" he croaks, bloody spittle foaming on his cracked lips. "It'll kill you before the dawn!"

You interrogate the delirious Spartan, but it is difficult to keep him focused as pain seems to shoot through his body almost constantly, reducing many of his words to agonized ramblings. In the end, only a few scant phrases stand out to you: ambrosia, reservoir, Chimera. That last one sends a shiver down your spine.

You survey your surroundings. If this was like any other ambrosia extraction facility, then there would have been a substantial Cyclopes labor force, and a few of the giants may still live in the wreckage. On the other hand, there would have been tents and quarters established for the officers of the facility, where you might find information on the operations of the place.

Choose:

1. *Any moment you spend among this blighted wreckage presents a threat to you and your crew. But any survivors in the devastation face the same risks. You need to find them, no matter the danger, and get them to safety.*
Scour the ruins for survivors.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0014.**

2. *If the Spartan is to be believed, these ruins are too dangerous to be around. Seeking out the remains of an overseer's quarters or some other kind of building, farther away from the wreckage, would protect you from whatever the foul ooze and fumes are, and perhaps reveal some truths about this place.*
Keep a safe distance and investigate the Spartan facilities.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0016.**

0006 *A faint wail rises from one tent. As you pass by, you see a young woman cradling a small bundle in her arms. Tears carve channels through the dirt that stains her cheeks while she rocks back and forth, primal shrieks of inconsolable grief tearing from her throat. In another tent, you see a collection of men and women laid out on the ground on piles of rags and straw, the closest thing to a bed in this whole camp. Weeping sores mar their flesh, black pus seeping from them to stain their clothes. In many cases, you can see a deep, festering rot spreading under their skin.*

Deeper into the camp, you spy a wretched creature. A Cyclops, twisted by the Spartans. Two enormous metal tanks have been fixed to their back, chains and hooks running through their flesh to hold them in place. They are bent double, placing their clenched fists in the dirt while they shuffle forward on bent knees. Black sludge oozes from the tanks, running across their hide in sticky rivulets. Their one eye turns to you, bloodshot and almost blind from delirium.

Eventually, you find what passes for a leader in this camp, and she tells you much of the conditions in the Central Processing Plant. Slaves worked to the point of collapse, meager rations, and rampant sickness from working the ambrosia rigs. Any Helots who speak up vanish, while Cyclopes who resist end up with ambrosia tanks strapped to their backs, doomed to die a slow, painful death as the oily fluid seeps into their flesh.

"There is a tunnel," she informs you. "It leads deep into the catacombs. Dangerous, so it is rarely patrolled. It will take you up directly under the heart of the Processing Plant."

As you depart the camp, you see some of the Helots abandon work and escape the facility—word is spreading.

Gain +1 Refugees and +2 ▼. If any Argonaut has the *Black Breath* Affliction, gain +1 Ѧ. **See 0017.**

0007 *The skies have grown dark above you, although with the black fumes rising overhead, it is hard to tell where night ends and day begins. The only clue you have to the passage of time is how the towering column of choking smoke dances on the wind, swaying this way and that like a stalk of wheat in the breeze.*

Sometime in the night, a column of Symmachy soldiers arrives at the site of the ruination, drawn by the beacon of flame and ash. Their commander tells you of an encounter with a hideous creature made of oily black slurry, shadowy limbs and chunks of masonry—a Chimera—some leagues eastward of this location. A small specimen, it was making its way toward another ambrosia reservoir. The Symmachy observed it from a distance, knowing they had no hope of stopping it. Then the creature simply … collapsed, its body deteriorating before their eyes. Starved to exhaustion, unable to keep itself mobile, it had fallen apart under its own weight.

You turn your focus to what is to be done with the remnants of the facility.

Choose:

1. *A foothold in enemy territory will be useful for observing your foes and staging forays deeper into Imperial holdings. However, such an investment will be costly to establish and defend, and you must first stop the flow of ambrosia into that city to try and reclaim the land.*
Have your Titans shut off the flow of ambrosia to the area.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 Titan. **See 0009.**

2. *The cataclysm here has ravaged the land, and you can use this. The damage here could be made to spread further through the Umbral Fields. The land may be blighted for generations to come, but Spartan forces in the region will be crippled.*
Damage the pipelines further so that the surrounding area cannot be used by your enemies.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 ▼. **See 0010.**

0008 *As you steal your way into the barracks, you are immediately struck by the oppressive atmosphere that hangs over the Spartan camp. Whereas normally you have found Spartan encampments to be boisterous, loud places, with burly braggarts boasting of their latest victories and carouses drinking filling the tents, here you instead find a strangely somber, muted atmosphere. You pass by men sitting on top of crates, their eyes blank as they stare straight ahead, their expressions haunted. In another spot, you see a warrior feverishly polishing his armor, scrubbing at black marks that mar the bronze breastplate. His single-minded focus on the task is that of a man fleeing his thoughts, hoping to lose himself in manual work.*

Worst of all is when you pass by a large, low tent. Peering inside, you spot dozens of men laid out on small cots. All of them show signs of severe illness. Small cuts and gashes have become sources of a corruptive ooze, greenish yellow fluids seeping from raw flesh as something eats away at their muscles. Some of the men hack and cough on their beds, vomiting up black bile that soaks their bedsheets.

Eventually, you work your way through the barracks to a small but lavishly adorned tent. You duck inside, and search through the papyrus strewn across a table, finding mentions of a series of tunnels under the facility. Surely that will be your way inside.

Before departing, you make a note of one final missive—a convoy that is making its way south from the facility, laden with ambrosia and Primordial materials that you know you will be able to make use of.

Gain 4 Chimeric Tar or 3 Supersolid Relief Mass resources. **See 0017.**

0009 *Your Titans stride into the pit, ignoring the scalding hot sludge that laps at their skin. Their massive hands grasp at machinery, crushing pipes to seal them, turning enormous valves and twisting bronze until the streams of flowing ambrosia slow to a trickle.*

Without it, the burning core of the pit slowly exhausts itself, eventually cooling as the smoke overhead dwindles to errant black wisps. You can feel that there is still great danger in the area, but it is lessened somewhat by your efforts.

The Symmachy emplacement needs much in the way of materiel to make it operational: arms and armor, raw resources, and so on. You help where you can, although you cannot spare the crew to defend this place.

A sudden hacking sound catches your ear. You turn to see one of your Titans stagger, gasping for air. All of the colossi involved in the containment efforts have shown signs of sickness from their time in the pit, from pale flesh to bulging black veins and wheezing breath, but this one seems far more gravely afflicted. It hunches over, vomiting up black pus and bile. Rivulets of black fluid seep from beneath its Antikratos Helm. It tries to draw another tortured breath, but no air can flow through the clogged throat. It collapses and, in spite of your best efforts, is dead in moments.

As you turn to stride away, grim frustration rises within you.

Gain +1 ▼. Lose 4 War Machine resources (if you don't have any, gain +1 ⍾ instead). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0010 *Steering well clear of the pit itself, you order your Titans to sabotage the pipelines leading up to it. The towering behemoths quickly set to work, shattering bronze and tearing apart iron with their bare hands to unleash a tide of caustic darkness on the already blighted land. A veritable sea of ambrosia flows out over the soil, seeping into it to create thick, clinging mud. Before the day is ended, the toxic fluid has spread across a massive expanse of the surrounding plains. It will continue to seep down into the earth, tainting it for decades, centuries to come. And at its heart, the burning pillar of smoke and flame, rejuvenated by your offering to its ravenous hunger.*

No one now living will ever see this land recover, but neither will the enemy be able to make use of it. A grim cost, but one you know you must pay to deny the Nietzschean the precious fruits of his industry.

Your crew find a few odd samples of ambrosia in the spreading swamp. Oddly pulsing clumps of cloying black sludge that flicker with strange light. The philosophers of the Argo will be able to make sense of this discovery.

Gain 2 Chimeric Tar resources and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0011 *The Helot opens her mouth to protest your decision but quickly deflates. Another instance of a stronger power taking from her people. Dejected, she turns to the other Helots, and soon the sounds of the people decamping can be heard.*

It takes much work to dismantle the machinery of the Elephant, but with the Cyclopes aiding you, it comes apart, leaving open land in its wake. The towering giants are profusely grateful, thanking you again and again for your support. Their ancestors will rest easier now.

One of the towering herdsmen shows you the deeper caverns under the surface, where the graves of his people lie. Many have been shattered by the Spartans, but some remain intact.

By the time you return to the Argo*, you find a small crowd of Helots waiting for you. Displaced from the Elephant, they have nowhere else to turn, and beg for sanctuary. You cannot help but feel a twinge of guilt at their plight. You did this to them.*

Gain +1 Refugees. Subtract -2 ▼. Lose 6 Violent Ambrosia resources (if you can't, gain +1 ⍾). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012 *The Cyclopes' expressions are unreadable as you make your decision, no sound of protest rising from them. Oddly, you find that more disconcerting than if they had been enraged.*

The Helot leader thanks you for your support, beaming as she returns to her people with the news. You glance after the departing Cyclopes, ill at ease. You have a reliable source of ambrosia, but is it worth desecrating the dead?

You contribute some weapons and armor to the Helots, along with some raw materials so that they might reinforce the platform against enemy retaliation. In return, they are eager to strike bargains with you and your Symmachy allies for regular ambrosia shipments.

Gain +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0013 *You feel the swell of anger from both parties at your declaration, but you stand firm. The* Argo *has both the capacity and the resources to defend the platform from enemies. The Cyclopes depart with scornful grunts while the Helots pack up what meager belongings they still have. More than a few of them throw hateful glares your way. You cannot say that you blame them.*

A contingent of Argo *warriors is assigned to the Elephant, and soon ambrosia and other by-products are flowing from deep underground. You wonder for a moment if the ire of your allies and the desecration of the dead is worth it, but dismiss your doubts. You cannot waver in your course now.*

Lose -1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0014 *Delving deeper into the ruins, you find a group of slave workers lurching through the wreckage like walking corpses. Helot and Cyclopes alike, they all show signs of sickness, from rasping breaths to black veins running beneath their flesh, to the inky spittle that oozes from their lips. Some of them sport weeping sores or have lost entire limbs, the only remnants left being stumps whose flesh stinks of gangrene and glistens an oily black.*

You guide them away from the devastation, taking them to a safe distance. The rescue efforts go on for some time, with you and your crew making multiple trips into the ruins and returning with more refugees from the chaos. By the time a small series of shanty tents have been built for the survivors, the Argo's crew supplying what food, water and medicines they're able, you can already feel a troubling tightness in your lungs, a hacking cough that is difficult to shift.

After all is said and done, a few Helots volunteer to join your crew, to make sure this never happens again.

Any Argonaut who does not already have the *Black Breath* Affliction must succeed at an Endurance test (8+) or gain the Affliction. You may gain +3 Ψ to automatically pass the test.

Lose 5 Relief resources (if you can't, gain +1 ⍾ instead). Gain +1 ✕. **See 0007.**

0015 *You quickly turn on your heel, heading deeper into the catacombs with Legesthenes in tow. Behind you, the Archon protests the decision, instead choosing to have her warriors secure the temple complex and ferret out any of the scholars they can find. You know that if any scholars escape, they will become a problem, but you will not sacrifice anyone.*

With a guide, you quickly reach the heart of the facility. The flow of ambrosia here is far more rapid, thick rivers of cloying blackness coursing down toward a central sink. You emerge into a large cavern, within which you find a truly enormous ambrosia pool. Its surface shifts oddly, pulsing and twitching.

On the edge of the midnight lake, you spot the soldiers and a crowd of slaves around them. As you approach, they turn and raise their weapons apprehensively. Legesthenes steps forward to try and negotiate with them, but their leader is too proud to listen and orders his men to attack.

The clash is brief but bloody. Both sides suffer losses, the Helot captives cowering from the conflict. It is only as you strike down the commander that you pause, glancing down at the fresh corpse. Tendrils of blackness, like dozens of tiny worms, squeeze their way out of the rock beneath your feet, clawing at the body. You glance around to see other corpses similarly assaulted, the writhing mass slowly but surely dragging the fresh meat toward the lake.

As you shout out a warning, and all eyes turn downward, chaos erupts. The surface of the lake writhes, lunging at its own shores as it tries to ensnare any too close to its boundary.

"We're too late," Legesthenes declares grimly. "The cascade has begun! Get everyone out of here!"

You flee, the Spartans throwing aside their weapons and joining you, the Helots mingling with your headlong dash back toward the surface. The catacombs tremble as a terrible power awakens within them. Rocks fall, and the rivers of ambrosia seem to writhe in their channels, reaching out to clutch at you. No one emerges without injury, and some do not escape at all.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ѧ. Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 Refugees. **See 0031.**

0016 *You pull back from the pit, away from the twisting column of deadly vapors. You see a few of your people look at you with doubt in their eyes, the unspoken question in their gazes piercing you like a dozen arrows. Are you really going to turn your back on any poor souls trapped in this cataclysm?*

On the outskirts of the wreckage, you find a few structures, now sundered by the destruction, that could once have been an overseer's quarters. Once a temple of Hades, this place has become a repository for vast quantities of ambrosia harvested in the Umbral Fields, one of a few large hubs. There is little in the way of clues to what happened to the site, with more information on storage and handling of the raw material instead.

As you cast aside a ledger listing shipments over the past few months, a cry rises up among your crew. They have lifted a fragment of wall to reveal the corpse of what must have been an officer of the Spartans, crushed flat in the collapse. On the wall, the dying man has written some words in his own blood:

IT HUNGERS. METASTASIOS APPROACHES. THE DEBT OF OUR GREED COMES DUE.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. Gain +1 ⍾. **See 0007.**

0017 *A long, winding series of passages plunges you deep beneath the ground. After only a short distance, you encounter row upon row of stone sarcophagi, figures carved on their surface, glyphs and symbols etched upon their sides to tell the tale of their occupants. A sea of the dead, from lowly peasant to noble lord. You wonder, just how deep do these vaulted chambers go?*

Gain +1 ⍾. Then, each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.
Fail: *The winding chambers make your head*

spin. Anxiety gnaws at you. Gain +2 Ψ

0–1 success: *The sprawling Labyrinth of the dead is a maze beyond imagining, far deeper and more widespread than you had expected.* Gain +2 ▼. **See 0050.**

2–3 successes: *You proceed through the underground city, following well-trodden pathways. As you turn one corner, you stumble across a towering figure, long dead. A Cyclonus, its belly shriveled, cheeks sunken. Clearly it got lost down here and starved.* Gain 4 Cyclopean Metal resources. **See 0051.**

4 successes: *You look about at the pathways before you, seeing patterns in the chaos. There are defined passages, a clear flow to the structures, all leading in one direction. Just as the rivers of the underworld all converge at its heart, so too all these paths lead in toward the temple of Hades.* Subtract -1 ▼. **See 0052.**

0018 *Messengers are sent out, along with the appropriate bribes, and soon enough a response reaches you. The mercenaries are very interested in doing business, especially if there is more of the wealth you have displayed.*

"It is always a pleasure to make the acquaintance of new clients," the captain says. "I must say, the business this war has brought our way has been truly staggering. The empire purchases slaves in truly immense amounts, and the Nietzschean's hunger for our services grows only larger! And the slaves here, in Lakonia, are so easy to seize! They say that the most potent weapon of the oppressor is the mind of those he oppresses, and that rings true here."

You feel rage take you, but you cannot say anything, lest your disguise fall apart.

The captain grins again. "Why, it is almost as easy as it was to entrap you . . . Argonauts."

The final word hits you like a fist to the stomach, driving the air from your lungs. Heavy hands fall upon your shoulders, naked blades held to your throats.

"You thought I wouldn't recognize you, children of the Argo*? I'm no fool. The Nietzschean will surely pay me a mountain of gold for your capture." He waves a dismissive hand. "Put them with the others."*

Party Leader gains +1 Ω, +3 Ω if they have the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. **See 0044.**

0020 *You turn away from the heart of the temple, ordering your crew to support the Archon's search for the Diachirestis and his colleagues. Legesthenes looks as if he wishes to protest but falls silent, knowing that he will have little sway with you, even after offering his aid. You close your mind to the thought of those people, far underground, moving unwittingly to a grim end.*

Party leader gains a Fated Mnemos card.

Sheer force of numbers overpowers any remaining knots of Spartan resistance, while you seek out any men wearing the white robes of their station. Some choose to go quietly. Others attempt to flee, earning arrows in their backs from your Symmachay allies. A few, their faces locked in grim determination, hurl themselves from the buildings onto the rubble-strewn streets below.

Finally, you track down the Diachirestis, trying to scurry out through a secret passageway. Your warriors seize him, and he spits a colorful array of curses at you as he is dragged away.

There is no time to celebrate this victory, however, as the entire complex shivers. You turn to look outside and see the facility engulfed in chaos. Ancient mausoleums bob and sway, dancing up and down in odd patterns as if floating on the surface of the sea, thrown up into the air and falling back down. Something underneath them forces the very earth itself to twist and dance.

"We need to get out of here," Legesthenes declares grimly. "The cascade has begun."

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Lose -1 ◐ or ✕. **See 0031.**

0022 *As you rise up and offer your own words in support of the young Helot's fiery speech, you see more and more of the captives looking at you with a brightness in their gaze, the flames of resistance kindled anew. In minutes, a hungry fervor fills the crowded hold of the ship. Soon, the bloodthirsty mob you have spawned spills out onto the upper deck, catching the mercenary crew off guard. Even so, the battle is brutal. For every slaver who falls, ten slaves are cut down.*

By the time it's over, there are too many Helot corpses to count, their blood flowing in a thick tide around your feet. Sorrow and regret fills you at the sight, the crimson-coated deck certain to haunt you for some time to come. Most painful of all, however, is when you move to the prow of the ship, and see that young Helot, the firebrand who helped you muster the others to action, sprawled over the railing, his gut split open by a mercenary blade. As your crew secures the ships, your only solace is the knowledge that the slavers will not be able to claim the freedom of another innocent victim. Whether that small comfort is enough to justify the decision that you made today—only you can answer that.

Gain 12 War Triremes resources and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0023 *You counter the youngster's words, earning a look of surprise from him before he deflates, the wind stolen from his sails. Around you, the more experienced, older members of the crowd are nodding and speaking up in support, and soon you have the crowd on your side.*

Breaking the locks on your cages is challenging, but the sheer number of people throwing in their strength soon frees you from containment. You pass through the cargo holds, freeing more slaves. On your journey through the bowels of the ship, you find a small cargo hold where a number of tightly sealed crates are stored. Hoping to find weapons inside them, you break them open to see a collection of Primordial components within, stolen by the mercenaries to be sold on.

Leading the slaves toward the rear of the ship, you find a small hatch and leap out into the frigid waters below. Eventually, you are picked up by the ships of the Argo*.*

Gain +1 Refugees and 4 Cyclopean Metal resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0025 *Fire licks across swelling pools of spilled ambrosia, a pipeline vomiting up copious amounts of oily black fluid to feed the inferno. People are fighting back against the fury of the flames, Helot and Spartan alike stepping up to try and end the catastrophe, but the fumes and the spattering fluid melts their flesh, reducing even the strongest to wailing masses of blood and meat in moments.*

You see a Cyclops step forward, his massive hands trying to stem the tide of the flowing blackness. He twists the pipeline shut with his bare hands, slowing the flow to a mere trickle, but in the process wades too deep into a lake of steaming, bubbling ambrosia. The caustic fluid burns at his lower half, tearing away skin and sinew as it devours him alive. The giant gives a tortured scream as he falls forward into the swirling oil, vanishing from sight.

If any Argonaut has the *Black Breath* Affliction, they gain +2 Δ. If none have it, the Argonaut with the most Mnemos nodes tests Endurance (9+). **Fail:** Gain the *Black Breath* Affliction.

You move deeper into the work pits until you find a cluster of Cyclopes trying to fight a particularly fierce blaze. Rushing to their assistance, your smaller stature is of use in reaching places that they cannot, while the giants use their immense strength to lift large sheets of iron and use them to smother flames. Working together, you make swift progress containing the devastation.

Before you depart, you take a brief moment to search the wreckage of the facility. To your surprise, a lot of what you find reminds you of the inner workings of the Argo*.*

Gain +1 ▼ and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0026 *When you reach the heart of the pitiful hovels that the slaves call home, you are appalled at what you see. Not one figure among the workforce is free of the signs of sickness and decay. Many are emaciated, their flesh hanging from their bones. Black veins bulge under their skin in a spider's web of dark lines. You move by one large tent which seems to have been established as an infirmary of sorts, inside which countless figures lie on cots of straw, struggling to draw breath as black, frothing spittle dances on their lips. Dozens more injured workers are flooding in, dragged from the work pits by their kinsmen.*

You find someone who passes for a leader among the Helots, an older woman with deep wrinkles on her tortured face. You make plans with her to evacuate as many slaves as possible. A few brave souls from your ranks volunteer to lead them out of the camp, fighting any Spartans in their way.

Gain +1 Refugees. Lose 6 Relief resources (if you cannot, lose -1 ✕). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0027 *As you pass by a patrol of guards, the Spartan warriors barely give you a moment's attention. They race to douse the flames that threaten to engulf the platform. You notice the sickly grayness that permeates their features, the slack set of their cheeks and back as if the flesh beneath is shriveled, dehydrated. Not one of the Spartans present seems able to breathe clearly, many nursing a wheezing, hacking cough, or spitting up gobbets of inky black phlegm.*

You pass what might be some kind of infirmary, row upon row of low-slung cots holding dozens of bodies. A figure moves among them, ministering to the stricken with tender care. You are forced to look away as she pulls the wrappings back from one patient, the skin on his face stripped away by some virulent infection that you can see eating at his body, devouring flesh in a seeping black tide. More and more wounded are pouring in by the moment, casualties of the cataclysm at the heart of the facility.

In that moment the healer locks eyes with you, and you know she knows who you are.

As Spartan soldiers swarm the infirmary, she mouths a silent plea: "Stop him." She turns her back on you, hurrying toward the sick once more.

Him. The word rings in your minds. The Nietzschean. For as long as he breathes, black ambrosia will flow. And for as long as it flows, there will be no end to this misery.

You have the information you sought, but guilt tugs at your heart for leaving the workers to suffer in this camp. The Spartans are already quelling the flames around the platform, so your opportunity to help them has passed.

Gain +1 ⏃ and +1 ⏃. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0031 *Escaping the facility, you pause and look backward, seeing the land beneath the temple swell like a pustule ready to burst. You can hear the screams of countless people around you. To your left, a massive chasm opens up, a frothing pool of ambrosia spilling forth onto the surface. Tendrils of oily sludge wrap around fallen masonry, dragging it down and incorporating it into the writhing mass.*

We must stop this!"

"The cascade cannot be undone," Legesthenes says. "The ambrosia will continue to consume matter, even rock and earth, until—" He glances about frantically. "Fire! Burn it all before it goes metastasios!"

With that, he vanishes down a side street, leading you to a large iron pen. Inside, a half dozen towering figures are contained. Titans, you realize, different to your own. Where your colossi have lithe, athletic bodies, these brutes are much stockier, with broad shoulders and a bulging gut, bloated like a tick fat on blood. Except, you get the sense that it is not blood that fills these hulking giants.

"Cyclopes are not as numerous or easy to catch anymore," Legesthenes explains, "so the empire started working Titans. They died easily, at first. But these . . . I don't know if it's the ambrosia or the proximity to the Cyclopes, but they—they changed. They've been taught to plug ambrosia leaks by setting fires."

You nod as you look up at the towering figures, surprisingly docile. They seem to know what is expected of them, turning from you to march deeper into the quivering Labyrinth.

The facility is falling apart, and any living matter will be consumed, either by the cascade event or by the inferno that will soon commence if the Titans succeed. Fleeing its boundaries, you feel a loud rumbling shiver through the land around you. The ground quakes, an intense heat rushing through it, one you feel even through the soles of your sandals.

Gouts of flame spew upward from the temple, massive pillars burning in the stonework as a furious inferno rips its way out of the earth beneath. Marble pillars are thrown skyward effortlessly as black smoke and scorching white flames sear the ruins. The monolithic ambrosia Elephants shudder and fold in on themselves, then explode in hails of fiery destruction. Smoke and ash billow forth into the sky.

You glance back with a grim expression. A crater of collapsed earth now rests where the temple once stood, all trace of the facility erased. All around you, smoke spills from fractures in the ground, fires burning deep beneath the surface, and inferno that may last for days, weeks, years to come.

Then you see it.

A sole Titan, emerging from the devastation, its flesh a mass of welts and scorch marks, but still standing tall and proud. There is something . . . different about it. Legesthenes instinctively walks toward it, his arms spread in a sort of reverence. There was a man who rejected his people to aid you, for the cause of right and morality. And a Titan who risked its very being to save you . . . and survived.

Gain 1 Firestarter Titan and +1 Defector. Subtract -2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032 *"This technology is potent, but we cannot truly control it." You meet Telinea's gaze. "Look at the damage that the Nietzschean has unleashed upon Lakonia in his pursuit of power. You want to become like him?"*

"It's easy for you to say. You've got your Titan forces!" Telinea sputters. "With these cannons at our command, we would dominate every—"

"The answer is no, Telinea," you state firmly, your glare turning to cold iron as you meet her eyes. "No technological advantage is worth sacrificing our souls to obtain."

Telinea's cheeks flush crimson with humiliation. Even she would suffer a loss of standing if she was seen to argue with the Argonauts at this point, such is your clout in the Resistance. She turns on her heel and marches away.

The Cyclops thanks you for your stance, and behind him, you see other members of the gathering appearing similarly pleased, although some have doubtful expressions. Your decision has been a divisive one, but you hope you have made the right choice.

Mark C4. Gain +1 Defector. Lose -1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0033 *"We are at war," you declare. "We cannot allow idealism to cloud our judgment on this matter. We need every advantage we can get if we are to gain victory over the Nietzschean and his regime. Continue your work on the Maws, Archon. The* Argo *would be honored to field such powerful weaponry."*

The Archon bows her head, before turning to cast a prideful glance to some members of the gathered officials, among whom you see some expressions twisted in doubt and worry, especially among the Helot leadership and the more bureaucratic Ecclesia. The Cyclops, meanwhile, looks down with a weary sigh, his shoulders sagging.

"And so, the legacy of my people is to be one of violence and flame," he states, his one eye turning a baleful stare toward you. "I pray that you do not regret this choice, Argonauts. Once an inferno has been sparked, it is difficult to quench."

Make 1 tally mark under Transition in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. Gain +1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0034 *A figure emerges from the ranks of Symmachy. You immediately recognize the strict posture, the golden braid of hair and the silvery-gray eyes of Cyrene the Tenacious. The Athenian general's gaze flickers toward you in a brief moment of recognition before turning back toward the other Symmachy leaders.*

"I'll not waste time on pretty words," she grunts brusquely. "We need to improve our defenses. We are being stretched too thin and soon will not be able to guarantee the safety of the Helot refugee caravans."

You watch her for a few moments, noting with surprise the changes that have occurred in her since the first time you met. Hearing her express concern for the welfare of the Helots is a far cry from the more ruthlessly ambitious general you met previously. Her strict military cunning remains, but now it is tempered, more measured. It seems that her exile, and the following lifting of that punishment, has given her much to think about.

Subtract -1 ▼ and erase 1 Transition tally mark. **See 0037.**

0035 *You see a figure step up, head held high, silvery-gray eyes burning with a fierce inner light. The golden braid of hair and deep scar marking her neck are unmistakable as Cyrene the Tenacious.*

"I have no time for fancy speech," she declares. "To be frank, this is a massive waste of my time, when I could be out there directing my warriors. But we need more supplies to the front. If we are going to take more territories from the empire, we need arms and armor to fight, and bodies to put on the front lines. I need more warriors and resources if you want us to keep moving deeper into Lakonia."

On the one hand, you feel a rising confidence that such a capable and committed leader is focusing the efforts of the Symmachy, but on the other hand, it is unsettling to hear how callously she talks of the losses she has sustained, the allied dead that pile up as the war progresses. Her ruthless pragmatism remains, shaping the conflict on a deeper level.

Party Leader gains +2 Ψ and the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. **See 0037.**

0036 *A few figures emerge from the Symmachy ranks to give their reports, detailing the progress of the war effort on the front lines. What you hear from them is . . . troubling, to say the least. It seems as though few, if any, generals have stepped up to distinguish themselves in the war effort, and the front is poorly coordinated, the Symmachy resources being stretched thin as they struggle to hold territory in the face of Imperial counterattacks. You find yourself wondering just how strong a hold the Resistance really has this far into enemy lands.*

Gain +2 ▼. **See 0037.**

0037 *After the prolonged preamble, the real subject of the meeting is finally broached: the use of the Nietzschean's Black Industry to strengthen the alliance. Every single one of the delegates knows the heavy price paid by both the land itself and its peoples for the extraction of black ambrosia. They've all read reports of spreading sickness and pollution. But the empire is always a step ahead, supporting its legions with machina and weapons fueled by the black liquid. And if they ever find a way to power their triremes with it—much like the* Argo *now works—they will be able to change the outcome of this war.*

The alliance has access to refineries of its own now. If they are reactivated, you doubt that they will be decommissioned after the war. It's hard to close Pandora's box, after all.

"The Nietzschean's Black Industry has corrupted this land and its people. The stains of its existence will mar Lakonia for generations to come!" one of the Helot delegates yells.

"Let's not be too hasty. We must not allow misuse to force us to reject a technological edge that could give us the advantage in this war." The Archon turns to glance toward you, a smirk on his lips. "Perhaps we should ask our Argonaut friends here. After all, their vessel is powered by ambrosia, is it not? Surely they, out of anyone, could extol the virtues of this technology."

Choose:

1. *You have seen firsthand the damage the Black Industry can unleash. What's more, you know that once a people begin to rely on a resource such as this, breaking free of that reliance can be truly difficult. However, speaking out against the use of ambrosia could be seen by some as hypocrisy.*

Offer to support the Symmachy in other ways, so they can avoid becoming reliant on ambrosia.

Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 ✕ and gain +1 ◐. **See 0038.**

2. *As dangerous as ambrosia is, you can see the wisdom in utilizing the tools of your enemy against them. Fates know, you use it. But the* Argo *is an outlier. There's no telling what harm the proliferation of this resource could wring.*

Support the military's stance that the Symmachy should increase its use of ambrosia.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain 12 Violent Ambrosia resources. **See 0039.**

0038 *"Ambrosia is powerful," you admit. "But like any resource, if relied upon too much, it can become a crutch that you cannot endure without. What's more, the dangers posed by its refinement are evident all around us. The Symmachy would be wise to limit its use and focus on bolstering its front lines in other ways. The* Argo *stands ready to aid you, as do our other allies. We stand a better chance of winning this war through the strength of our alliance than by adopting the tools and methods of our enemies."*

The Archon opens his mouth to protest but

falls silent as he sees the other members of the conclave muttering among themselves, a growing sentiment of support rising among them.

Gain +1 Ψ. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0039

"In times of war, we must look to any measures to give us the advantage," you declare, drawing the eyes of all present. "Even the technologies and methods of our enemies. While the risks of working with ambrosia are high, so too are the potential rewards."

Around you, numerous members of the conclave nod in agreement, especially among the Archons of the military. The Ecclesia, meanwhile, are quieter, more reserved. Their doubts are evident, and even the most eloquent speech from yourself will not fully soothe those anxious thoughts.

In the following days, you receive word of many Symmachy victories: new refineries seized and their spoils sent back to the Resistance, and to the Argo. However, at the same time, you notice a rising number of reports of Black Breath breaking out among the Athenians.

Gain +1 Ψ and +1 ⧋. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0040

Stealing into the bowels of the former temple of Hades, you duck for cover as the footsteps of two sandaled figures approach. Clad in robes of flowing white, a pair of scholarly types approach your position. The younger man speaks.

"The ambrosia is destabilizing! We're almost at the point of a Metastasios Cascade."

"You're delusional," the older man says dismissively. "Look outside, Legesthenes! The Symmachy marches on our doorstep!"

You feel a twinge of alarm and anger at his words. The Symmachy has made their move sooner than promised. The younger man says again, "I'm begging you, High Diachirestis, please . . . at least drain the main reservoir. We've never allowed it to reach capacity before."

"Don't be absurd. I've already sent down another detachment with two hundred components to add to the reservoir."

"You what?" Legesthenes sputters. "If you do that, you'll . . . By the Dead Gods, you're feeding it, aren't you? You're trying to trigger a cascade!"

"This war will be won by those firm enough in their will to do whatever it takes," the older scholar murmurs darkly.

He opens his mouth to say something more, but then a terrible explosion rips through the chamber. One wall crumbles, sending dust and debris tumbling through the air as flame and smoke chokes your lungs. When your vision recovers from the flash, the Diachirestis has vanished, abandoning Legesthenes. Symmachy soldiers are marching into the temple, led by an Archon in gleaming bronze armor. Behind her is a rank of long-barreled weapons, their snouts stained with soot as hungry flames flicker within them.

If C4 is marked, **see 0041**. Otherwise, **see 0042**.

0041

The figure at the head of these warriors is one that you recognize—Archon Telinea. She oversees her troops with an arrogant expression. You feel a swell of cold rage at the sight of her and, more importantly, at the sight of these familiar long-barreled weapons. You'd thought you had seen the last of the Maws of Byzantion.

"Those were to be destroyed!" you seethe.

"The Symmachy does not answer to you," the Archon replies dismissively. " We have perfected the device. It is fully under our control. Can you say the same for your Titans?"

Party leader gains +1 Ω and 1 Mnemos node.

See 0042.

0042

"Please, you have to stop this!" Legesthenes stammers fearfully. "Diachirestis Philokrates, he sent a detachment to the main reservoir. They don't know what they're walking into! The ambrosia is . . . It's alive. It hungers. The more of it that gathers in one place, the more caustic it becomes, the more aggressive. The moment they reach it, they'll be consumed!"

"Why would he do this to his own people?" the party leader demands.

"To trigger a Metastasios Cascade—to sire a new Chimera that will consume you! Once given form, it will search for more ambrosia or living matter to sustain itself. It could devour entire cities!" Legesthenes's eyes are hollow, staring down at the floor in despair. "The ambrosia here has been gorging on the sea of the dead below, cracking open ancient tombs and feasting on countless corpses. Once metastasios takes place, this creature will be unlike any other of its kind."

"We cannot let anyone who caused this escape!" the Archon says. "If the Nietzschean learns of this process, he will surely replicate it!"

"Please . . . save those people," Legesthenes begs.

Choose:

1. *The soldiers and slaves sent below as sacrifices to this dread experiment do not deserve this fate. Traveling deeper into the depths will expose you to a dangerously unstable amount of unprocessed ambrosia, but it is the only way to save them.*
Rescue the people doomed to be fed to the cascade.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ⧋. **See 0015.**
2. *The Archon is right—the scholars who flee the facility could repeat this atrocity a dozen times over. While leaving so many people to die is unconscionable, you know that you have a duty to prevent the secrets of metastasios from falling into the Nietzschean's hands.*
Focus on hunting down the Diachirestis and his colleagues before they can return to the Nietzschean.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 Ψ. **See 0020.**

0043

Donning the guise of fishers, you crew a tiny launch. You feel worryingly open and defenseless but know that the Argo's crew is prepared to come to your aid. If they suspect your safety is threatened, they'll move to intercept the slavers.

You make your way to the bay you saw the mercenaries anchored in, presenting yourselves as a juicy, weak target. Sure enough, the slavers take the bait, pursuing your small craft and quickly outpacing you. You know you must put up a fight to sell the deception of your capture, but you do not fight too hard. The slavers are not so gentle. Each of you bears wounds from the clash as you are dragged aboard one of the vessels and thrown into the hold.

Each Argonaut gains +2 Ⱥ. **See 0044.**

0044

You are dragged down into the depths of the ship, the slavers casting you into a large cage with dozens of other captives. Many are emaciated or show signs of frequent beatings. Despair and weariness hang over them all.

Moving through the subdued, silent ranks, you eventually find a young man who seems eager to connect with you. He radiates a fiery aura and mutters about exacting bloody revenge on his captors.

While talking to this slave, you are suddenly interrupted by a terrible tremor shivering through the ship and you hear the sounds of fighting break out. The Argo *has come.*

The young Helot leaps up, his energy suddenly growing tenfold as the spark of excitement reaches his heart. "This is it!" he roars. "This is our chance! We should grab hold of this moment, get up on deck, and slit the throats of every last one of these slaver bastards!"

His eyes flash with bloodthirsty intent, teeth bared in an almost feral snarl. Around him, you can see the fire of his rage catching in some of the younger captives.

Choose:

1. *While the passion of the young Helot, this firebrand, is inspiring, it is also dangerous. The captives are unarmed, and dozens of them will die if they fight the mercenaries directly.*
Speak out against a revolt and encourage a more subtle escape.
Lose -1 ✕. Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0023.**
2. *These Helots need to have their flames rekindled, and an uprising like this would be exactly the situation to do that. Better to make sure these slavers do not escape to capture another soul.*
Speak out in favor of a bloody uprising against the slavers.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 Ψ. **See 0022.**

0050

You press on through the shadowy caverns, the weight of the rock and earth a crushing burden that presses down on you and makes each gasp of air more labored, every inhalation a greater effort.

A damp sound reaches your ears, faint dripping mingled with a moist slithering. Lifting your torches high, you see that the cavern walls around you are slick with oily blackness. Ambrosia seeps from the stones above, runs down stalactites, and oozes out from within sarcophagi.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ and removes 1 Mnemos node from each Fated Mnemos card. If no node was removed in this way, a random Argonaut gains a Fated Mnemos card. **See 0040.**

0051

Plunging deeper into the catacombs, you pause as you catch the sound of whispers. Rounding a corner, you see a hunched figure ahead of you, clawing at the rock with broken fingernails. They turn at the sounds of your approach, and the dull gleam of their eyes tells you much. They are blind. Around them, pools of thick black liquid gather on the stone floor of the cavern, fed by narrow streams from deeper in the catacombs. Ambrosia, unrefined, primal. Dangerous.

His name is Telekles, once a priest of Hades, now banished to the catacombs by the Spartans as a cruel punishment for his loyalty to the dead Olympian. His eyes have been burned out by the constant exposure to raw ambrosia in the darkness, and his mind is almost utterly broken. Still, upon learning of your quest, he begs to come with you, to escape his torment here.

Gain +1 Priest (of Hades). **See 0040.**

0052

As you work your way through the depths, you come across an enormous tomb, big enough to lay one of your Titans to rest within it. The carvings on its surface are a strange script. Upon the lid, a lumbering, armored warrior fights with what looks like a six-armed giant.

Looking at it more closely, you notice something strange. Black fluid seeps from within the tomb, worming its way through cracks in the stonework and in some places wearing away at carved marble to make channels for itself. Ambrosia, raw, oily, pungent.

Gain a *Cyclopean Khopesh* card. **See 0040.**

Parable of the Butterfly

α	**Bloody Butterfly**	
1–2	**Canal Runners**	☐
3–4	**Wild at Heart**	☐
5–6	**Agōgē**	☐
7–8	**Phantom Pain**	☐
9–10	**Abyss Horizon**	☐
Ω	**Crippled Chrysalis**	

α Bloody Butterfly — *Supernatural*

You marvel at the size of the stronghold towering in the distance, dancing precariously on the edge of the canal. It's old, ancient even. Entire walls have been rearranged. Giant statues, presumably of the Nietzschean, have been erected, but it isn't enough to hide the original design of the place.

Your source warned you that many Spartan units are trained here, from foot soldiers to deadly Thanporos. You will have to be careful.

"So is it true then?" one of your crew asks. "The Nietzschean really did first appear here?"

"Allegedly. He emerged from a chrysalis, they say," the party leader says.

"What is he, a butterfly?" The laughter is cut short when you notice the people strung up on the canal walls, presumably punished for crimes against the Nietzschean. There are dozens, maybe hundreds of them, some no more than husks shriveled by the pitiless sun.

You give a short speech to remind everyone why you are here, and then you moor to the base of the canal wall, where your informant said you'll find a secret passage into the fortress. Sure enough, it's there, well hidden from passing triremes. However, a recent earthquake has collapsed it, and now the tunnel is dangerously small, barely fit for Titans.

Choose:

1. *The passage is too narrow and any further collapse would trap your Titans under millions of tons of earth and stone. If you split your team in two, there will be less risk of being discovered.*
Follow the passage while the Titans scale the canal wall. **See 0001.**
2. *Climbing up the vertical canal wall will leave your Titans exposed to patrols and Deathdealers. And if it comes to a fight, sticking together is your best bet.*
Stay together. **See 0002.**

1–2 Canal Runners — *Crime*

After several exhausting days, you finally find a canal city to spend the night. As the Argo *enters port, you take a look at the impressive fortifications on either side of the terraced polis and notice several small figures running along its crenulations. Children holding sticks chase others wearing oversized masks.*

Once the terms of your stay are settled with the city's elders, you make your way into town. It doesn't take long for one of the children to approach you.

"You've got Titans on your ship, right?" asks a boy, feathers stuck behind his ears and a makeshift cape on his back. A stick and a small knife hang from the rope around his waist.

His face brightens when you nod and more children join him, some holding sticks and wearing capes made from old sails, others dragging behind them giant masks representing some kind of monster with pointy teeth and red eyes.

"Can you show us?"

Choose:

1. *You don't see the harm in showing these kids what a Titan looks like. It's better to show them a tame Titan than have them put their lives at risk looking for a wild one to satiate their curiosity.*
Show them a Titan aboard the *Argo*. **See 0012.**
2. *The last thing you want is to give these children nightmares. They should stay away from Titans, tame or wild. Besides, your Titans are not zoo animals to exhibit.*
Refuse to show them a Titan. **See 0013.**

3–4 Wild at Heart — *Family*

You come across a Cyclops village that seems peaceful, at first, but the more time you spend among its people, the more you become aware of the tension in the air.

The elders' council assures you that you are not responsible for their people's behavior. The village chief sighs. "It is my son's fault. Lenpamous doesn't approve of our way of life. He would rather wage war against the empire. His

lack of wisdom is rivaled only by his ambition."

"His brashness will be our downfall!" says one of the elders. "He will attract the Spartans' wrath if he continues to attack their convoys, and we will be the ones paying the price!"

The chief looks down, hands clasped on his lap, shoulders hunched in a clear display of shame. You've never seen a Cyclops look so small, despite his size.

"Please, Argonauts," the chief says. "I have heard of the good deeds you performed for our people, and I hate to ask more of you, but could you talk some sense into my son? Maybe he will listen to you."

You follow the chief's instructions and find Lenpamous outside the village, sharpening his sword in front of a small house. All around him, you see bent Spartan shields—trophies, perhaps. Inside the house you spot the rest of his homemade arsenal.

"My father sent you to stop me?" he spits as he violently sharpens his blade, the screeching of the metal making you shudder. "Don't bother. I'm going to destroy this outpost, whether he likes it or not!"

Choose:

1. *You've met others like him, brash young warriors who thought they could take on the world. You have seen them broken and killed, and if you can prevent such a somber fate from befalling this Cyclops and his village, you will do it, even if his acts of sabotage might have given you an edge against the empire.*
Tame Lenpamous's heart.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0029.**

2. *You could use this new ally to easily destroy the outpost and maybe even find something interesting there. It would put the village at risk of retaliation, but every village in Lakonia, Cyclops or not, will be at risk until the Nietzschean is stopped.*
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0030.**

5–6 Agógē — *Fate*

What must have once been a beautiful valley is now a wasteland of empty tree trunks, pale grass and red soil. Upon sensing your distress, the Symmachy captain accompanying you for this mission says, "It gets worse further inland you go. As if the Nietzschean himself is the cause of all this desolation." In a way, he is.

But you have to put your sorrow aside as you reach the outpost the Symmachy spotted a few days ago. Just like the captain said, it seems abandoned and its poor fortifications could easily be replaced. You could make a decent base here if you manage to capture it.

"Whoever's left shouldn't be difficult to handle," the captain says. "Let's go."

Inside the building, you find items of everyday use and no personal belongings. When you see weapons and neatly arranged cots, you wonder if this place was a training base of sorts.

Suddenly, you notice movement, someone ducking around the corner. You follow the silhouette into a bigger room occupied by two dozen children around the age of ten. Their posture and cold gazes tell you their training is at an advanced stage.

On your right, the Symmachy captain falters, the tip of his xiphos lowering. "They're only kids," he mutters and some of your crew argue that you can't fight them. Seeing your reluctance, the children attack, forcing you on the defensive.

Choose:

1. *Children or not, one day they will become Spartan soldiers. You don't want their young blood on your hands, but they don't give you much choice, do they?*
Fight the children.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0033.**

2. *Their death will not save them, but it may damn your crew. There are other places to set up a base, ones that do not require a down payment in innocent blood.*
Agree with the Symmachy captain and retreat.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0034.**

7–8 Phantom Pain — *Gods*

A sea of shabby tents erected between broken marble temples welcomes you as you set foot on land. One of those Graveyards of the Frail, where the crippled and those too injured to fight are sent to die.

If you finished *The Other Thermopylae* hub, **see 0037.**

Something is different here. People don't just wait for death, they . . . struggle. You see men fight each other like gladiators. Others exercise to the point of exhaustion.

Every single one of them is crippled in some way. Many have broken limbs or missing eyes. Some wear ripped tunics so saturated with blood from their open wounds you can smell it. They fall and grunt and stand up again.

At first, you admire them.

Then you notice many lifeless bodies littering the Graveyard. Every now and then one of those sparring men falls down and doesn't have the strength to get back up. Others make their injuries much worse—wounds that would otherwise heal are turned into crippling disabilities—and they will spend the rest of their lives in constant pain.

Pity swells in your heart. Such misguided will.

Upon seeing your weapons, many ask you to spare some training gear for them to practice with. Their desperate eyes watch you avidly, the thirst to prove themselves painted on their faces. They want to feel like real men again, so badly . . .

Choose:

1. *There are other ways these men can be useful and complete again. They don't have to hurt themselves or suffer to prove anything. You could always use more hands on the* Argo.
Prove to them that strength isn't everything and that they can be proud and complete without it.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0035.**

2. *Their desperation pulls at your heartstrings. You've seen men lose everything, even their pride. You could spare some weapons and at least give them a chance to prove themselves, although it might end in their deaths or a lifetime of agony.*
Let them prove to themselves they can be strong again.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0036.**

9–10 Abyss Horizon — *Voyage*

Cyrene the Tenacious. A name you have heard many times, from friends and foes alike. A Symmachy commander unlike any other. Many consider her methods the most efficient, and her results prove it. When she asks for your help for an operation in the River Works, you agree.

The Owl's Promise *is a massive quinquereme, but it has nothing on the* Argo. *As you follow Cyrene's quartermaster, you can't help but watch her crew train on the upper deck. You are surprised to recognize Spartan exercises and stop the quartermaster when you see a soldier being whipped.*

"What is the meaning of this?" you ask.

"The captain believes in efficiency. There is much to learn from your enemies." The cryptic answer leaves you with a queasy feeling. The last thing you need is the Symmachy turning into the Nietzschean Empire. What good will taking one monster down do if another replaces it?

Gray eyes turn to you when you enter the captain's cabin. Cyrene's long blond hair is neatly braided, but it's the white scar on her neck that catches your attention as it stands out on her sunburned skin.

"Welcome aboard my ship," she says, and invites you to her table. "There is a Spartan fleet of three vessels currently sailing this canal." She points to a map. "I plan to destroy it. But I don't have enough firepower, which is why I require your help." You study the map attentively and ask her questions. Eventually you reach an agreement and start the operation.

You pass by several canal towns before you reach your destination and Cyrene begins the attack. Her strategy works brilliantly and with your combined forces you make quick work of the Imperials. Cyrene then orders her crew to drop anchor at the nearest canal town.

When you see her warriors gear up for combat, you stop her mid-stride. "What are you doing?" She ignores you and checks her xiphos. "This was not part of the plan!"

"A traitor hides here. The information they sold to Sparta has cost us two battles already." Her tone is even and calm and her face void of emotions. "We will find them and make them pay."

"Why the swords and armor? This is a trading town."

"Worms dig deep. We have to comb the entire settlement as quickly as possible. Civilians will only be a nuisance."

"So you want to kill them?"

"If they interfere. They are Spartans and my warriors could use the practice." You take a look around and see the reluctance on her crewmembers' faces, the clenched jaws and desperate gazes of people who don't want to fight but who will follow her orders. She pushes past you.

Choose:

1. *Traitor or not, you cannot stand by while innocent people are killed. You didn't expect such cruelty from the Symmachy, but it looks like the Spartan way of doing things has started to seep through. You need to put an end to this before it spreads.*
Stop her.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0040.**

2. *There is no changing her mind, and the traitor must be brought to justice . . . and yet, does it have to be at the cost of so many innocent lives?*
Let her attack the town.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0041.**

Crippled Chrysalis — *Dream*

As the Argo *sails across the River Works, you think about the stronghold where you met the Nietzschean. That feels like a lifetime ago. You haven't stopped thinking about the chrysalis since. There was something more to it than dried ambrosia. If only you were able to get a better look inside . . .*

You join Alkibiades in the Bridge Tholos. "We will arrive shortly," he says. You nod as you look outside at the mountains, such an unusual sight after roaming Lakonia's desolate lands. "According to our source, the old King of Sparta, Leonidas, is held in this prison. But getting in won't be easy, especially after our infiltration of the chrysalis fortress. If you wish to turn back, now's the time to call it."

"We haven't come all this way to leave empty-handed. The king saw the Nietzschean emerge from the chrysalis. He's our best option right now."

The prison fortress comes into view, a towering structure of white marble tucked into the mountainside. Only one giant elevator connects it to the canal port.

Alkibiades nods. "How do you want to proceed? They will know we're coming."

Choose:

1. *You can send a small team to create a distraction in the canal port while you scale the mountainside with your Titans to flank the Spartans inside the prison. The garrison will have to use the elevator to send troops down. However, the port town will suffer the brunt of their wrath. The civilian casualties might run high, and destroying the elevator will make it more difficult to evacuate the prison if the need arises.*
Create a distraction in the canal port.
Gain +1 . Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0043.**

2. *You can use the* Argo *to create a distraction and lure the Spartans out of the prison. This way you will keep the casualties to a minimum, but the ship itself will suffer damage.*
Infiltrate the prison while the *Argo* distracts the Spartans.
Lose -1 . Helots: Diplomacy +1 **See 0044.**

0001

One by one, you silently enter the hidden passage. The unease at leaving your Titans nags at you, but you must go on.

As your footsteps echo through the dark tunnel, the light of your torches slides across ancient walls, over strange carvings that disappear into the darkness ahead.

If you have finished the *Intended Purpose* hub, **see 0019.**

You are almost through the passage when you hear a sound from up ahead. You signal for a stop and listen, wishing you could pierce the darkness. Suddenly, silhouettes emerge into the torchlight, and a desperate skirmish ensues.

In such close quarters, it is difficult to defend yourselves, and several of your crew fall to the enemy's blades before you are able to regroup and mount a counterattack. These were only sentries. You dread to think what awaits you in the fortress. You hurry along before someone else finds you.

Lose -1 .

You emerge from the tunnel atop the canal wall, just in time to see the last of your Titans clamber over the edge, hands scraped. You notice ugly wounds on their backs. They run into difficulties of their own, but they are all accounted for. Why the alarm hasn't been sounded yet is beyond you, but you hurry to the base of the fortress, where an open training courtyard overlooks the canal.

See 0003.

0002

You look up at the canal wall, enthralled by its size. It's going to be a rough climb, even with the special transport pauldrons the Argo Works was wise to equip your Titans with.

It's an arduous trek up. Every once in a while something catches your attention: a carved column here, a remnant of a giant bulwark there. More traces of the transformation this place has undergone.

Halfway up, you run into a Thanporos patrol. The giant-killers zip through the air around you on their Hermes Gear, hacking at the Titans' backs with little coordination. This creates an opening you are quick to capitalize on, and the fight ends before it has really begun. Only when you inspect the dead Spartans, hanging lifelessly from their cables like abandoned marionettes, do you realize these are just trainees, barely adolescents.

And still, you do not come out of it without losses. You are brutally reminded these soldiers shouldn't be underestimated, and it makes you wonder why they didn't sound the alarm or retreat when it was clear they couldn't win. Were they so desperate to prove themselves, to achieve the fabled strength, or were they too proud to admit their weakness?

Lose -1 Titan or gain +2 .

You resume your climb, hoping the enemy hasn't noticed your presence yet. You eventually arrive at the top of the canal wall and move into a tunnel at the base of the fortress, one that opens up into a courtyard.

See 0003.

0003

Three dozen Spartans train with short blades, their grunts echoing off the fortifications. Their precise movements make you gulp. On the other side of the courtyard, among tall tower-like structures, a wild Titan is locked in a deadly cat and mouse game with a squad of Deathdealers.

You planned to leave your Titans at the walls, as an insurance policy, their size getting in the way during an infiltration, but now you worry the Thanporos might find them before you return.

You survey your entry points, tall corridors leading further into the fortress, and you realize this place was originally built with giants in mind.

You look up at your Titans, covered head to toe in the tatters of sail camo. Although not as bulky as Cyclopes, they could certainly pass for them, especially if they're made to carry heavy loads, like those giant stone blocks used to renovate the fortress's walls.

Could it be so simple?

Yes, it is. As you enter the fortress in stolen Spartan gear, with your Titans in tow, hidden in plain sight, nobody stops you. Nobody even turns an eye. It seems that even the largest of slaves become invisible to their masters.

After what seems like an aeon of fruitless search, you reach a large room where a few dozen children are training. They pounce on each other, intense looks on their innocent faces. You notice bruises on their little bodies and hardened muscles that haven't had time to grow properly. The smaller ones bear the biggest scars.

"Weakling!" one yells, gripping the fabric of his opponent's worn shirt. "We don't want you! Fight or die!" His tiny fist lands on his opponent's jaw.

There are no other Spartans around, but that could change quickly.

Choose:

1. *These children should be with their families, living peaceful childhoods instead of becoming soldiers. You could take them away from here, save them from a dark fate. But it won't be easy, and it won't help your search.*
Rescue the children. Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0004.**

2. *You hate seeing children suffer like this, but intervening here is too risky, to them and to you. If you want to stop this war and prevent others from ending up like this, you need to focus on your mission.*
Leave the children and continue with your mission.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 . **See 0005.**

0004

You step out of the shadows with your hands outstretched and the children immediately assume defensive stances. They do not scream or cry for help but instead measure your mettle and assess their chances. You can feel the tension rise in the air. Now is the time to act.

The leader tests Wisdom (12+). Each Argonaut may gain up to +2 to add up to +2.
Fail: *You fumble for the right words, and the more you talk, the higher they raise their fists. They won't come willingly, and as soon as you try to take them by force, they fight back, wriggling out of holds like little worms, stepping on your toes, kicking and biting. You manage to overpower them eventually, but you hate that it has come to this.* Gain +1 Captives, lose -1 . Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. If they have it already, they gain the *Hatred* Condition card instead.

Success: *Word by word, the children listen intently. Their surprise turns into confusion. Some sigh in relief, others cry but quickly wipe their tears in shame. You promise yourselves to show them that there is strength in weakness and compassion. Many seem to only now remember their families, and longing cries of home erupt as you lead them all out of the room.* Gain +2 Refugees. One Argonaut can reset their , lose the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction or discard a *Hatred* Condition card. At the start of the next Battle, place 2 Rouse tokens in the Kratos Pool.

Regardless of the result, *one of the boys, Efi, clings to you.* Mark D4. **See 0014.**

0005

You force yourselves to turn away from the children and move out before you change your minds. You notice the crestfallen looks your crew wear.

You are moving deeper into the fortress, hoping to unravel the Nietzschean's origin, when you bump into a lone Spartan officer turning a corner. He frowns as he stares at the disguised Titans and you hold your breaths. You can tell the exact moment he has figured out your ruse but instead of sounding the alarm he lifts his hands in the air.

"Please, hear me out!" he says. "I wish to help! I am sick of this life, these lies they tell us. I am doing you a favor but I wish to do more! Allow me to come with you, Argonauts! I can tell you much about the empire!"

You agree to bring him along but keep an eye on him, just in case.

Gain +1 Defector. **See 0014.**

0008

As you get down from the pauldrons, the crewmember next to you loses their footing. You catch them before they tumble down the Titan but frown at their light weight and small size. Once you disembark, you rip their hood off and discover one of the boys from the chrysalis stronghold who somehow snuck onto your team.

"This is not a place for boys, Efi," you growl.

"I'm not a boy, and my name is Efigenia. I know it's dangerous, but I can fight! I won't stand by while others risk their lives." You sigh. Babysitting was not a part of the plan but you can't send her back now. The reprimand will have to wait.

"Stay close and don't do anything reckless," you say as you move into the prison. Efi nods, grips her dagger tightly and follows you.

Subtract -1 . A bond forms between Efi and the party leader. Note her name and bonus: "Efi: +1 Courage" on your Argonaut Sheet. **Return to the previous paragraph (0043 or 0044).**

0012

The children are mesmerized by the Titans and get as close as they can before you pull them back. What surprises you the most is the utter admiration they have for the giant creatures and their total lack of fear. When the Titans in the stoa start to notice the visitors, you usher the kids outside.

"See? I told you some are taller than others!" says the boy with feathers, on your way back to town. "We should build a contraption to account for the size!"

The boy dragging the mask behind him protests. "But how am I gonna move?"

"You'll manage," answers the boy with feathers, and they run off before you can ask them what they were talking about, leaving you with an unsettling feeling.

Party leader gains the *Roused* Condition card. **See 0020.**

0013

"This isn't a game," you answer.

"What are you afraid of?" asks the boy with the feathers, a mischievous look in his eyes as he crosses his arms. "Don't have the giants under control?"

One of you makes a shooing motion. "Scram, kids!"

Their leader stares at you for several long seconds before turning away. "Come on, guys," he says. "Looks like these so-called Argonauts are nothing more than a bunch of sissies."

You are tempted to run after him to teach him a lesson, but you have more important things to do. Nevertheless, anger doesn't leave you for several hours.

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω. **See 0020.**

0014

The hour grows late. Any second, someone could raise the alarm. Every turn of a corner could mean a skirmish with a Spartan patrol. The junction is starting to wear on the Titans. The tension is slowly killing you. You need to get out.

Yet you cling to hope. Maybe you'll find what you're looking for in the next room.

You come to a seemingly abandoned chamber. There are very few Spartans in the area, as if they are avoiding this place. When you enter, you feel shivers run down your spines. There is an eerie coldness here, an aura of inevitability. The place is empty except for an enormous object in the very center, oblong and opaque, jet black and imposing. As you come closer, you discern the shape . . . of a cocoon. No, a chrysalis. It's caked in some dark substance that looks like dried ambrosia but is hard and coarse. You are reminded of the skin of the monstrous being the Nietzschean has at his beck and call, his skull-faced shadow. Could this really be how it came into this world?

As you ponder the discovery, the party leader reaches out to touch the chrysalis, almost instinctively.

Choose:

1. *It could be worth examining the chrysalis, but it's risky, as you have seen how toxic ambrosia can be.*

Let them touch the chrysalis. **See 0015.**

2. *You shouldn't meddle with things you don't understand. It's safer to leave it be. You've learned enough. If the Nietzschean truly emerged from this, then it's bad news.*

Don't let anyone touch the chrysalis. **See 0016.**

0015

When the party leader touches the chrysalis, its surface breaks, crumbling into black dust. You all step back, coughing. The party leader is the worst affected, having inhaled the most of the substance. An itch remains in their throat and you swear you see tiny black pinpricks travel up their veins, under their skin.

When the dust settles and you look at the chrysalis again, you notice something shiny underneath the black verdigris. Is that metal? It almost looks like a cylinder.

Party leader gains the *Black Breath* Affliction. If they already have it, they gain +3 Δ and you gain +1 instead. Gain +1 . **See 0016.**

0016

The sudden grunt of one of your Titans makes you whip around. A man stands in the doorway. He has a giant, muscular frame, with piercing blue eyes and flowing blond hair, and exudes confidence and raw strength.

"They say that after we're born, we spend the rest of our lives trying to crawl back up into our mothers' wombs," the Nietzschean says with a soft smile. "That is why orphans make for the strongest warriors. And why my mother had to die."

Immediately you pull out your weapons, but something holds you back. The memory of your fallen brothers and sisters, massacred with impunity by the man in front of you, is still fresh in your minds. It was child's play for him then. You have Titans now. Will it make a difference?

"Weighing your chances? You are learning," the Nietzschean gushes. "Not yet, no. You are welcome to try. You know how it went last time."

"You will pay for what you've done!" one of you screams in helpless fury.

"Good. Good. Struggle, like I have. That thing back there . . ." He joins his hands behind his back and paces, utterly unbothered by the towering Titans growling next to you. "I may have crawled out of a woman, but I was born there."

You look back at the large, empty cocoon.

"I was brought to King Leonidas as a curiosity, left to rot in that cage, dead to the world." The Nietzschean's words spur something inside one of you, a fleeting memory and a deep feeling of abandonment and hopelessness, the cold breath of death whispering in your ear.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Left for Dead* Mnemos card. Gain +1 .

The Nietzschean stops pacing and throws his arms open. "I struggled to break free, to live. The pain was maddening, but I emerged from the chrysalis, beautiful and reborn, stronger than any man, king or god!" His booming voice echoes in the room. "There is no strength without pain. Those who fail to break out should simply wither away. So tell me, Argonauts. Do you think you have what it takes to bring me down? Or should we go straight to the suffering?"

Choose:

1. *You are stronger than the last time you faced him and better equipped. You know his tricks and he doesn't have the element of surprise this time. You have Titans. Will you ever get this opportunity again? To end this war here and now?*

Accept his challenge; fight him.

Lose -1 . **See 0017.**

2. *You have faced him before. You know what he is capable of. You might have gotten stronger, but you are still no match for him, especially if he summons his skull-faced form. It's better to retreat now, spare your Titans and crew and face him another day, with your allies by your side.*

Don't fight him; retreat. **See 0018.**

0017

The party leader gives the special signal. Everyone knows you're going all in. They lower their heads . . . and launch an all-out attack on the Nietzschean. As one, you all follow.

A sadistic grin graces the Nietzschean's face and he leaps forward, moving faster than any mortal should. He passes the stunned party leader and goes for one of the Titans. In one swift blow to the shin, he brings it to its knees, then vaults on top of it and strikes the exposed nape of the neck. The sound of its spine breaking echoes in the room before all is swallowed in the deafening bellow of the creature's pain.

Several crewmembers attack the Nietzschean, but he swats them away, breaking bones and ripping limbs, before plunging his hand into the Titan's back and then pulling it right out, glistening with dark blood. The Titan is dead before its head crashes onto the ground.

The man looks right at you, smiling paternally, not a bead of sweat on his chiseled features.

Lose -1 Titan. If ?+: Lose -2 Titans instead.

And it dawns on you: this is hopeless. Just like the last time.

You sound the retreat. As you leave, the Nietzschean stands on top of the slain Titan, triumphant.

To your surprise, he doesn't pursue you. The way back through the fortress is a blur of flashing swords and spilled blood. The surviving Titans pave the way to the canal, where you have to jump. Many do not survive the fall.

Those who do will take many days to recover.

If ✕ is 4 or more: Lose -1 ✕.

Later, the Old Priest consoles you. "The Nietzschean truly is what he preaches. He goaded you, but he also revealed his weakness. Arrogance. Pride. You need to devise a strategy that makes use of this fallibility."

You watch the stronghold as the Argo *sails away, the image of the dying Titan imprinted in your mind.*

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0018

You sound the retreat, much to the Nietzschean's amusement. The brutal deaths of your crew—your friends—onboard the Argo *haunt you to this day. You will not make the same mistake twice. You won't face him on his terms.*

You are surprised to see he doesn't pursue you. "Run, little runts. Crawl into the Argo's womb, for all the good it will do you. When the time comes, I will rip you out of it, bring you screaming into my world." Another shiver runs down your spine.

Gain +1 .

The way back through the fortress is a blur of flashing swords and spilled blood, and you don't stop shaking, even once you're safely aboard the Argo.

The Old Priest consoles you. "You did good retreating. There is no sense or strength in fighting lost battles. The Nietzschean revealed his weakness today. Arrogance. Pride. You need to devise a strategy that makes use of this fallibility."

You watch the stronghold as the Argo *sails away.*

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0019

You let your fingers ghost over the carvings, slowly understanding their meaning. You are now certain the ancient stronghold belonged to the dreaded Leleges Empire, with this place being a major site of their Cult of Ares. You take a deep breath at the memory of Esperos and wonder what became of her.

Gain +1 . **Return to 0001.**

0020

As night falls, another group of children runs past you, waving their sticks in the air, their makeshift capes fluttering behind them. Some have bandages sticking out from beneath their shirts or scars running down their arms and cheeks. The boy with the feathers leads them toward the fortifications and as soon as they reach the walls, they start climbing.

"Not this again!" sighs an older woman. "They have this silly game," she explains when you ask. "They beat each other with sticks. The ones wearing those awful masks always lose." She looks at their silhouettes. "And the way they jump around! One of these days they're going to break their necks!"

You reach the children just as the game begins. The child wearing the mask starts first and lumbers around at the lowest level of the fortifications. They have to hold the mask with both hands and its weight and size slow them down.

Then the others join in, jumping from rock to rock, grabbing at ladders, waving their sticks in the air as they yell at the masked child. Just as the game heats up, one of them misses the ledge and falls two stories down. The resounding crack of broken bones makes you wince and hurry to help them. The other children play on.

Eventually, the boy with feathers falls down hard on the masked child and whacks them with the stick. "I yield!" cries the masked child, but the boy with feathers only smirks.

"The Titan lost. Now he must be punished." Your blood freezes in your veins when he pulls out a small knife and turns it in his hands. "What should we take today? An ear?" The other children cheer as they gather around. "A finger?" More cheers. The boy with feathers turns toward the loser, an evil smile on his face. "Or maybe his tongue?" Some children make disgusted noises. "After all, Titans don't speak, do they? They're just mindless animals!"

You step in before this goes too far and the face of the boy with feathers darkens.

"This has to stop. Can't you see how dangerous this is?" you ask as you point to the child with broken legs carried by one of your crew. "You will get yourselves killed!" Some of the children lower their heads and drop their sticks, but the boy with feathers looks at you haughtily.

"Someone needs to defend this town when the empire comes!" he spits. "You're not going to stay. None of the warriors ever do!" The resentment in his eyes is hard to bear.

Choose:

1. *This sick game needs to stop or someone will die or be crippled for life. This town is far away from the front lines, there is little chance of it being attacked by the empire and even if it is, children shouldn't be the ones defending it.*

Persuade the children to stop playing the game.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0027.**

2. *You could teach these children how to fight properly, how to use the fortifications to their advantage. But wouldn't that put them in even more danger?*

Teach the children effective ways to fight.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0028.**

0024

One of the children you rescued from the chrysalis stronghold—a lean, dark-haired, effeminate boy named Eti—joins you on the deck shortly after you set sail. He looks at the horizon, past the River Works and across the land.

"I wasn't expecting you to save the other children. You could have left us back at the fortress. You could have left them today. But you didn't." He looks at you and the ghost of a smile appears for the first time on his face. "Thank you."

Subtract -2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0025

Back on the Argo*, once the wounded have been tended to, the dead have been mourned and the newcomers have been welcomed, you join Alkibiades and the Old Priest on the Acropolis Deck.*

"We lost good people today," the Old Priest says. "But our goal is getting clearer. We have learned many things about our enemy today. Do not lose hope, for the Nietzschean will be defeated, eventually."

"Is it true, what he said? That he is an Argonaut?"

The Old Priest gives you a puzzled look. "I do not know. Maybe he just wants to drive a wedge between you. But," he says with a sigh, "that sword he mentioned. It would be prudent to investigate."

The deck beneath the Mausoleum is empty, a maze of spacious chambers and bulkheads with no clear purpose to them. However, on the third day of the search, the Argo Works salvage crew discovers an irregularity: a metal thorn rammed into the ship in a fit of titanic anger. A sword made of enriched iron, but of a vicious red tint, emitting . . . hate.

The Nietzschean told the truth, this time.

Gain the *Red Polis* card (Secret deck 5, card 55) **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0027

Some of the children are quick to be persuaded and you suspect they weren't fully onboard with the game to begin with. The others take some convincing but eventually drop their sticks and help the masked child up. But the boy with feathers holds his knife in a death grip, eyes lost in the void.

"How dare you come and mess everything up!" he says through clenched teeth.

There's no convincing this one, you surmise, and leave to see the town elders about bolstering defenses. They're quick to strike a deal: in exchange for some weapons, they will show you what the kids found nearby. In a narrow crevice in the canal wall, a wild Titan has been trapped for several days. The elders were too scared to get a closer look.

As you survey the area, you notice sticks and makeshift cloaks on one of the ledges, and a food basket below. The Titan's massive forearms bear tiny scars and crude paintings of the mock battle adorn the rock wall. The children were playing here, with the Titan . . . and it didn't attack them. You always believed all Titans were violent toward mortals. Huh.

While your Titanokinigos team captures the Titan, you have your crew deliver several crates of weapons to the city elders.

Gain +1 Titan and lose 6 War Machine resources (if you don't have enough, gain +2 instead).

You depart the next day and wave to the children who came to see you off, sticks and masks thankfully nowhere to be seen. Several days later, you get news of a city attacked by the empire on that same canal. You think about the boy with the feathers and wonder if you made the right call.

Gain +1 .

0028

You decide to stay for a couple of days to teach them how to properly defend themselves. The children take it all in like sponges, eager to prove you are not wasting your knowledge on them.

Meanwhile, the city elders tell you as much as they know about the ships that pass through this canal, and about the movements of Imperial troops. It isn't much, but your allies might be able to use this information.

Gain +1 .

Eventually, you depart and wave to the children who came to see you off, repurposed weapons by their sides. But the more days pass, the more you wonder about them. Was training them enough? Did you jeopardize their safety? You have nightmares about the boys lying dead in their own blood.

Gain +2 .

0029

As you plead, Lenpamous stands up. The grinding stone falls to the ground with a heavy thud and the Cyclops waves his arms around, fury twisting his features.

"I will not sit by and raise cattle while the rest of the world suffers!"

In his rage, he swings his sword around and kicks his trophy shields, sending them flying toward you. Many manage to avoid the projectiles by dropping down or jumping out of the way, but several of your crew are not so lucky. One breaks their arm, another receives a sword slash across their shoulder.

As you lie there in the dry grass, you watch as Lenpamous realizes what he has done and drops his sword with horror. He buries his head in his hands and rocks back and forth. You tend to the injured before coaxing Lenpamous out of his panic attack. It was an accident. Wounds and broken bones will heal. But the Cyclops remains shaken.

Lose -1 ✕ and gain +1 Refugee.

You return with Lenpamous to the village, but your crew avoids the Cyclops and lets you deal with him on your own. The chief is elated and takes his son into his arms, but the youth will need more than a hug to recover from what just happened.

If B10 is marked, **see 0031.**

Back on the Argo*, the Old Priest muses over the day's events. "We came out of it a little battered and bruised, but we might have prevented many deaths in the future." You wonder if he is right.*

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0030

You tell Lenpamous to lead the way. He smiles widely in response. The outpost is a short walk from your position and from what you can see, it doesn't look well guarded. You sneak inside and deal with the guards while Lenpamous breaks through the front doors.

Once you've made quick work of the Spartans, you set fire to the outpost so it won't be used again. You retrieve everything valuable, including some weapons you could use on the Argo*, and free the people held in cells, mostly Helots and some young Cyclopes from neighboring villages waiting to be transferred elsewhere. Lenpamous makes it his duty to return them safely to their homes.*

Gain 4 War Machine resources. Gain +1 Refugee.

You remain in the area for a few days until you get dreadful news of a Cyclops village burned down by frenzied Spartans. Upon reaching Lenpamous's village, you realize with horror that not a single building is left standing. You look for survivors, but to no avail. Lenpamous doesn't even know about the attack, as he left with the Helots days prior.

Gain +1 . Make 1 tally mark under Vow in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. If B10 is marked, **see 0032**.

Back on the Argo*, the Old Priest muses over the day's events. "And thus the eternal cycle of vengeance continues as blood calls for blood. Will we be able to truly stop it one day?" You wonder as well.*

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0031

Among the Cyclopes waiting for your return, you find the one you saved from a group of vengeful rebels, now calling himself the Nameless One. Their arms, where their modifications used to be, seem to be healing nicely, although they will forever remain scarred stumps.

"I am sorry for your loss, Argonauts. But I thank you for what you did. Many of our young are lost and too few of us older ones are wise enough to find the right way to guide them back."

Each Argonaut can lose -1 Ψ. Erase 1 Vow tally mark. **Return to 0029.**

0032

A lone Cyclops stands among the debris, looking around with sadness in his eyes. For a second you think it's Lenpamous, come home. But it's the former Cyclonus you saved from a group of vengeful rebels. He now calls himself the Nameless One. His stumps seem to be healing well despite the fact he will never regain his hands.

"So much death and destruction." He sighs. "I cannot blame you for trying to stop this war, but I wonder how many will die because of your endeavors."

Lose -1 . **Return to 0030.**

0033

The children continue to attack in synchronized formations, ones they must have extensively practiced. Training of a killer, not dissimilar to the training you force on the Titans . . .

You do your best to disarm the kids, occasionally knocking them out with the flat of your blades, but it's hard to show restraint.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance (10+). You may gain up to +2 **A** to add up to +2. If D4 is marked, add +2.

Fail: *One of the children cuts a deep gash across your thigh.* Gain +2 **A**.

0–2 successes: *Half of the children are dead before the fighting stops. The rest drop their weapons, eyes shining with tears, limbs shaking with fear. Shame and disgust seize you as you look at the small bodies on the floor. The Symmachy captain refuses to look you in the eye and goes to console the surviving children, his voice a soothing melody that bears sorrowful undertones.* Gain +1 and lose -1 Humanity.

3–4 successes: *It takes all of your concentration not to strike the children down. They continue attacking, but you slowly manage to wear them down, and one by one, their formation becomes disorganized. They might be soldiers in training, but they are still children. After a few more minutes, you manage to tire them enough to disarm them.* Gain +1 . Each Argonaut gains +1 **A**.

Regardless of the result, *you take the children back to the Argo while your crew starts working on the outpost fortifications and finds several abandoned rolls of parchment in one of the rooms. The Symmachy captain leaves after a few hours, displeased by the turn of events, letting you handle the children.*

Gain +2 Refugees and +1 . If D4 is marked, **see 0024**. Otherwise **return to the Voyage Phase**.

0034

Following the Symmachy captain's lead, you sheath your weapons, turn around and leave. The children cheer their victory. For a moment, you too are relieved, as you dreaded fighting children, but then you hear several of your crew scream and gurgle blood and fall on their faces, javelins sticking out of their backs. More projectiles fly through the air, nicking cheeks and ears, but you make it out without further casualties.

The Symmachy captain seems remorseful at having underestimated the children. You return to the Argo with several people fewer than you departed with and no base to call your own.

Lose -1 .

Once aboard the Argo, the Symmachy captain joins you on the Acropolis Deck as you watch the darkening horizon. You spend the next few hours discussing the mission and the war, sharing stories and dreams. Eventually, it comes back to the events of the day.

"We might not have taken that outpost," the Symmachy captain says as he looks at each of you in turn. "But I shudder to think what would have happened if we had fought those children. Maybe they will see through the Nietzschean's lies one day. Maybe not." He sighs. "But if we start behaving like them . . . Sparta didn't become this nightmare overnight. It was a long, dark road of crossed boundaries and normalized violence." He looks to you. "The Nietzschean isn't unique. He could've happened anywhere. In the Symmachy . . . or even here, on the Argo."

Gain +1 .

0035

Your words are not what these people were waiting for and many refuse to listen. They grow angry and start demanding you spare some weapons. You can see the light dimming in their eyes as they face another refusal, another setback. But their fire only grows stronger as they cling onto this ideal of the strong warrior.

Gain +2 . Party leader tests Wisdom (12+). Each other Argonaut may gain +1 to add +1 or +2 to add +3.

Fail: *It doesn't matter how hard you try to convince them, they refuse to listen. The cult of strength is too engrained in them and they are too desperate.* Gain +1 .

Success: *Most of the men eventually listen, your words ringing true. More and more join you and hope slowly replaces desperation in their eyes. Something has changed in them. It's almost as if they are realizing for the first time in their lives that there is a different path they could take. Several of them, with only minor injuries that will heal in time, ask to sail with you. Your crew could always use new members.* Gain +1 .

Regardless of the result, *as many of them don't know what to do now that they lost their purpose, you offer them a place on the Argo. The Old Priest smiles at the way you've handled the situation. "These men now have a second chance at life and will be free from the Nietzschean's clutches." You cannot help but smile too.*

Gain +2 Refugees.

0036

As you distribute weapons and armor among the 'Frail,' a small crowd gathers around the fighters. You even notice a priest of Ares in old tattered red robes. Soon, the men are geared up and eager to fight. You have seen this spectacle before. Agony is written on their faces as they clench their jaws and swing their weapons. One of them falls after taking a hit, leg bleeding from a reopened wound. Another man with a bandage around his head misses his opponent and wounds a bystander. They all stumble, wounds clearly limiting their movements.

At the end of the fight, those who are still alive fall to the ground to writhe in pain. You realize they will suffer like this until they die. There is no cure for this kind of stubbornness.

"They weren't strong enough," the priest of Ares says as the crowd disbands. "Their suffering wasn't complete. It wasn't enough." He tuts, then looks at you before you can let your anger consume you. "But you are strong, Argonauts. And you are getting stronger, fighting one war after the other. The god I served is dead, but I still retain some of my abilities. They could be useful to you."

Gain +1 and +1 Priest (of Ares).

0037

Another Graveyard. Memories of that armless, thirsty Cyclops flood your minds as you look at the tents spread out in front of you. How many other places like this one are there in Lakonia? How many other lives have the Nietzschean and his followers destroyed? As you step among the tents, fuming, you feel your hands clench into fists.

Random Argonaut gains +1 **Ω**. **Return to the *Phantom Pain* adventure.**

0040

You place yourselves in front of Cyrene. She lifts her eyebrows as if daring you to actually stop her, but when you don't move, her face turns into an unreadable mask.

"Get out of my way. I will not ask again."

You hold your ground. "Look at what your people are becoming," you say. "They are more efficient, but at what cost? How far will you go to destroy your enemies?"

She ponders on your words and for a few scary seconds you think your ideologies may come to a head. Then she looks at her warriors, her entire crew armed and ready to act at her slightest command before she turns back to you, her mind made up.

"It seems I have crossed a line." She steps to the railing and looks at the canal town below. She takes a deep breath. "I will send spies to apprehend the traitor. Bloodshed is not needed." You sigh in relief.

"Phrixus, escort the Argonauts off the ship." Before you disappear from her sight, she adds, "It is an honor to have you as allies, Argonauts. Keeping us all honest." There is something in the way she says it that sends a shiver down your spines.

As you watch the Owl's Promise *sail away, you wonder if Cyrene was simply being political and delayed the attack to get rid of you.*

"No one said negotiating with your allies would be easy," the Old Priest says with a weak smile.

As you visit the town you just saved, a group of young women accosts you, wishing to join the brave warriors who dared to stand up to Sparta during that naval battle earlier. You could always use more hands.

Gain +1 and +2 . Mark D9.

0041

You stand aside. "Phrixus, escort the Argonauts off the ship," she says as she joins her warriors. The quartermaster follows you until you are back on the Argo.

As soon as the first soldiers set foot in town, screams rip through the air. From the Acropolis Deck, you see civilians scatter in every direction. The Symmachy barge into people's homes, drag them outside and throw them to the ground. Those who struggle are brutalized, and many find death at the tip of a spikos or simply in being trampled by the fleeing crowd.

Soon fires appear, tiny red pinpricks under the setting sun. While your crew averts their eyes, the Old Priest steps beside you, face drawn and eyes hard. You have never seen him look so revolted.

"Watch and listen, Argonauts," he slowly says, his words ringing like a tolling bell. "This is also your doing. For those who hold the power hold the responsibility, even for inaction." As shivers run down your spines, you force yourselves to watch. "We need to be better than the one we face, lest we risk becoming like him."

The screaming is slowly replaced by the cries of orphaned children and the raging inferno that devours everything. You numbly let your crew welcome whoever wishes to find refuge aboard the Argo, unable to detach your gazes from the carnage below.

Your disgust resurfaces as you think about all those times you did something you weren't proud of, something that haunts you to this day. Innocents dying, buildings burning, orphaned children and suffering people. It all mixes into one gloomy tornado of regret. You feel sick, but the Old Priest's words bring you back, and you watch and listen.

When the fires and cries have died down and the Symmachy soldiers have returned to their ship, the Old Priest suggests you set sail. You numbly give your orders before retiring to your quarters for the night. The screams of the dying won't let you sleep.

Gain +1 and +2 Refugees. Mark D10. Make 1 tally mark under Transition in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet.

0043

Protected from the wind inside the troop transport pauldrons, you scale the wall, waiting for the prison garrison's reaction.

It doesn't take long.

First you hear the elevator's winching mechanism come to life, then you hear it descend toward the port town. Soon you hear the sounds of battle, as the garrison relief force bites off more than they can chew. They call for reinforcements. Predictably.

You give the sign. The Titans resume climbing and soon reach the outer wall. The elevator starts its descent again, now heavy with the garrison's finest.

One of the Titans moves to intercept. Its mighty kick sends the massive gondola flying to the side. The iron cage bounces off the cliff face, spilling Spartans like water. The cables holding it in place strain, then snap.

The gondola plummets to the port town below.

The battle for the prison is won then and there. The remaining Spartans try to put up a fight, but against your crew and Titans they stand little chance. Still, it went better than expected.

If D4 is marked, **see 0008**.

You spread out and move between cells. Prisoners reach out to you through the bars and beg you to free them. One after another, their voices join in a pleading song which only adds to your nervousness as you look for the king.

Choose:

1. *Helping all these people will take time that the king might not have. The Spartans could be torturing him at this very moment or under instructions to kill him in case of a breach. You need his knowledge of the Nietzschean.*

Leave the prisoners and concentrate on finding the king.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 . **See 0045.**

2. *King or not, you can't leave these people here. However, as you have destroyed the elevator, your options are limited. There are only so many you can save. It is cruel to choose between lives, but it's the best you can do at the moment.*

Free some of the prisoners.

Gain +1 Refugee and +1 . Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0046.**

0044

You begin your ascent in the dead of night. On closer inspection, the sheer cliff face of the canal wall isn't as smooth as it appears, with many crevices and small ledges to grab onto. The Titans make swift work of the climb. As the sun rises on the prison fortress, you watch the Argo sail into view.

Shots ring in the air as the Nietzschean empire bears its heavy weapons against your ship. You see Spartan troops spill out of the prison fortress to try and board the Argo, its bow almost as high as the canal cliff itself. This gives you the opportunity to take them by surprise. The Titans clamber onto the cliff and cut between the garrison force and the fortress.

One Titan enters the gate and blocks it from closing, while the rest charge into the rear ranks of the exposed Spartan party. Pushed to the edge of the cliff, the Imperials would rather board the Argo *than plummet to their deaths, so the fight spills onto the Acropolis Deck. However, there is no martial force in this world that can withstand a Titan attack. It's over before it has really begun.*

If D4 is marked, **see 0008**.

You quickly enter what looks like an empty prison, which puzzles you. Could this be a trap, and the king bait? At this point it hardly matters, as you've already committed to this operation and you need the information he possesses.

Since the Titans can't fit inside the prison blocks, you leave them on guard duty. As you move between the cells, prisoners reach out to you through the bars and beg you to free them. One after another, their voices join in a pleading song which only adds to your nervousness as you look for the king.

Choose:

1. *Helping all these people will take time that the king might not have. The Spartans could be torturing him at this very moment or under instructions to kill him in case of a breach. You need his knowledge of the Nietzschean.*

Leave the prisoners and concentrate on finding the king.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 . **See 0045.**

2. *While your mission is of the upmost importance, you cannot ignore the pleas of these people. It will take time to free them all, but you would be no better than the Spartans if you left them here. Surely the king can wait a bit longer?*

Free all the prisoners.

Gain +2 Refugees. Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0046**.

0045

Doing your best to ignore the anguished cries of the prisoners, you look through all the cells until you reach a large door at the end of the prison block. A small corridor inside leads to a single cell, slightly larger than any you've seen so far while a flight of stairs disappears into the ceiling. The only guard standing in front of the cell door drops his weapon as soon as you enter.

"I'm the only one left!" he stammers while one of you pushes him against the wall, their blade on his throat. "I-I don't want to die! Please believe me!" Tears and sweat mix on his face as his wild eyes dart to each of you in turn. The punishment for desertion is death. If you don't take him with you, he won't see another sunrise.

Before you can decide what to do with him, the person inside the cell stirs. You wouldn't have known it was Leonidas, the old King of Sparta, if you weren't looking for him. Once a powerful and regal man, strong in mind and body, he now looks tired and enfeebled, slumped and withered. You cautiously approach him.

"He's coming . . . the butterfly is evil . . ." he rasps under his clotted eyes. "He'll destroy everything . . ." You lean closer to hear him better when he suddenly jumps at the bars. "He needs to be stopped! Guards! Fetch my sword and together . . ." His outburst quickly dies down and he's back to muttering strange words. "The butterfly is evil . . . the metal wings . . . beautiful but evil . . ."

"What happened to him?" you ask the guard. He looks pale.

"What will happen to all of us, eventually. The Nietzschean."

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. Gain +1 Defector. **See 0047.**

0046

Cell after cell, you free the prisoners and escort them back. You feel several hours have passed but it couldn't have been more than a dozen minutes. And yet it might just be time the king doesn't have. Eventually, you reach a large door at the end of the prison block. A small corridor inside leads to a single cell, slightly larger than any you've seen so far. A flight of stairs disappears into the ceiling. Everything is quiet.

Dreading what you will find in the cell, you slowly approach it until you finally see the body of the old King of Sparta. Once a powerful and regal man, strong in mind and body, now a wrinkled corpse.

Anger surges in your veins. You are too late. The dagger that slit his throat is still on the floor. The door hasn't even been locked. Strands of hay from a dirty cot create a trail from the cell to the stairs, where the killer must have fled while you were helping the prisoners.

A random Argonaut gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. If they already have it, gain +1 instead. **See 0047.**

0047

"So reliable, that morality of yours." That voice, beautiful and exuding confidence. A man with flowing blond hair and piercing blue eyes awaits you at the top of the stairway. The Nietzschean. "You have received my invitation and promptly arrived. I do appreciate it, Argonauts."

So it was a trap, after all. The Nietzschean smiles and crosses his arms behind his back.

If D4 is marked, **see 0048**.

"Do you know why I do this? Why all this suffering is needed?"

"Because you're a murdering psycho?"

The Nietzschean looks discouraged. He sighs, shrugs. "You really believe that, don't you? You think I take pleasure in death? In pain? I embrace life! I cherish freedom. But there is a price for both and someone has to pay it. And you clearly cannot."

You're weary of the Nietzschean's mind games, but you need to keep him occupied. You came prepared too. "What do mean?" the party leader asks, seemingly taking the bait.

The Nietzschean smiles bitterly. "You were supposed to be better! But you're just weaker. Emotional. Effeminate. Pathetic. Rag dolls filled with dreams. And you're to challenge the sun? So this war is your chrysalis. You will never defeat me unless you become stronger, for what you need to do requires inhuman ruthlessness and strength." He stops and looks at you, then starts to nod, as if convincing himself. "You know how I know? I was one of you."

"You're nothing like us."

"An Argonaut. The very first one." He picks something up off the ground and tosses it before you. The suit is weathered and broken in places, and old, quite old, but you do recognize it. It's a Balaneion diving suit, one that superconducts the fluids and eases Triskelion function. "I did swim in the emerald waters once," he murmurs with a satisfied smile, as if savoring your surprise means that much to him. "Though rarely in the Great Pool. During my time we used discrete pods inserted right into the Titans' bodies. And then I was discarded when my usefulness came to an end. A fate not so different from a Titan's, eh? Yet I survived."

A chill runs down your spines. Is this true? How could it even be possible?

"That is not something they will tell you, those who really steer the Argo. They don't want you to know. And I—I am now a giant unto myself, with no need of any Titan. I will my presence upon this world." He lowers his head. "I see you still don't believe me. Give it time. Search for my old sword, the Red Polis of the Leleges Empire, in the bulkhead beneath the Mausoleum. It should still be there."

You look around you, eyeing the exit. The Titans you've left outside are in position. "We . . . will consider what you have said." The party leader bows. "Let us take our leave, so we can do that."

"I would have honored your plea last time we met. But not today. Today there is a toll to be paid. A price in blood or conscience. Leave alone, without your crew and the strays you picked up along the way, and I will let you go freely." He smiles wickedly. "Or fight your way out of this mountain and pay the price of the unity and compassion you hold in such high regard."

Gain +1 . Choose:

1. **(If Humanity is -18 or worse, you must choose this.)** *You cannot risk everything for your crew and allies. They may fight for your cause, but they alone cannot win. Only you control the Titans. Only you are strong enough to face the Nietzschean. Many will die today, but it's the price you have to pay to have a shot at victory.* Sacrifice your crew and all the others to walk away. Lose -2 Humanity. **See 0051.**

2. *You will not become him. You've prepared for*

this. The Titans outside are waiting for the signal. If you fight him all together, you might have a chance to escape.
Fight him together. **See 0049.**

3. *If you distract him with your Titans, it might give your crew enough time to evacuate. You won't be able to win against him anyway, not today. He wants you to confront him. Don't give him the satisfaction.*
Use your Titans to cover the retreat. **See 0050.**

0048 *"Are you running out of men? Must you recruit children?" he says as he looks at Efi. You hold her back before she can pounce on him and get herself killed. "Girls," he adds with a hint of disdain.*

You take a step forward. "The heart defines you. We Argonauts are all equal." Eligenia beams and your crew steps with you, forming an unbreakable line woven through hardships and all the moments you have shared aboard the Argo.

The Nietzschean only laughs at your display of unity.

Place 1 ▽ on Inward Odyssey and **return to 0047.**

0049 *You look at your warriors and give them the signal. You rush at the Nietzschean together. Your Titans roar and break into the prison, swinging their gigantic weapons. Your crew is not far behind, and each man and woman gives it their all.*

The Nietzschean just laughs at your attempt and dances around you, moving so fast you can barely see him. In an instant, a wall of blood and screams surrounds you. Your crew are slaughtered one by one, their bodies broken like twigs, the resounding cracks ringing in your ears. This is how you die, you realize . . . and then the Nietzschean just stops.

"Stupid, petulant and weak. Not worthy of the mantle, not worthy to breathe. Know that all I kill, I kill because you are too pathetic to stop me." He takes one last disgusted look at you and leaves. No one chases him.

Lose -1 ✕. If ▽ 8+, lose -2 ✕ instead. Then, **see 0025.**

0050 *You signal to your crew to evacuate while you engage the Nietzschean with your Titans. One would think a mortal would stand no chance against these towering behemoths, yet he seems to keep up with them with ease.*

Your people are halfway to canal edge, running as fast as they can while carrying the wounded and the weak, when the Nietzschean turns toward them. Your Titans step between them, bearing down their arms and shields.

"Gloves off."

Suddenly, you are deafened by an explosion. You fall to your feet, feeling heat on your cheeks. You force yourselves to look back. A towering pillar of fire reaches toward the sky from the ruins of the prison fortress. Above the Nietzschean, the man, stands a giant monstrosity of jet black skin, shimmering like a sea of ambrosia. The hollow eyes of its skull-like head bore into the Titans. With lightning speed, it grabs the closest Titan's Antikratos Helm and rips it off. The giant's scream is cut short, the death from Triskelion shock near instant.

With a sadistic smile—how can a skull smile?—it throws the helm at your feet, while the Titan's body remains motionless, blood dripping from its scalp.

"Pick that up and leave," a voice booms in your heads. "Your weakness cost them their life. You're not worthy of the burden entrusted to you, you pathetic flesh puppets. All the death in this war is on you."

The monster takes one last look at you and heads north. No one chases him. There is no sign of the Nietzschean, the man, anywhere. You presume he hitched a ride on his colossus.

Lose -1 Titan. If ▽ 7+, lose -2 Titans instead. Then, **see 0025.**

0051 *You share a look with your crew and find in their eyes a sad understanding. They too feel you're more important and they are glad to lay down their lives for you. To be stepping stones for you. How many more people will you ask to die for you? How many will be as willing?*

You leave in silence. Some finally break and cry in protest, but their pleas are quickly replaced by gurgles and screams of pain. You refuse to turn back as you silently march toward the Argo, *unimpeded.*

Lose -1 ✕ and -1 Titan. Gain +1 ⧋.

As soon as you reach your ship, you order your crew to set sail. When you find the strength, you tell what happened. After you're finished, Alkibiades, pale as a sheet, leaves the room without looking at you. The Old Priest, however, bores his gaze right into your souls.

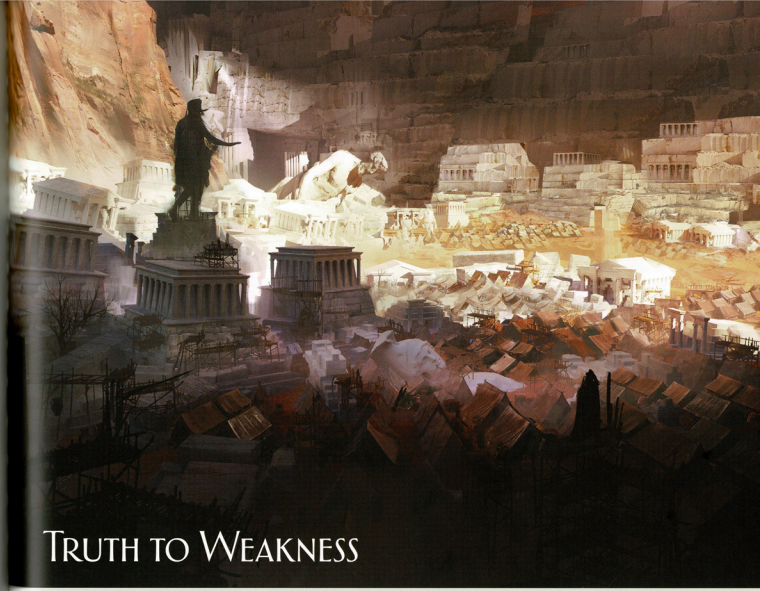
It isn't disappointment you read on his face. It's not even disgust. It's the clear and cold realization that the one he has been following all along has finally gone too far. He stares at you for so long you fear he might have had a heart attack until he finally closes his eyes for a moment. When he opens them, the most heartbreaking sadness you've ever seen shines in his eyes.

You realize what he sees: the Nietzschean. The very thing you swore to stop . . .

The Nietzschean broke your will and made you into the very thing you loathe. The alliance you were trying to build will crumble and the war will be lost. Your odyssey ends here (you lose). Or you may gain +1 ▽ and read on:

"So? What are you, Argonauts?" the Nietzschean's voice brings you back. You're still in the prison fortress. Was that a vision? Or just a projection of your fears?

Gain +1 ✕. Gain +1 Titan. Lose -1 ⧋. Gain +1 Humanity. **Return to 0047,** but ignore option 1 (even if Humanity -18 or worse).



Truth to Weakness

α	**Truth to Weakness**	
1–2	**Defeated by Victory**	☐
3–4	**Sowing**	☐
5–6	**The Taking**	☐
7–8	**Cornerstone of Bones**	☐
9–10	**The Last Great People**	☐
Ω	**Truth to Power**	

α Truth to Weakness ◳ | *Voyage*

The tension is palpable as you watch a massive Chimera Metastasios roam the land in the distance, a living hill of stone debris and blackness slowly moving northward. Like many others of its kind, it's heading toward the Temple of Man. A portentous omen.

You arrive at an occupied city nestled in the shadow of a mountain, its flank cut and quartered with great precision, so much so that it reminds you of the Centimanes ruins—or the very Labyrinth itself. But this place is mortal-made, one of the great Nietzschean quarries supplying building material for everything from small outposts to the sprawling Ares-class fortresses. A whole city turned prison camp. Beyond the inner gates, between the giant marble blocks waiting to be shipped to the rest of the empire, you see dozens upon dozens of Helots working under the merciless sun. How many work camps, mines or training grounds have you visited by now? Not enough to dull the blade of disgust toward the Nietzschean.

These Helots are your reason for being here. It's time to break those chains.

Choose:

1. *A stealthy approach will minimize casualties—if everything goes according to plan. If it doesn't, you will find yourself in enemy territory, cut off from backup, with a heavy disadvantage. Are you willing to risk it?*
Disguise yourselves as Helots and infiltrate the quarry.
Gain +2 ▽. **See 0001.**

2. *This quarry is too big. You won't be able to remain undetected forever. Sooner or later it will come to blows. A decisive frontal assault has the most chances of success—and of collateral damage—but if you keep the momentum, you'll have the Helot population on your side.*
Attack the quarry.
Gain +1 ⧋. **See 0003.**

1–2 Defeated by Victory ◳ | *Fate*

The news the agent brings is worrisome. Cyrene the Tenacious, one of the best generals of the Symmachy, has been exiled. The captain of the Owl's Promise *is well known all over Lakonia. What could have motivated the Symmachy to get rid of her?*

"Her methods, although efficient, displeased the Ecclesia," says the agent. He leans forward. "Between us, I suspect she was exiled because of her influence. A rising star in the Symmachy . . . Commanders usually don't become generals in the span of a few weeks. And Athens has a troubled history with tyrants . . ."

You nod, then stare at the agent. "You didn't come all this way just to tell us that."

He smiles. "Cyrene's . . . replacement, Hippon, is a good leader but a poor general. He has already cost us three pentaremes and a fortress. Cyrene's methods might have been too extreme at times, but she is one of our best strategists." He takes a deep breath and says, "We need her back."

You blink in confusion. You are aware of Athens's ten-year exile laws, and Cyrene is a woman of her word. She will not go against the Ecclesia's sentence. The agent adds, "Yes, she might have been too ambitious. But we should find other ways to deal with that than by depriving ourselves of one of our best." He crosses his arms over his chest. "Giving key roles to people who are just average will give everyone the impression that being mediocre is enough. We won't win this war by being mediocre, and we won't win it by spearing ourselves in the foot either."

Hard to argue with that. You set out immediately. From the canal town the agent mentioned, it's a small trek to a lonely house overlooking a cliff.

As you approach, you notice a flurry of movement at the window, and then the door opens. General Cyrene the Tenacious. Blond braids, sunburned skin and a white scar on her neck. It's her eyes that freeze you on the spot: gray orbs that could force anyone into

submission. As she looks at each of you in turn, you feel them burn deep into your souls.

If D9 is marked, **see 0016**.
If D10 is marked, **see 0017**.
Otherwise, **see 0018**.

3–4 Sowing — *Crime*

The canal town is bigger than the others you have visited, with dozens of houses perched on both walls. A bustling city of mostly women, you realize, although the Spartan soldiers present make you glad you decided to come in an inconspicuous launch and not the Argo. As you look for your informant, word of a wedding reaches your ears. Despite the joyful event, there is tension in the air. People's smiles seem strained and mothers usher their children inside.

"He comes here sometimes, but I haven't seen him in a few days. He might come to the wedding," a young woman with short hair tells you when you ask about your informant. Her gaze then follows another woman, this one with a shaved head, her eyes filled with sadness and something akin to resentment. When you ask her about it, she shrugs.

"You Argonauts are probably too busy, with the war and all." When you insist, she sighs. "My sister is getting married to a Spartan tonight. Against her will." She looks around to make sure no one is listening. "Every few weeks, the soldiers take the unmarried women and force them to wed them. Many people say it's because the Spartan population is decreasing and so they come for us Helots now. Others say their strength mentality is finally catching up to them."

You know exactly what she means. Inbreeding is bound to happen if the population is decreasing, which will not produce the strong and able soldiers the empire needs. You watch her as she nervously runs her hand through her short hair. "Were you wed to one of them?" you ask, and she nods shyly.

"But it's not for myself that I am worried. My husband is stationed far from here and will probably die in the war. But my sister . . . She will suffer at the hands of her new husband. He's an officer at the garrison and he has a heavy hand. Please, Argonauts, save her. Before that beast of a man claims her in the dark."

Choose:
1. *Her sister is not the only one forced to wed a Spartan and bear his children. There is room on the* Argo. *You could take these women with you, but it would cause an uproar and you'd miss your informant—if he's here, that is.*
Save the women.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0019**.
2. *With the wedding happening tonight, people will be distracted. You could use this opportunity to look for your informant. It pains you to decline, but getting her sister out of town will be risky with all those soldiers around, especially since she is the bride.*
Keep looking for the informant.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0020.**

5–6 The Taking — *Curse*

During one of your missions behind enemy lines, you stop at a Spartan canal town to resupply. Another ship drops anchor next to your launch, a Spartan trireme bearing the colors of the empire. A man dressed in an officer's uniform and accompanied by four guards walks into town, barely sparing you a glance. You send a spy to learn who that was.

Once the launch is filled with supplies, your spy comes back and leads you to a group of women inside one of the fishing shacks close to the waterfront. "The officer who came here earlier," your spy says, "he is a Spartan recruiter."

The women start sobbing at once, begging you not to let them take their sons away. The oldest of them steps forward. "We urge you, Argonauts. Please, save our boys! We have heard the great things you did for others all across Lakonia and Crete!"

Another one approaches you. "The empire will warp their minds and turn them into monsters who don't even remember their families!"

"Please! Take them with you! Find them a safe place to live, far from this war!"

You think of all the young soldiers you've met along the way.

Choose:
1. *If you leave the boys here, they will end up becoming ruthless soldiers for the empire. At least, those that survive. But what punishment will befall this town in retaliation if you take them?*
Take the boys with you.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0021**.
2. *Dealing with the recruiter is much more efficient, and yet, you know that the empire will just send another one, for it will always need soldiers to fight its wars.*
Confront the recruiter and stop him.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0022.**

7–8 Cornerstone of Bones — *Heritage*

You were expecting the new, free Cyclops state, Polyphemos, to be a sight to behold, get even your imagination pales in comparison to reality. The scale and grand architecture of the Leleges ruins turned Cyclops polis leaves you mesmerized. The Argo *sails between broken pillars, past giant statues of heavily armored warriors with missing limbs, until you reach the docks. As you disembark, some of you whistle at the sheer size of the city.*

You follow the Cyclops pilgrims coming to Polyphemos from all over Lakonia up a cleared path toward what looks like an amphitheater peppered with broken stones, where many giants have already gathered. While some mind your presence, others ignore you, and you must be careful not to end up in their path and be squished.

"Ah, Argonauts!" a Cyclops suddenly says as he opens his arms wide. One half of his muscular torso is covered by a dark cowskin cloak, the other is marred with scars. "We finally meet!" He drops to one knee in front of you. "I am Argares, from the south." You have to cut the introductions short as the council enters the amphitheater, and Argares promptly regains his place among other Cyclopes wearing the same dark cloaks.

You settle on an unclaimed giant stone in the middle of the amphitheater as Stephenidne, a council member, steps forward. "We are gathered here to decide what is to become of our people," Stephenidne says, her voice carrying easily to the furthest rows of seats.

She looks at the many Cyclopean groups, some distinguishable by their clothes, like Argares's, others blending in with the general population, creating this giant mass of cattle herders and warriors, saboteurs and peacemakers, former slaves and guerrilla fighters. You've never seen so many Cyclopes in one place.

"This war has bent our vow, but it is not too late to go back. It is time we stopped fighting. We have taken enough! We have what we need to begin anew, to return to our peaceful ways!" Her words create an uproar and, amid this cacophony, you cannot tell if there are more Cyclopes for or against the idea. You see Argares nod wisely at her words, arms crossed over his chest.

Before the situation gets out of hand, a Cyclops comes down the steps and asks for silence. He's smaller than Argares but younger. "We will not stand by this," he tells Stephenidne before turning to the crowd. "We have suffered for too long!"

Cheers erupt. "Is this really how you wish to live your lives? In fear of another attack? Do you wish to end up like our brothers? Captured and tortured by the empire, turned into Cyclonus, blind and unable to tell friend from foe?"

Stephenidne hisses next to him. "Bronimedes, that's enough! Our ancestors vowed to walk the path of peace for a reason! Enough blood has been spilled! War leads to destruction! Do you wish us to lose our way again? To become nothing more than killing machines, no different from the Cyclonus?"

Bronimedes ignores her. "We will never be truly free unless we take back our freedom with our own hands! We have the strength to do it! Look at the Leleges! That was a people of great warriors and conquerors! They had the world at their feet and they knew no chains! We could live freely, never having to worry again for our children!"

The crowd seems equally divided between the two sides. Suddenly, Argares says, "Perhaps we could ask for the advice of a third party, people who have traveled the world and have dealt with our enemy. People whose moral compass is as strong as their blades are sharp." He looks at you. "Argonauts, what do you think?"

Nervousness settles in your stomach as all eyes turn to you.

If M1 is marked, to choose option 1 you have to gain +2 ▼ and each Argonaut has to gain +3 Ψ. If M1 is not marked, but you have finished the *Intended Purpose* hub, to choose option 2 you have to gain +1 ⛵ and each Argonaut has to gain +3 Δ. Choose:
1. *You have witnessed the violence the Cyclopes are capable of. Such power should be handled carefully. Unfortunately, you can't make everyone happy, and the radicals will not yield peacefully. You will anger them, but that's a risk you have to take to ensure the Cyclopes don't end up like the Leleges—or the Nietzschean empire.*
Advise the Cyclopes to stick to their vow of pacifism.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 ☯ **See 0029.**
2. *The Cyclopes will never be truly free if they don't take action. They should learn from the example of the past and change the future, become something greater than simple cattle shepherds. Their strength will be needed to win this war.*
Advise the Cyclopes to follow in the Leleges' footsteps.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0030.**

9–10 The Last Great People — *Fate*

You should have known things would only get more difficult as the war progressed. As the end seems within reach and thoughts race to the aftermath, common goals erode and tensions grow between your allies.

You have called a representative of each faction to meet you on the Argo *near a small canal town. You have heard disturbing reports of a Cyclops attacked not by Spartans but by your other allies—an accident, according to the parties involved. You fear what this could mean. This isn't the moment for your allies to turn on each other.*

The three representatives arrive. Cebriones, a massive Cyclops bigger than your tallest Titan, crosses his arms over his chest while the rest of those gathered, a Symmachy commander named Nikanor and a Helot representative that everyone calls Raisa, watch him nervously.

"What are these reports of violence we have heard about?" the party leader asks bluntly.

"These people attacked one of my brothers." Cebriones points at the other representatives. "During one of our missions, they ambushed him and injured his leg. Now he can't fight."

"You want to talk about injuries? Your brother wounded several of my warriors during that mission! You don't pay attention to your surroundings when you fight! One of them may never walk again!"

You feel a headache building up, when Raisa turns toward you. "I think it is time we renegotiated the terms of our alliance, Argonauts." Cebriones and Nikanor stop bickering. "The Cyclopes possess tremendous power and strength and have helped us greatly during the war." Cebriones beams at her. "But this power has also turned on us at times. Just like the Cyclonuses, Cyclopes lack control. They are capable of much destruction."

If you have finished the *Intended Purpose* hub, **see 0034**.

"If they can't control themselves, we should do it for them." Cebriones clenches his fists but lets her finish. "Put some restrictions in place. Limit their actions, the weapons they possess. We need to contain their strength to reduce the damage they will do." Nikanor nods his approval.

Cebriones fumes. "Is this what this alliance has come to be? You want to dominate us because you fear us? Just like the Nietzschean?" He turns toward you. "Argonauts, are we not all equal in this room?"

Choose:
1. *Sadly, this world was not built to the Cyclopes' scale, and mortals are such fragile beings. You should be focusing on the Nietzschean and not worrying about a Cyclops killing your people by accident. It will put you at odds with them, but you have to restrain their power to avoid unnecessary collateral damage.*
Agree to implement restrictions against the Cyclopes.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0044.**
2. *The whole purpose of this alliance is to defeat the Nietzschean together. It will all be for naught the moment you stop considering another faction—another species—your equal. You shouldn't punish the Cyclopes for something they might do or for something they are. Accidents are bound to happen.*
Refuse to implement restrictions against the Cyclopes.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0045.**

☊ Truth to Power — *Deed*

Several days after receiving Tarchon's message, you arrive at the city's port disguised as Spartans. Not the best place for an extraction, but your source is worth it. It's not every day that a high-ranking official wants to defect.

"He's been compromised," the spy you sent ahead says upon their return, and you swear under your breaths. "General Oeanagus is looking for him."

"What did he do?" you ask.

"I don't know, but Tarchon is not just any official. He's a former priest of Ares in charge of checking if newborns are healthy." You have heard plenty of dreadful stories about the Spartan ways, and what they do to 'defective' children still horrifies you. You shudder at the thought of babies poked and probed, bathed in wine and thrown off the side of the mountain.

"He was very close to some people in town, such as the general's wife. Tarchon inspected all of her three sons, and she used to be a fervent worshipper of Ares. She climbs the mountain every day to pay her respects." You look to your left, past several houses and up the wide path. It would take you hours to catch up with her. Then you notice another path, much steeper and narrower, overgrown and treacherous. The Path of Cripples. That climb seems perilous.

"There is also the facility where the babies are checked after birth. Other priests work there. They are bound to know something."

Choose:
1. *The general's wife sounds like a solid lead, but if you want to catch up to her, you'll have to take the dangerous path. One false step and you could find yourselves falling off a cliff. On the other hand, you'll be far away from the prying eyes of the Krypteia.*
Go up the mountain to ask the general's wife about Tarchon.
Each Argonaut gains +1 Δ. **See 0050.**
2. *The facility where the babies are deemed healthy or not should yield some answers. Yet, will you be able to stand idly by as priests examine innocent newborns and condemn some to a horrible death? There is also the risk of your cover being blown if you stay too long in the city.*
Go to the facility to ask the other priests about Tarchon.
Party leader gains +2 Ψ. **See 0051.**

0001 *You wait for a group of Helots carrying supplies to the quarry—waterskins and meager rations for the other workers—and, having shed your armor and concealed your weapons under your robes, you join them at the end of the line. A shiver runs down your spine as you cross the gate.*

▼ 5+: *One of the guards recognizes something about you and sounds the alarm.* Gain +1 ⛵ and **see 0003**, where you must choose option 2.

Otherwise, *the guards simply tell you to move faster, sparing not a glance in your direction. Who would want to break into a work camp?*

Inside, you have to cut and haul stones for several hours before you can regroup in the shadow of a marble block.

See 0004.

0003 *Swords clash as you face the guards at the gate. You make quick work of them and hurry inside the quarry as more Spartans converge on your position—not surprising, as you've announced your arrival with the clang of bronze and the shouts of the dying. But guards are not the only ones who heard your call. With the help of a defector, you manage to lure the first response force between two marble blocks and attack them from above with javelins and swords.*

Gain +1 Defector.

Horns sound. Now the whole garrison is being mobilized. You need to move quickly and hope they don't have a Cyclonus.

Choose:
1. *It's time to bring in your Titans. Their strength will tip the scales in your favor. They will be able to handle regular troops with ease. But the quarry's layout leaves no room for giants, and you would have to take the fight to the polis that surrounds it. There is no telling the damage they will do and, if there are any Deathdealers garrisoned here, the Titans themselves might be at risk.*
Bring your Titans to fight in the city.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0005.**
2. *Fighting in the city will put the Helots at risk. The Triskelion Junction wasn't created with precision controls in mind. But if you fight on foot in the quarry and without your Titans, it will be your and your crew's blood being spilled.*
Fight only with your crew in the quarry.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0006.**

0004 *The number of able-bodied adults in the quarry surprises you. These people are nothing like those living in the Graveyards of the Frail. Strong, athletic, unyielding. You approach a small group of them and their faces light up when you explain who you are. Word of your adventures has already spread.*

A woman named Megare laughs bitterly. "Ironic, isn't it? Our whole lives, we are told to strive for greatness. Look where that's got us."

"Be weak and you die," says one of you. "Be too strong and you are cast off."

Another Helot, a man named Teuthranes, flexes his muscles. "We did not wither. We grew stronger. We are the true children of Sparta, resilient in the face of any adversity!" The determination in his voice and the fire burning in his eyes bring a smile to every face, yours included. You appreciate his enthusiasm.

You plan for the escape, but Megare stops you. "Many high-ranking officials have arrived here in the last couple of days. They are convening as we speak . . ."

Choose:
1. *This officers' meeting couldn't have happened at a better time. You will be able to confront them and maybe even learn something interesting that will help you destroy the Nietzschean once and for all.*
Raid the meeting to gather information and confront the commanders directly.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0007.**
2. *People are more important than information. All these Helots are stronger than they appear and could be powerful allies if they are given a chance to escape this quarry.*
Escape the quarry with everyone.
Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ▼. **See 0008.**

0005 *As some of you head back to the Argo and Argos to junction with the Titans, the rest draw out the soldiers from the quarry. For every fallen Spartan, two more take their place. You are saved by workers brandishing their tools who join the battle and hold ground until your Titans arrive.*

Then the tables turn. You remain at a distance and watch as your giants mow through the Spartan ranks, destroying everything in their path, including buildings. It is messier than you would have liked, but it's too late to turn back now. The quarry and polis are almost yours.

Gain +1 Refugees. If ▼ 7+: Gain +1 ⛵.

When the Spartans retreat, your newfound allies lift their tools in the air, blissful freedom painted on their faces. You find one Titan near the entrance of the quarry, lying over the broken gate, with ghastly wounds that could only have been inflicted by the Thanporos. And yet you didn't see a single one around.

Lose -1 Titan.

As you look over the half-ruined city, the Helots turn to you. They have proved themselves able fighters. But can you really ask them to join a war they could finally escape from?

Choose:
1. *These people would be better off starting a new life somewhere else, far from the Nietzschean and his war. You cannot ask them to fight for you.*
Let them live their own lives.
Gain +1 ▼. **See 0013.**
2. *These people have shown you they can fight. They would be a great addition to your crew, and you'll take all the allies you can get.*
Recruit them.
Gain +1 ✕. **See 0014.**

0006 *You slip between the giant stone blocks to divide the Spartan forces, your archers and javelin throwers attacking from above. Aegises and xiphi are broken against marble as you fight in close quarters. Yet there is only so much you can do with a small number of warriors. One after another, they are boxed*

between the tall white slabs and killed. You have spared the Helots in the polis at the cost of your own people.

Lose -1 ✕. ▼ 6+: Lose -1 additional ✕ or -1 Humanity.

As the screams of the dying echo off the marble, a war cry erupts from behind you and the slave force, pushed to action by your example, finally joins the fight. The battle rages on, the Spartans fighting until their dying breaths, strong and unmoving like the stone blocks that surround them. But you are like your Titans, made to lift even the heaviest of burdens—and

eventually they fall.

You survey the battlefield. Many have died today, but many more were saved and freed. The Helots rejoice, yet there is uncertainty in their eyes. There is nothing left for them here but white marble painted red. You could spare some supplies to help them begin anew.

Gain +2 Refugees or lose 9 Relief or 6 War Machine resources.

Then choose:

1. *These people can clearly hold their own. They would be better off starting a new life somewhere else, far from the Nietzschean and his war.*

Let the Helots move on. Gain +1 ▼. **See 0013.**

2. *You could use strong allies. The Helots know the city and with all this stone, they could turn it into a fortress, start fresh right here. They would have to face the empire, but then again, you can't run forever.*

Put them in charge of the city. **See 0015.**

0007 *Megare leads you to the building where the meeting is taking place, a dour-looking monolith erected from the same stone they mine here. Your storm it and a vicious skirmish erupts. Despite the close quarters, you manage to take some of the officers alive. You strike a deal with one of them and he shows you maps of the region and some coded scrolls with the latest orders.*

Gain +1 ⍐ and +1 Defector.

Megare grabs another officer by his hair. "Do you remember how you forced us to work here as children, stripped of everything we had? We were as strong as purebred Spartans and you discarded us like trash!"

The officer looks back at her without a hint of fear. He smirks. "Petulant girl. Some of you could've even been Spartan. What of it? You can get as strong as you like. You will still be a woman."

She slams her fist against his jaw before Teuthranes restrains her.

"We should kill them all," Megare seethes. Many others, especially women, have murder painted on their faces.

Choose:

1. *You understand their rage and pain. Only revenge can appease them now, and who are you to deny it? Besides, the fewer officers the Nietzschean has under his command, the easier it will be for you to defeat him.*

Let the Helots kill the officers. **See 0009.**

2. *You don't want these young people to turn into coldhearted murderers. Revenge won't erase the years of abuse, nor will it bring these officers to justice. It won't even quench their rage.*

Take the officers prisoner. **See 0010.**

0008 *It doesn't take much to persuade the other Helots to escape with you. Just like Megare and Teuthranes, they were discarded as children because they were too promising or too strong. As you lead them through the quarry to the gate, you are reminded of all the escapes and rebellions you have planned, of all the battles you have fought with your crew. A profound feeling of unity swells in your heart at the memory.*

That memory is dispelled when the Spartan soldiers called in from the polis converge on your position. Soon you will have no way out. The wide balcony of the towering edifice behind you is suddenly abuzz with Spartan officials, their meeting adjourned. They look at you with disdain.

Megare points at them. "How could you do this to us? We were only children! We did everything you wanted!" But her words are only met with silence. "We were Spartans!" You are startled at this revelation. How many of these Helots were born Spartan? Why did the empire discard them? "Strong and proud to be of service! We would have died for you!"

"Girl." An officer smirks and signals the soldiers around you. "You will." The Spartans approach, weapons raised.

"This isn't working," Teuthranes says as he grabs Megare by the wrist, preventing her from storming up the steps while the soldiers approach from all sides. "What do we do now?"

Your forces spent and the element of surprise gone, there is only one thing to do: retreat.

Gain +2 ▼ and choose:

1. *You will have a better chance of escaping if you split into two groups. But if the Imperials decide to focus on one group, your crew or the Helots will be decimated.*

Split into two groups and try to rendezvous at the Argo. **See 0011.**

2. *Your chances of escaping together might be slimmer but it's in unity that your true strength lies. You will not risk the slaughter of half of you to save the rest. All for one . . .*

Stay and fight your way out of the quarry together. **See 0012.**

0009 *You nod to Megare and leave the room. As soon as the heavy doors close, you hear shuffling, muffled gasps. You can't tell exactly when their throats are slit, as no screams can be heard. There are only the heavy thuds of their bodies hitting the floor and the Helots' footsteps as they join you.*

Megare's eyes now bear the gaze of a killer.

Gain +1 ⍋.

Your crew and the rest of the Helots have dealt with the Spartans defending the quarry and now gather around the officers' building. These people have nowhere to go. You could use their strength. They have done too much to now sit the war out. Your intervention today has filled them with an eagerness to fight and a determination to make sure no one else suffers the same injustice as they have.

Choose:

1. *These people have shown you they can fight. They would be a great addition to your crew and you will take all the allies you can get.*

Recruit them.

Gain +1 ✕. **See 0014.**

2. *You could use strong allies. The Helots know the city and could turn it into a fortress, start fresh right here. They would have to face the empire, but then again, you can't run forever.*

Put them in charge of the city. **See 0015.**

0010 *"They don't deserve a swift death," you say as you lift the officers by the collars of their robes. "We will bring them to justice and make them pay for what they did to you."*

There is still a spark of anger in Megare's eyes, but she accepts your decision and lets you go.

Gain +1 Captives.

Your crew and the rest of the Helots have dealt with the Spartans defending the quarry and now gather around the officers' building. You catch Teuthranes's longing gaze. Longing for freedom and peace. A weary gaze you have seen countless times before. If they wish to leave and establish a peaceful community somewhere, you won't stop them. But maybe they wouldn't mind settling here, in the quarry polis, and becoming your allies in the last stages of the war.

Choose:

1. *These people can clearly hold their own. They would be better off starting a new life somewhere else, far from the Nietzschean and his war.*

Let them go live their own lives.

Gain +1 ▼. **See 0013.**

2. *This city is the perfect place for a fortress, and who better to run it than the young Helots you just freed, who know these streets like the backs of their hands? Their fight with the empire will continue, but then again, they can't run forever.*

Put them in charge of the city. **See 0015.**

0011 *The Spartans close in on you. Blades clash. All you can see are the warriors beside you. Some of the Helots fall to the enemy, but most manage to reach the gates, where you split into two groups: the former slaves run straight for the* Argo *while you take a detour, hoping to divert the garrison's attention from the escapees and your ship. The Imperials, though, don't take the bait. There is some deep hatred seething from beneath their closed helmets. The bulk of their force hunts down the Helots.*

Everything that follows happens in a daze. You wouldn't be able to tell how exactly you defeated the Spartans sent after you, but you return to the Argo *bleeding and tired. The Old Priest welcomes you with a sorrowful face. Not many of the Helots made it. You see Teuthranes sitting in a corner, Megare's body cradled in his arms.*

Gain +1 ⍋ and +1 ▼. Then, **see 0013.**

0012 *The Spartans close in on you. With a warlike cry, you lunge forward. In the cacophony of swords and shields, you vaguely see the officers leave. Cries and grunts fill your ears. Once again, you find yourselves on the battlefield, fighting together as one.*

And once again, you are victorious. As the last enemies are slain, you look around, still dazed. The Helots rejoice and lift their improvised weapons in the air. Arms are thrown over shoulders in the after-fight euphoria. Only later do you notice some of your crew on the ground, unmoving.

Lose -1 ✕.

Megare and Teuthranes let you know they wish to do something more to bring an end to this war. It is difficult not to smile at their eager faces. Perhaps something could be done.

Choose:

1. *Their enthusiasm brings a smile to your lips. All these men and women can hold their own in battle. You could use people like them on your crew, especially now, as the war is reaching its climax.*

Recruit them.

Gain +1 ✕. **See 0014.**

2. *It would be a shame to leave the city and quarry unattended, given their strategic placement in the region. The young Helots could turn it into a fortress and become powerful allies in this war.*

Put them in charge of the city. **See 0015.**

0013 *The Helots accompany you for some time but leave as soon as you pass through an abandoned canal town. It isn't much. This whole regions bears deep scars left by the empire's Black Industry, but Teuthranes, the newly elected leader, seems satisfied with it.*

He shakes your hand and thanks you for your help. You are reluctant to leave them, but the Old Priest smiles at you. "They must find their own path now. You have done what you can." He chuckles as he looks at them. "Looks like the weakest aren't so weak after all."

His words stir something deep inside one of you, the fleeting memory of misery, pain and suffering, the feeling you are the smallest of the bunch, wishing you could just roll into a ball and disappear.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Runt of the Litter* Mnemos card.

0014 *It is with much cheering that the Helots join you on your adventures and find their place on the* Argo*. Yet, the celebration is cut short as you remember those you lost today. As you leave the marble quarry polis behind, your recruits watch the horizon from the Acropolis Deck, uncertain frowns on their faces.*

The Old Priest smiles at you. "You have given these people a chance to fight back and reclaim their names and destiny. You did well today." He chuckles as he looks at them. "Looks like the weakest aren't so weak after all."

His words stir something deep inside one of you, the fleeting memory of misery, pain and suffering, the feeling you are the smallest of the bunch, wishing you could just roll into a ball and disappear.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Runt of the Litter* Mnemos card.

0015 *Once the city is cleared of all remaining Spartans, the Helots reclaim their homes and lives. You decide to stay the night to help them with repairs and to treat the wounded. Your crew deserve the rest as well, and the dead need to be buried.*

Sometime in the evening, the Helots discover a Titan held captive near the Agora.

The Old Priest joins you outside as you celebrate. "You have given these people a new place to call their own, and that could help put an end to this war. You did well today." He chuckles as he looks at the Helots. "Looks like the weakest aren't so weak after all."

His words stir something deep inside one of you, the fleeting memory of misery, pain and suffering, the feeling you are the smallest of the bunch, wishing you could just roll into a ball and disappear.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Runt of the Litter* Mnemos card. Gain +1 Titan.

0016 *"Come to mock me, Argonauts?" she asks and her voice is still as sharp as the xiphos hanging from her belt. Before you can answer, she leaves the door open. You tentatively enter the modestly furnished home. Her armor lies on a table next to her torn chlamys.*

"A reminder," she says when she catches you staring at it. Instead of elaborating, she asks why you came and snorts at your answer. "You have come for naught. I will not return to the Symmachy. I will remain in exile. Such is the law." Respect and sadness linger in her voice. She stands near the window and looks to the canal below while mixed feelings swarm you. You are impressed by her commitment yet frustrated at her stubbornness. For a woman who has fought tooth and nail for a cause she believes in, how can she so readily accept her fate?

"Do not fret, Argonauts," she says, snapping you out of your thoughts. "I deserve whatever the Fates have decided for me." She seems to think for a moment before she approaches you.

"But since you are here, I do have a request. My spies chased the traitor down, but because my ship was seized and my crew now answers to Hippon, they were unable to catch him." You remember the traitor being the reason why she wanted to attack a defenseless canal town. "He is wounded and rests in a small fishing village nearby." She looks at you. "Will you bring him to justice?"

Choose:

1. *It's the least you can do, for any traitor is a thorn in your alliance's side. Furthermore, he may possess valuable knowledge. As for the Symmachy, each state lives and dies by its laws. They will have to adapt—or something else will take their place. Such is the world.*

Catch the traitor and bring him to justice.

Gain +1 ▼. Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0025.**

2. *Catching this traitor is just an act of revenge. It will not undo what he has done or bring peace to Cyrene. On the other hand, the Symmachy worries you: if Hippon truly lacks expertise, defeats will mount. And if he shows promise, he may be ostracized, just as Cyrene was. If the Symmachy don't change their ways, this war may be lost.*

Ignore Cyrene and try to convince the Symmachy to change their laws.

Gain +2 ▼. Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0028.**

0017 *"Come to finish me off, Argonauts?" she asks, and her voice is still as sharp as the xiphos hanging from her belt. She ushers you inside the modestly furnished house before you can answer, bolting the door behind you, and checks through the windows, her fingers fiddling with the rims of the torn chlamys covering her armor.*

"A precaution," she says when she catches you staring at her. Instead of elaborating, she asks why you have come and snorts at your answer. "You have come for naught. I will not return to the Symmachy, no matter how much they beg or how many times the enemy tries to kill me." Your confusion pushes her to explain.

"There were several attempts on my life. And I have heard rumors of other Symmachy leaders being targeted. Do not fret, Argonauts." She smiles sadly as she looks at you. "I deserve whatever the Fates have decided for me. But since you are here, I do have a request:

"Stop these assassins for the sake of my fellow leaders. I have lost my influence and power, but they can still put an end to this war." You look at her, remembering how her warriors attacked that canal town and killed anyone who stood between her and the traitor she was looking for. The screams of the dying haunted you for days.

Choose:

1. *The Symmachy's leadership is unstable as it is. You may regret your decision not to challenge Cyrene last time you met, but this is different. You've learned firsthand the chaos Metonym assassins can sow. You cannot leave your ally to fall prey to another Nietzschean trick.*

Leave Cyrene to her fate and deal with the assassins.

Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0026.**

2. *You have never heard those rumors, and Cyrene is a brilliant strategist. You have seen firsthand that nothing is beneath her. She could be lying. The Symmachy also worries you: if Hippon truly lacks expertise, defeats will mount. And if he shows promise, he may be ostracized, just as Cyrene was. If the Symmachy don't change their ways, this war may be lost.*

Ignore Cyrene and try to convince the Symmachy to change their laws.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0028.**

0018 *"So you are the famous Argonauts?" she asks as she invites you into the modestly furnished home. When she closes the door, you notice the worn armor and torn chlamys she wears.*

"It is a shame we meet in such circumstances," she says when she catches you staring at her. "We could have accomplished great things together." Instead of elaborating, she asks why you have come and softly smiles at your answer. "I cannot return to the Symmachy. Such is the law. Unless you have been officially sent here . . ." Your silence is your answer. "While I appreciate that I still have allies in the Symmachy, I cannot come with you."

Respect and longing linger in her voice as she looks at the River Works through the window. "I loved my city," she says. "I fought for it after the Eschaton. My methods were brutal yet efficient. Battle after battle, I never gave up. Was I exiled because I was obsessed with strength and victory? Perhaps. But there are other powers at play. The Fates have woven my fate and I shall accept it. My only regret is not noticing the decline of my people." She thinks for a moment. "Or maybe I saw it and turned a blind eye. We all become the monsters we fight against, if we see no other way."

This isn't what you came here for, and yet her words ring true. She isn't the only one who has adopted your enemy's strategies.

Choose:

1. *The Symmachy will not change their laws so easily. And yet, they need skilled leaders now more than ever, as the war is reaching its climax. Cyrene is one of the best they ever had. They need her right now.*

Convince Cyrene to return to the Symmachy despite her exile.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0027.**

2. *Who are you to make her disobey their laws and go back? You should focus on making sure that she is the last one to meet such a fate. The Symmachy worries you: if Hippon truly lacks expertise, defeats will mount. And if he shows promise, he may be ostracized, just as Cyrene was. If the Symmachy don't change their ways, this war may be lost.*

Ignore Cyrene and try to convince the Symmachy to change their laws.

Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0028.**

0019 *You agree to meet the bride's sister at the docks shortly before the wedding. She will convince her sister and the other soon-to-be brides to escape.*

When the time comes, several women, all with shaved heads, meet you at the docks. You have them board the launch, as you look for the bride and her sister. "They got caught," one of the women says. You take several of your crew and hurry to the wedding.

The celebration at the villa is in full swing. Most of the guests are so inebriated they don't even register you slipping in. You quickly find the traditional 'wedding room,' immersed in total darkness.

There is movement in the dark. "Amyris, is that you?" a woman asks.

"We're the Argonauts," you whisper. "Your sister sent us."

"She told me you would come, but I didn't believe her. And when I thought of escaping, I-I froze. I will not freeze again."

"Good. We need to leave now. Where is your sister?"

"She-she's gone." You hear her start to break down.

Gain +1 ⍋.

You do not ask, and she does not elaborate further. Only when you're on your way to the docks do the inebriated Spartans sound the alarm. Now Amyris, the scorned groom and a battalion of Spartans are on your tail. It's a miracle you make it to the launch and set sail

before any of them catch up to you. Amyris curses your names and yells obscenities from the docks when he notices that you have sabotaged the other ships.

The women seem to breathe better once the canal town disappears from view, but your minds wander to all the young girls in this town, and others like it, who will someday be forced to wed Spartans and give birth to the new soldiers of the empire. One more reason to stop the Nietzschean at all costs.

Gain +2 Refugees.

0020 *You decide to stake out the wedding, looking for someone who matches your informant's description. You can still hear the bride's sister's sigh when you refused to help them. Despite all the reasons your minds come up with to justify such a decision, you can feel your hearts constrict at the thought of those women being forced into marriages they didn't want, forced to bear children for an empire that will turn them into soldiers who oppress the very people they owe their lives to. Yet none of this will matter if you don't put an end to this war.*

Eventually, you notice a soldier who looks like your informant. You linger nearby until he notices you and signals you to meet him outside.

"Thank you for finding me, Argonauts," he says once you are away from prying eyes and ears. "I didn't know who else to turn to." He quickly checks around. "I will tell you everything I know if you help me escape this town." He looks down at his feet for a split second before meeting your gazes in turn. "I do not wish to force anyone to marry me, and yet I must marry soon." He grits his teeth in anger but doesn't elaborate. You can only imagine the pressure put on his shoulders by his peers and society, as Spartans who marry late are shunned.

As you take him discreetly to the launch, you steal a look inside the house where the wedding is taking place and see the bride smiling at her sister. The sadness and utter abandonment in her eyes as she climbs the small stairs to spend her wedding night makes you lower your heads and hurry back to the docks.

You may have turned one of the Nietzschean's pawns against him, but this mission doesn't feel like a success. Every time you close your eyes, you see that bride's face, with her pale cheeks and eyes void of life. Was there really no way you could have saved her, and others like her?

Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction (if they already have it, gain +1 instead). Gain +1 Defector and +2 .

0021 *The women kiss your hands before they lead you to the house where the recruiter has ordered all the boys to stay until he finishes his rounds in town. Two guards stand at the entrance. It takes you less than a minute to deal with them and hide their bodies behind the house, in the shadows of the giant wall looming above.*

After a short but poignant reunion with their mothers, you nod meaningfully. You will have to leave some of the supplies behind in order to fit everyone in the small launch, and you need to do it fast. The prospect of fighting the recruiter's men and the town guards doesn't enthuse you.

The mothers convince their sons to come with you. You set sail without delay and only hear shouts once you are too far away to be chased down. Some of the boys cry for their mothers and you comfort them as best you can, but nothing will replace that loving embrace.

If D4 is marked, **see 0023**.

You learn several days later that half the mothers were executed by the recruiter and his men shortly after your departure, to make an example. While you don't like lying, you keep this information from the boys, promising yourselves you will tell them someday, when the pain has dulled enough.

Gain +2 Refugees and +1 .

0022 *Like many of your fights against mortals, this one is easy—a stroll through the garden of violence, as one philosopher put it. It only reinforces your conviction that the empire is quickly running out of soldiers. These are poorly trained and stand no chance against you. The recruiter, not a bad warrior himself, ends up dying by your blades as well.*

Still, there's only a handful of you and a polis full of guards, and a trireme full of soldiers. It's over only when entire town is covered by the evening shadow of the canal wall. Not a single Spartan warrior has survived. Their bodies litter the streets. You wipe the sweat from your brows and the blood from your swords as you study your crew, noticing some grave injuries that will take a long time to heal, if at all. Treating the wounded becomes your priority as you head back to the launch.

Lose -1 ✕ and gain +1 Refugee. If D4 is marked, **see 0024**.

Despite the many wounded, your crew celebrates aboard the Argo *as you sail further down the River Works. Once again, your unity has prevailed, and you feel so much closer to them. You started this voyage together and that is how it will end. This certainty brings a smile to your lips, and yet you cannot help but wonder, What will happen to those boys and their mothers? How soon will the empire send another recruiter? Will the Nietzschean burn this town to the ground as an example?*

Gain +1 .

0023 *While you unload the supplies, Efigenia shows the boys around the* Argo. *She comes to see you once they are settled in. You smile when you notice her longer hair, remembering her admiration of the female crewmembers. She leans against the railing next to you, despite her short height, and watches the horizon.*

"That's how it happened to me," she says. "They just came and talked to my mother before they took me. Just like that. No thank you, no goodbye."

Sadness lingers in her voice despite how hard she schools her features. You squeeze her shoulders. "It's a good thing, what you did for those boys today. Now they can have a good life with endless possibilities."

Subtract -2 and **return to 0021**.

0024 *While you unload the supplies, Efigenia hears about the battle and the boys. You find her later on the upper deck, leaning against the railing despite her short height, completely absorbed by the horizon. You smile when you notice her longer hair, remembering her admiration of the female crewmembers. She only speaks when she feels you staring at her.*

"That's how it happened to me," she says. "They just came and talked to my mother before they took me. Just like that. No thank you, no goodbye."

Sadness lingers in her voice despite how hard she schools her features. You squeeze her shoulders. "Do you think these boys will be all right now that we have left?"

Unfortunately, you don't have an answer for that.

Gain +1 and **return to 0022**.

0025 *The fishing village Cyrene described consists of three meager huts nestled at the bottom of a canal wall, with fishing nets hung directly below them and no place to anchor a ship. Your launch brings you close enough to jump onto a precarious path carved into the wall. The few children poking at puddles stare as you check each hut, startling their inhabitants.*

You quickly find the traitor, too weak to even put up a fight, the fever gnawing at his spirit as the infection spreads. There is no point in moving him, so you let him live his last moments in peace.

Cyrene isn't pleased, but sadness replaces her anger. "Such is life," she whispers, her gaze lost in the horizon as she stands in front of her window. "Thank you for your help, anyway, Argonauts." But before you leave, she tells you everything she learned before she was exiled. "Put an end to this war," she asks as you close the door behind you.

Mark C7. Gain +1 .

0026 *Several hours after dark, rustling can be heard outside, then shouting and the clang of blades, as your sentries intercept whoever was trying to sneak in. Then silence. You venture out with Cyrene and take in the massacre. A few of your crew are wounded, their blood dripping into the cracks in the red soil, but all of the would-be assassins are dead. You notice their clothes, the ragged cloth of canal town inhabitants.*

Cyrene's face pales. "I think these men were from the canal town I attacked when searching for the traitor." You let the heaviness of that implication sit in the air before you order your people to bury the dead. "Was it only revenge they were after?" Cyrene asks but you have no answer. The thought that the Symmachy leaders will be safe for now doesn't bring you any relief as you leave Cyrene in her lonely house, her exile now somehow more justified.

Subtract -2 and gain +1 . Mark C7. Erase 1 Transition tally mark.

0027 *You think about the agent who asked you to come here. There are people in the Symmachy who still believe in Cyrene. The least you can do is try to convince her to come back.*

Party leader tests Wisdom (12+). If Symmachy: Allied, add +2. Each Argonaut may gain +1 to add +1.

Fail: *Cyrene stops you after a minute of your rambling. "It is no use, Argonauts. I have made up my mind." You sense in her such respect and pride toward her people that for a moment, you don't know what to say. Despite everything, she will not disobey the law. You see now that no one could change her mind. It is truly a shame that the Symmachy abandoned someone so strong and determined.* Party Leader gains +2 . Mark C7.

Success: *The more you talk, the more Cyrene seems to consider your words, her features slowly loosening up. There is a small smile on her lips when you finish and her gaze meets yours. "The Ecclesia will not be happy, but this war is more important than any of us." You take her back to the Symmachy and meet the agent who sent you. It takes a lot of negotiations with the Archon before she is given another chance, and even then, it's only for the duration of the war. She doesn't seem to mind, as long as she can be of service to her people. And it makes you wonder, Who really sent you for Cyrene? Some people need to find elaborate ways to circumvent customs.* Gain +1 . Mark D5. Make 1 tally mark under Transition in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0028 *You return to the Symmachy without Cyrene, leaving her in that lonely house overlooking the River Works. The agent who sent you seems disappointed but understands your motives. As he leaves you with the delegates of the Ecclesia and other Symmachy leaders, you wonder what his relationship with Cyrene was.*

Party Leader tests Wisdom (12+). If D9 is marked, add +1. If D10 is marked, subtract -1. Each Argonaut may gain +1 to add +1.

Fail: *You have barely started speaking when the Ecclesia delegate cuts you off. Despite your arguments, they simply will not change their ancient law. You notice the other Symmachy leaders nodding in agreement, with lips pinched and gazes of steel. Back on the* Argo*, the Old Priest pats you on the shoulder as fury washes over you.*

"Sometimes people refuse to see what is in front of their eyes. The Symmachy is eliminating their best commanders because they fear they will turn into tyrants, yet there is only one tyrant they should worry themselves about at the moment. There is nothing more we can do about it for now."

Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. If they already have it, they gain +2 instead. Erase 1 Transition tally mark.

Success: *The Ecclesian delegates listen to your arguments without interruption, weighing the pros and cons with the other Symmachy leaders. They clearly didn't like to have to exile Cyrene but couldn't find a different solution. They promise to look into your request and despite how hopeless this may sound, you try to remain positive. As you leave, the Old Priest muses, "It is out of our hands now. Maybe we helped the Symmachy avoid a catastrophe, maybe not. But the wheels of progress are now in motion. What matters is that we spoke up. You feel glad as you hear his words and return to the* Argo*, your heart lighter.*

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. Make 1 tally mark under Transition in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 and +1 , mark D6, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0029 *Stephenidne gives you a thankful look and Bronimedes scowls when the other Cyclopes agree with you. Some Cyclopes follow Bronimedes as he leaves the amphitheater, swearing that this isn't over, and you shudder to think what kind of destruction his rage will cause.*

If B10 is marked, **see 0033**.

Not long after their departure, you hear sudden noises in the city, like stones falling and buildings breaking down. Bronimedes and his kin have decided to take out their anger on the polis itself. Argares hurries with the others to stop them before there is nothing left, but the damage has already been done. Several tall buildings have collapsed, injuring some Cyclopes in the process. You also see with horror that a giant statue has fallen on the Argo*, damaging the hull. Whether Bronimedes was targeting your ship or it was an accident, you will never know.*

After apologizing for his people's behavior, Argares has an idea. "Argonauts, do you believe that we could make a new vow? Maybe find some middle ground? We should be able to defend ourselves if we are attacked but not openly seek war with others."

Choose:

1. *This could appease everyone. If all the Cyclopes listen to each other and work together on this vow, perhaps they could get the best of both worlds. You want to believe such ideals can be achieved.*

Approve of the Vow of Non-Aggression.

Gain +1 . **See 0031.**

2. *Cyclopes, just like mortals, will never fully agree on anything. How can you determine which situation calls for violence and which one doesn't? The vow will be twisted. You should focus on building your alliances instead of pursuing impossible utopias.*

Tell Argares that such a vow will be impossible.

Subtract -1 . **See 0032.**

0030 *Stephenidne lowers her head as Bronimedes cheers. His group leaves the amphitheater with many other Cyclopes, already planning their next attack. Argares seems saddened, but there is determination in his eye. He will adapt. The council says no more and leaves to mourn the end of an era of peace.*

As you discuss war strategies with Argares, you hear that the Spartans have established a camp nearby to watch this nascent free Cyclopean state. Before you know it, Bronimedes and his brothers return with smiles on their faces and blood on their weapons as well as resources and prisoners.

"This one begged us not to kill him," Bronimedes says as he shoves a Spartan soldier toward you. "Said he wanted to meet you when he heard you were here." After a long conversation, you decide to welcome the Spartan into your ranks in exchange for the information he has. Bronimedes also gives you part of the resources they brought as a thank you gift for siding with him. As tempted as you might be to refuse, you need those supplies.

Make 1 tally mark under Vow in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. Gain +1 Defector and 5 War Machine resources.

As you return to the Argo*, you wrestle with your thoughts. A price has to be paid to win this war . . . but must it be the future and identity of an entire population? You may have just set the Cyclopes on the same tragic path as the Leleges.*

Gain +1 .

0031 *You nod in agreement, much to Argares's delight. Another meeting with the council is held, and many Cyclopes are interested in the idea of a vow that would allow them to defend themselves, but which doesn't go against their pacifist traditions. Stephenidne remains skeptical but eventually votes in favor of this new vow.*

The Old Priest is smiling when you tell him about the day's events. "The Argo has suffered but it has brought us closer to a brighter future. I hope this new vow will allow the Cyclopes to find their place in the world, to detach themselves from their past and to avoid the pitfalls of a violent future." You hope so too.

Erase 1 Vow tally mark. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032 *Argares sighs as he guesses your answer just by looking at your face. "Is it truly hopeless then?" he asks. "Are we just bound to repeat the same mistakes, to fuel this cycle of violence until not a single Cyclops is left standing?" You don't have answers to that, but you know that people are capable of change if they are willing, even those who seem unlikely.*

You tell Argares of your travels around Crete, everything you have seen and heard, lost and gained, all your successes and failures. Argares is thoughtful for a moment then shares with you some of his own adventures, how he fought in the south with his brothers and sisters. You have traveled extensively through Lakonia, but even you don't know everything, and hearing about the places you haven't visited fills you with determination.

The Old Priest offers you a soft smile after the day's events. "The Argo *has suffered, yes, but you didn't waver in your convictions. The Cyclopes have to figure out their place in the world themselves. All we can do is help them when they need it. Ultimately, it's up to them to decide how they wish to live their lives."*

Erase 2 Vow tally marks. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0033 *Among the Cyclopes present, you spot the Nameless One. They can't see you, but you know the former Cyclonus knows where you are, for they smile as they turn in your direction. They lift one of their handless arms and their smile grows wider. You find yourselves smiling too as you feel like a weight has been lifted off your shoulders.*

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. Each Argonaut can lose either -1 or -1 . One Argonaut can lose the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. **Return to 0029.**

0034 *Raisa's words remind you of what you found out about the Leleges Empire. You remember hearing about their conquests and their fall from grace. So much destruction and heartache. Do you truly wish for the Cyclopes to follow that same path, to have history repeat itself?*

Helots: Diplomacy +1. If your next Timeline Battle is against a Cyclonus, gain the *Wise Providence* boon. **Return to *The Last Great People* adventure.**

0041 *You step into the abandoned temple of Ares. Half of the roof has collapsed, bringing down Ares's statue, which now lies in pieces. Every chamber has been ransacked. In some places, even the wall stones have been taken. The smell of burned saffron barely covers the pungent stench of urine.*

Tarchon is hiding behind the rubble in the naos. He stops thrashing only when you reveal who you are. "Oh, thank the Dead Gods, you've come!" But the joy vanishes from his face as soon as footsteps echo from the entrance.

"So it was true. The Argonauts have finally come to my city," declares General Oeanagus. Let us talk." Tarchon tries to make his escape but you hold him tightly. "I must thank you for catching this rat for me. And for this service, I will let you live. You are free to return to your ship and depart within the hour. After which, I will send my troops after you. But the priest stays here."

"Killing him will not bring your sons back," the party leader says, and a flash of anger appears on the general's face.

"Death would be too easy. He will suffer for slaughtering them!" He points at Tarchon with such fury you almost expect the priest to be struck down on the spot. "And before you wish to his defense, know this: there was nothing wrong with my sons! They were healthy boys, all three of them! This murderous traitor was paid by others to sabotage me!"

"I have confessions. Because of this man, I have lost my standing in Sparta. I have lost my baby boys . . ." His voice breaks down into a sob. "There are days when I fear my wife would rather be with them than here with me . . ."

Gain +1 .

You imagine the three little infants, so cruelly disposed of before their lives even began. The anguished tears of a mother who never got to say goodbye. The desperate need for vengeance of a powerful man who lost everything. You understand his pain. But you came here for Tarchon.

Choose:

1. *You didn't come all this way to abandon*

the priest now. The information he has is more precious than vengeance. Besides, these Spartans would have been fine with the children's fate, were they truly 'defective.' The general and his wife will have to find closure another way.
Save the priest and escape with him.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0042.**

2. You can't ignore what the general and his wife have been through. How many similar injustices have you witnessed during your travels? You cannot predict what giving up on this information will cost you, but it is the right thing to do.
Give the priest to the general and return to the *Argo*.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 🜂. **See 0043.**

0042

One signal is all it takes for your crew to jump into action. While they distract the general's soldiers, you climb the rubble and onto the roof of the temple before sliding back down to the streets, the priest Tarchon in tow.

If ▼ 7+: Lose -1 ✕.

The Spartans chase you, but the precious seconds you managed to buy allow you to escape. By the time the general is at the docks, you are speeding off into the distance toward the Argo anchored further up the River Works.

Gain +1 Priest (or Ares).

Back on the Argo, you tell the Old Priest what happened in the city. While he doesn't approve of your methods and feels a profound sadness for the general and his wife, he seems rather happy that you managed to rescue Tarchon.

"Now, come," he says when you are finished. "There is something you must see." He leads you to the Titan Stoa and stops in front of one of the pens. You notice something strange about one of the Titans: wounds on its arms and legs that don't seem to have been made by blades. "We found it in the chasm below the mountain. It seems that it was thrown off the cliff, like the babies. No light or hope ever reaches there, but this one managed to climb its way out. There is much anger in it." You shudder at the thought of the Titan breaking all its limbs . . . and still managing to survive. "It may look like a runt now, but once we help it heal, its power will be unmatched."

Gain 1 Wakeeper Titan.

0043

With a heavy sigh, you step aside and motion to bring Tarchon forward. Reading the room, the priest tries to get away, only to be ganked back by the general. "Start praying to your Dead God, you worm, for all the good it will do for you." He then orders his men to take him away before turning to you.

"You have my word, Argonauts. Leave within the hour. That is all the head start I can give you." Despite the way his shoulders have seemed to relax since the priest left the abandoned temple, you still see remnants of sorrow in his eyes. You doubt they will ever shine with happiness again, but you hope you gave him and his wife the closure they deserve.

As your gazes meet, you don't have to say it. "Tarchon may have killed his boys, but it was the system that allowed it."

On your way back, you are notified of a creature spotted at the bottom of the mountain, all the way down the Path of Cripples. There, you find a wild Titan with many open fractures in its arms and legs, lying on a carpet of tiny bones and rotting bundles of cloth. You follow the Titan's gaze upward and notice a cliff terrace jutting out. It must be where the deficient newborns are cast off. With a sick feeling, you realize this must have been the fate of the Titan as well. It should have died, but somehow, it survived the fall. Its bones are broken, but its will is not. It's indomitable. And its anger burns bright.

You quickly dispatch a team to capture the Titan before your time is up.

Gain 1 Warkeeper Titan.

No one stops you as you return to the launch. The general has kept his word.

Mark P1.

Back on the Argo, you tell the Old Priest what happened in the city. He ponders it for a moment, not letting on whether he agrees with your decision or not. Finally, he says, "Each night I dream of a world without prejudice and the need to fight for it with violence."

0044

Raisa and Nikanor look relieved but Cebrione steps dangerously toward you, making some of you flinch. "Is this how you treat your allies, Argonauts? One mishap and it's the chains?" He rises to his full height, almost as tall as the Bridge Tholos, and you cannot help but step back. "We will not be chained again! We will not suffer at the hands of the empire, or yours!"

Nikanor's guards draw weapons—including eye-gouging spears recovered from the Spartans, spears designed specifically to fight the Cyclopes.

This whips Cebriones into a frenzy.

You call in reinforcements as you try to calm him down, but there is no turning back. One of you slips into the Balaneion and quickly junctions with a Titan, for mortals are no match against a Cyclops. Panic starts to spread and only agitates Cebriones more. He thrashes and screams, damaging the Argo's walls.

Thankfully, your Titan arrives shortly after and wrestles the Cyclops. You are all mesmerized by this fight: two colossi testing their raw strength and trying to push each other back. And yet Cebriones towers over your Titan. You hear them grunt until your Titan loses ground, pushed back until it collides with the western wall of the Bridge Tholos.

As a scream dies on its lips, the Titan collapses onto the ground, shaking the ship. It is enough to bring Cebriones out of his raging spell and he looks at the fellow giant at his feet. He slumps down heavily, his sole eye filled with fear and regret.

Lose -1 Titan. Then choose:

1. *Your goal is not to enslave the Cyclopes, and that's what the harsh restrictions will result in. More Cyclopes will lose control at the mere thought of chains. You will not put them in the same emotional distress Cebriones is in right now. Milder restrictions should be enough to appease the Symmachy and Helots, while providing a framework to funnel the Cyclopes' strength.*
Calm them down and offer milder restrictions. **See 0046.**

2. *What just transpired is proof that the Cyclopes will not be able to control themselves. Others could snap like Cebriones just did. Harsh restrictions will be needed to prevent another tragedy like your Titan's death.*
Stick to the harsh restrictions.
Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0047.**

0045

Nikanor and Raisa look displeased while Cebriones smiles. "We treat all our allies equally," you say. "We would be no better than the empire otherwise." This seems to make them regret their words. But the fear of what could be remains in their eyes.

"These accidents and retaliations need to stop. We are all in this fight together. Turning against each other is what the Nietzschean would want." You have come too far to fall this close to the finish line. "They have a strong army, powerful weapons and a formidable fleet. The Chimeras Metastasios are crossing Lakonia as we speak and there are countless other dangers awaiting us. These are the things the empire lacks: unity and compassion. We can only win if we are united and if we learn to forgive each other, to accept each other's weaknesses and unique qualities, and adapt."

The question is, how will you do that?

Gain +1 🜂. Then choose:

1. *The representatives will not like this, but they need to be accountable for their crimes against each other. Blood might call for more blood, but justice needs to be done, especially now that you have established that you are all equal.*
Make everyone accountable for their actions.
See 0048.

2. *You shouldn't try to control the Cyclopes. Their strength is a force to be reckoned with and one of your best weapons against the empire. Why hold them back when you can use their full potential?*
Let the Cyclopes rampage.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 ▼. **See 0049.**

0046

Once Cebriones has calmed down, it takes a long time to convince Nikanor and Raisa of the milder restrictions that everyone agrees on. But as representatives of their factions, they all take it seriously, and by the end of the day, you can proudly say that you have something to work with, although it seemed to have physically pained Cebriones to accept that they will only be allowed to possess weapons during war times. At least you managed to convince Nikanor to allow the Cyclopes to build fortresses in which they can finally feel safe.

You finish the meeting with a review of the latest news and promise to watch out for the Kaipos Chimera Metastasios coming from the southeast, as it has destroyed several allied settlements in its wake.

Gain +2 ▼ and +1 ▼.

When your allies leave, your thoughts go to the slain Titan whose blood was needed to sign the treaty today. How would Titans react to your treatment of them, if they were more than animals?

0047

By the time Cebriones has calmed down, the sun is already setting in the sky. His profuse apology rings in your heads hours later and his crestfallen, guilty face haunts your minds whenever you close your eyes. The damage to the Argo *is minimal, but you have lost a Titan. You are aware it could have been much worse, and yet, you can't help but feel like you were the ones responsible. That by going after the Cyclopes' rights, you have turned one into your own version of a Cyclopes, using hatred and fear instead of a physical apparatus.*

To atone for his crime, Cebriones agreed to every restriction, be it the ban on building fortresses, the right to possess only Symmachy-made weapons and only during war times, the limitation of the number of Cyclops warriors during missions, and so on. It pains you to see him like this and Nikanor and Raisa were ruthless in their demands. You did your best to accommodate all parties, but was it truly enough?

Subtract -2 ▼.

When your allies leave, your thoughts go to the slain Titan whose blood was needed to sign the treaty today. How would the Titans react to your treatment of them, if they were more than animals?

0048

It takes all of your collective willpower not to lose your temper the way Nikanor does when you start talking about accountability. Raisa remains silent, but there is fury in her eyes. The more you talk, the more heated things get until eventually a fight breaks out between one of your crew and a Symmachy soldier. Chaos ensues as everyone lets their anger get the better of them, and you wonder for a moment if Eris herself hasn't risen from the dead to trick you all with her discord.

Surprisingly, Cebriones puts an end to the fight by gently separating everyone. Ashamed of yourselves, you decide to adjourn the meeting and tend to your wounded. The Old Priest does his best to placate you. "Hellos weren't created in a day. It takes time to agree on things when so many parties are involved. Try again tomorrow." You nod before you retire for the night.

Lose -1 ✕ and gain +1 Refugee. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0049

You give Cebriones the green light to use the Cyclopes' full potential against your enemies, much to Nikanor and Raisa's dismay. No matter how many arguments they bring forth, you won't change your decision. They can both see how you can use this raw strength to your advantage, and yet they remain fearful of the potential consequences for their own people. You are aware of it as well, and yet you also know that there will always be a risk. People who sit back and never take risks are not the ones who change the world and make it a better place.

You finish the meeting with a review of the latest news and promise to watch out for the Kaipos Chimera Metastasios, as it has destroyed several allied settlements in its wake.

Make 1 tally mark under Vow in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0050

Walking in a tight column, you carefully make your way up the mountain path. The narrow ledge makes you nervous and you do your best not to look down. You clamber over fallen rocks, jump across small chasms, watch out for unstable footing. This is a gauntlet even for your abled-bodied crew, and yet the Spartans deem it a fair test for the weak and disabled to prove their worth. It is just another deceitful way to get rid of them. As soon as you think it, you hear the sound of a landslide. You turn around just in time to see several of your companions being dragged over the edge and out of sight by the mass of falling stones and earth. There are no screams, only the echoing crash of their bodies on the ground below. You curse under your breath and resolve to finish the climb without further casualties.

Lose -1 ✕.

As you progress, you notice holes carved in the face of the mountain. Various offerings have been placed inside; the rotten smell of food wafts in the air. Sacrifices to the gods long dead—though in truth, they rarely listened to mortal pleas even when they reigned.

Further up, two women kneel on a plateau overlooking the cliff. The older is wearing a peplos, himation and jewelry, while the younger woman wears only a plaid tunic. "Mistress Artemidora," says the latter when you approach.

The older woman stands up. Noticing your armor, she frowns. "Has my husband dispatched another battalion for me?" She sighs. "I appreciate his concern, but I can climb this mountain up and down without assistance. I wasn't raised to be weak." There is pride and defiance written on her face. But it doesn't last long, and her shoulders sag. She looks at the cliff's edge for a moment.

"We came all this way to pay our respects, but we lost our offerings halfway up," she whispers. The servant flinches and lowers her head behind her mistress. She must have been the one carrying them.

Suddenly, Artemidora's eyes focus on you. "You must have rations with you, coming all this way. Please, would you give them as offerings to Ares and Hera? You see, my three boys were deemed deficient when they were born." Her gaze travels to the edge again and you gulp, imagining the countless tiny bodies at the bottom of the cliff. "I do not wish this tragedy and sorrow to befall another woman."

Choose:

1. *You can spare some resources to help her out. It might also convince her to tell you about Tarchon without . . . coercion.* Give her your rations then ask about the priest.
Lose 6 Relief resources. If you don't have enough resources, you have to choose Option 2. **See 0052.**

2. *You don't have resources to spare, especially for the Dead Gods. While her story is tragic, there is nothing you can do about it and time is not on your side. You need to find the priest before the general does.*
Press her about the priest.
Gain +2 ▼. **See 0053.**

0051

You travel the busy streets without anyone stopping you. Soldiers nod your way and civilians don't mind you at all while Helots avoid making eye contact. You see them being pushed around, beaten if their work is deemed not efficient enough. It makes your blood boil, but you came here for Tarchon—the polis is too big and too well guarded for you to attempt anything else.

Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. If they have it already, they gain +3 Ω and the *Hatred* Condition Pattern card instead.

The inside of the facility is a maze of narrow corridors and ting rooms, with an open courtyard in the middle. There, two soldiers, their backs turned to you, are waiting by an open door. You hear a baby babble from inside.

"Do you think the general will have another son?" one asks. "Lady Artemidora isn't young anymore."

"Her age doesn't matter if his seed is weak. Three sons in a row and none of them healthy? There has to be a reason. The gods are dead, so it's not their doing."

"Do you think it has anything to do with the missing priest?"

"Not here," whispers the second. "You want to get us killed?" He sighs, adjusts his armor and picks up the conversation as if nothing happened. "The general has lost too much influence already. I heard the Supreme Leader is looking for a replacement."

They are suddenly interrupted by a priest of Ares who walks out, a quiet baby in his arms. He hands it to the soldiers, gives his congratulations to the parents and returns to the room. The soldiers turn to leave.

Choose:

1. *These soldiers seem to know something about Tarchon and are familiar with the general. If pressed, they may talk. However, it could also turn ugly quickly.*
Follow the soldiers. **See 0054.**

2. *This priest must have worked with Tarchon and could know where he is. It's safer to ask him instead of running after the soldiers.*
Ask the priest about Tarchon.
Gain +2 ▼. **See 0055.**

0052

You give her your meager rations of bread and olives. Artemidora thanks you warmly and offers the food to the Dead Gods, Ares and Hera. You wait patiently on the side, resting after the long climb.

Once she is finished, Artemidora approaches the edge of the cliff and looks down as if searching for her sons. She is so close to the abyss, it makes both you and her servant nervous. "My lady, we should go . . ." That seems to bring Artemidora out of her thoughts and she slowly walks away from the edge.

"The general has also tasked us with finding Tarchon," you tell them. She shakes her head and turns toward the path, her servant right behind her. You bar her way down. "It is important we find him," you insist.

She stares you in the eyes for a long moment before she sighs. "If . . . if there had been something wrong with my sons, I would have known. A mother can tell these things. All three pregnancies and births went well. My husband was so happy." She stops to wipe the tears suddenly rolling down her cheeks. "But Tarchon always found something wrong. I-I couldn't even say goodbye to them. Once they are deemed deficient, you never see them again." She points to the edge of the cliff.

You give her a moment. "Tarchon could be hiding in the old temple of Ares. No one goes there anymore and it's so obvious a hiding spot my husband would not think of it." She bites her lip and averts her eyes. "My husband never showed any emotion regarding our sons' passing. I know it would be seen as weakness but . . . he never went with me up the mountain, never agreed to have a stone placed in our villa. He didn't even want to name them . . ." The flow of tears prevents her from continuing. You thank her and walk with her down the mountain, in silence.

As the evening mists come down the sleepy mountain, you think you see a woman holding a child up the path. When you backtrack, she is gone. It's just the mist playing tricks on you.

Regain 1 Summoning Charge. **See 0041.**

0053

You remain silent and watch Artemidora until she sighs and looks away. "I am a fool for praying to Dead Gods, aren't I?" she whispers. "You can go. I will climb down the mountain now."

"The general has also tasked us with finding the priest Tarchon," you say.

You can tell the exact moment her pride takes over. She sets her jaw, narrows her eyes and squeezes her fingers. "It's fairly simple. I had three sons. All of them were unhealthy and were thrown off this cliff by the very man you are looking for." Some of you glance toward the edge. "I am certain there was nothing wrong with my sons, but Tarchon is the one who performed the tests."

There is a sliver of anger in her voice that quickly morphs into sadness. "We used to be close, Tarchon and I. After my husband and I moved to this city and Tarchon was assigned at the facility, we would often pray at Ares's old temple. It seemed silly to my husband, to pray to Dead Gods, but it was the only thing I could do. Too much had changed too fast and I needed something to hold onto. But as my sons died, one after the other, Tarchon grew colder and more distant. I started climbing the mountain instead. I have heard he still goes to the temple occasionally, to seek guidance."

You thank her and head down the mountain, while Artemidora and her servant linger.

See 0041.

0054

As silently as you can, you follow the two soldiers carrying the baby. They remain quiet all the way to the gynaikeion, where they return the infant to their mother. You jump on them as soon as they clear the estate.

Each Argonaut tests Fury (10+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1 or +2 Ψ to add +3.
Fail: *It was a mistake to underestimate these*

soldiers. Only the Nietzschean's finest would be given the sacred duty of protecting newborns. Gain +1 **A**.

0–2 successes: *In a last-ditch effort, the Spartans focus their attacks on one of you, injuring them badly. Eventually, you manage to capture one, but the other slips into the crowd in an adjacent street. You need to hurry before he sounds the alarm.* Gain +1 ⚠.

3–4 successes: *The fight is a quick affair. Yet before you can try to capture them, one lunges at you desperately. You end his life with a swift cut, which makes you wonder if he was really giving it his all.* Subtract -1 Ψ.

Regardless of the result, *the remaining soldier gives you a hard time during the interrogation but eventually talks. Tarchon has been spotted in the old temple of Ares and hasn't been arrested yet because he managed to bribe other officials. But now the general is onto him and he doesn't have long. You send some of your crew back to the* Argo *with the prisoner, for further interrogation.* Gain +1 Captives. **See 0041**.

0055

You wait until the soldiers are gone before you look through the open door. Inside, you see several tables laden with all sorts of bowls, fabric and utensils. Some look more like torture devices than medical tools. The priest briefly looks your way when he hears you. "Another one?" he asks and waves to his right, without taking his eyes off the fabric he is folding. "Put it on the table."

You step inside, closing the door behind you. He is a tired man in his late forties, scarred hands, in a tattered red robe. He turns to you and frowns, seeing you didn't bring a newborn to assess.

"We are looking for Tarchon."

He snorts and resumes tidying up the place. "Like everyone else in this city. I have already told the watch everything I know."

"We're not the watch. The general sent us personally," the party leader continues. You don't have time to waste. They motion to the xiphos at their waist. The priest's gaze darts to your weapon as he steps back. "He's getting impatient," you add and step forward. "Babies aren't the only ones who can be found defective."

He grows pale.

"The old temple of Ares. Tarchon used to blather about it all the time. Said it was the only place where he felt safe." You thank him and leave.

Party leader gains the *Hatred* Condition card. **See 0041**.

When the Land Meets the Sea

α	The Thousandth Ship	
1–2	Crosscurrent	☐
3–4	Weaponized Misery	☐
5–6	Nation of Ships	☐
7–8	War Within	☐
9–10	People of the Herds	☐
Ω	Siege Eternal	

α The Thousandth Ship | *Gods*

The tide is turning; you can taste it in the air. Soon, this war will end. The realization leaves you with a strange feeling: relief mixed with an existential dread. For if the war ends, what comes next?

The Spartan city of Karyes is teetering on the edge too. It has been exploited since the very beginning of the Nietzschean's reign. Draft after draft has claimed most of its men, from adolescents to elders, its population now reduced to mostly women and Helots brought in from abroad to work in the heavy Black Industry. The women have been forced to work too, for the Spartan war machine is running out of steam. Through that work, they have discovered their value.

The disillusioned women of Karyes, unwilling to be treated as second rate citizens, are ready for a change. It is to their request for support you are responding.

Just as you are about to leave, you are joined by a Symmachy contingent led by Nikanor. The young commander looks more tired than the last time you saw him. You've heard of General Hippon's defeat at the Typhon sluice gate fortress. Was Nikanor involved?

"We received a coded message from the city," he says. "The empire's top officials are willing to defect. They claim to hold the Nietzschean's lover, Selena of Wilios, hostage, and she supposedly knows the secret of his transformation. An opportunity like this comes once in a lifetime."

If B9 is marked, **see 0001**.

There is a nervous energy to Karyes's streets. You see fear reflected in the faces of the soldiers patrolling them, while its inhabitants, an eclectic mix of foreign slaves and free women, exhibit the grim resolve of people pushed to the brink. Sparta's grip on the polis is loosening. You notice Nikanor's eyes betray glee.

"If the war ends, I can go back to my wife," he says wistfully. "Do you truly believe this Selena to be the Nietzschean's lover? Do you think anyone could love that monster?"

You see something in your mind. The heat of a caress, the flash of a smile, the murmurs of others that you tried to ignore. A trespass.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Forbidden Love* Mnemos card. Gain +1 Ψ.

Nikanor points to a monumental yet austere building that embodies the Nietzschean ideals so well. "That is the place mentioned in the message. Getting in won't be easy. But to be frank, these people are not worth saving. They helped put the Nietzschean on the throne. They have lived and breathed the cult of strength. Now they want to jump ship?"

You share the sentiment, especially since you came to Kayres with a different goal in mind. Still, the thought of interrogating the Nietzschean's lover and learning his secrets is tantalizing . . . if she's real.

Choose:

1. *The defection of so many high-ranking officials alone would be a serious blow to the Nietzschean's regime . . . if you can make peace with helping war criminals escape justice.*
Help the officials defect.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +2 Titans. **See 0003**.

2. *The war may end soon and you should look to the future. Working with the population of Kayres, planting the seeds of self-governance, will help build it. It may not yield an advantage now.*
Help set up a resistance network.
Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ✕. **See 0004**.

1–2 Crosscurrent | *Deed*

"It should be a little farther," Raisa says as you walk down the beaten path. The round moon above shines enough light for you to see where

you are going without needing torches.

Finally, you arrive at the army camp's wooden fence. Peeking through the cracks, you spot a raised platform near the entrance where several women are bound to poles, their limbs outstretched and backs bearing the traces of whips.

"Why were they punished?" you ask.

"Because they are not men." Raisa rolls her eyes when she sees your confusion. "The officers turn a blind eye when we enlist, because they need soldiers, and the women are as competent as the men, if not more so, because they so fervently believe they have something to prove. But this is Sparta and a woman has no place in the army. So when someone slips . . ."

You look back at the figures hunched against their bonds, left to rot in the open. Such a paradox, to need these women but to punish them all the same.

"Women, just like men, will do anything to survive," Raisa whispers. The tension in her voice is laced with resignation. You remember the last time you saw her, during a meeting when she represented the Helots. How strong and unyielding she seemed, though she looked so small and fragile in her tattered clothes.

"Regardless of their reasons for joining the army, we can't leave them here to die," she concludes.

If D4 is marked, **see 0019**.

You look around the camp, noticing it's much more fortified than reported. And then it dawns on you: when the front contracts, it'll be in a strategic position to control the canal's flow. The Nietzschean is preparing to prolong the war. You can see ruts in the ground made by heavy weaponry being pulled in and out of the camp.

Your gaze falls back onto the raised platform and the tortured women. An extraction will leave you exposed. Your heart sinks.

You don't have enough warriors or time to do both.

One Argonaut can lose the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction. Then choose:

1. *The math is simple, though cruel: saving these few won't save others from sharing their fate, while if the Spartans reinforce this position, they may hold this canal route for weeks, prolonging the war.*

Destroy the camp.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 . **See 0021.**

2. *It's not about math, it's about lives. About who you are when the war ends and what world you're creating. There are hard choices to be made. This is not one of them.*

Save the women.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. **See 0020.**

3–4 Weaponized Misery | *Curse*

Hot, dry air makes you cough as you take in your surroundings. A bronze walkway lets you see the forge below. Hundreds of people mill about, working the metals, forging weapons, operating sturdy machinas.

Chills run down your spines when you hear the screams. Workers are forcing other people inside cages. Then they are fused with giant chains. You have seen these contraptions before, on Cyclonuses.

"They don't have a choice," Raisa, your guide, says. "You either make the cages or end up inside them. It . . . happened to some of my friends." There is determination in her eyes. "I will not hinder you, Argonauts. Let's free these people."

But there are many things here to divert your attention. On the far left, a Cyclonus sits against the wall, somewhat peacefully. The armor being forged is intended for them. Inside a workshop the right, you see the glint of the rarest of metals. "Electrum," supplies Alkibiades, who insisted on coming on this mission with you. "There are so many things we could do with that."

You can only choose Option 3 if D8 is marked or you have the *Trauma Growth* Technology card.

Choose:

1. *Who knows what wonders Alkibiades and his smiths could work out of this metal? It would be cruel to leave the Helots to their fate, but you will take all the advantages you can get to win this war.*

Steal the metal.

Lose -1 Humanity. Add a Battle Technology Breakthrough to the Timeline, 1 day from now. Lose -1 Refugees. **See 0015.**

2. *While the prospect of improvements sounds inviting, you cannot turn your backs on the suffering Helots. You have seen what Cyclonuses wearing that kind of armor are capable of. The deaths of the people in those cages will be far from quick and painless.*

Free the Helots.

Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . **See 0016.**

3. *If the Cyclonus can't use the armor, then the armor won't be used. With the gear you have, you should be able to remove the monster's modifications and with time, maybe this Cyclonus could revert to the peaceful ways of the Cyclopes.* Try to save the Cyclonus.

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0017.**

5–6 Nation of Ships | *Dream*

Pasion has grown since the last time you saw him. His muscles are now defined and he stands taller. Gone is the sickly Helot boy wasting away in a mine. The Symmachy really is turning him into a fine young man. Your gazes fall on the xiphos at his side. A fine young soldier . . .

He follows your stare and looks away. "I can defend myself now and help others. It's . . . all good." He falters and you don't press him. Not when his superiors are within earshot, another general you have yet to meet accompanied by a former priest of Ares. They lead you to a tent erected nearby. After the usual pleasantries, General Hippon reveals the reason why he asked for your advice: the possibility of a Symmachy standing army.

"So far, we have relied only on volunteers and soldiers mobilized specifically for war time, but given the recent events, we are considering the creation of a regular army."

The former priest of Ares nods solemnly next to the general.

You can already picture it. Rows of soldiers, training camps, more and more triremes sailing the River Works under Symmachy colors. It would certainly solve some of their problems and turn them into a powerful military force, but what about their identity and principles? Wouldn't that be going against what the Symmachy stands for? A similar thing is happening with the Cyclopes. What about young soldiers like Pasion? Should they be forced to join the army?

Choose:

1. *To win this war, the Symmachy is going to need all the military power it can get. Having a standing army might bring them more victories and spoils, but at what cost?*

Agree that the Symmachy should have a standing army.

Gain +1 Priest (of Ares). Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0036.**

2. *The creation of such an army goes against everything the Symmachy stands for. Not only do they risk losing their way, like some of their generals have, but how will they recruit? Pluck children from their families like the empire does?* Advise them against the creation of a standing army.

Lose -1 . Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0037.**

7–8 War Within | *Family*

It is with dread that you go to the Cyclopes' meeting in a valley near the River Works. Recently, the different clans have been arguing more and more about their people's future. While that is important and should be discussed, you fear that the Cyclopes will end up divided or even worse, turn against each other.

Stephenidne from the council and Kalmenes the shepherd greet you upon your arrival. But before you can utter a single word, a gruff voice calls, "Don't try to sway the Argonauts before the meeting even begins!" Bronimedes stands tall and proud next to Serapion, who crosses his scarred arms on his chest. "The Argonauts should be impartial."

You see Stephenidne grit her teeth before she breathes deeply. "Very well. Let us begin."

Surrounded by Cyclopes, you take your seats and listen to each speaker. While Stephenidne and Kalmenes argue that the Cyclopes should do everything they can to stick to their peaceful vow, Bronimedes and Serapion insist they should adapt to the new world and not squander this opportunity to become a powerful race. You have felt this question being brought again and again since the start of the war.

If M1 is marked, to choose Option 1 you have to gain +2 . If M1 is not marked, but you have finished the *Intended Purpose* hub, to choose Option 2 you have to lose -1 Humanity. Choose:

1. *You have seen the damage war can do to people. To have such a peaceful race as the Cyclopes become warmongers would be a catastrophe. They would lose their identity and their culture would crumble like so many before them.*

Agree that the Cyclopes should stick to their vow.

Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . **See 0032.**

2. *Pacifism is easy in times of peace. With the empire waging war against the rest of the world, the Cyclopes need to be able to defend themselves and fight back. Otherwise, they will be one more people wiped from existence, and their culture and legacy will die with them.*

Agree that the Cyclopes should adapt to the new world.

Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0033.**

9–10 People of the Herds | *Heritage*

Desolation stretches as far as the eye can see. The dry red soil, already barren, is covered in puddles of thick black liquid. In some places, the sludge is so deep that a stray cow could be swallowed whole without leaving a trace.

Cebriones sighs. "It's like this everywhere." His voice breaks and the giant does his best to hold back tears. He grabs the edges of the dark cowskin he wears like a makeshift chiton. His clan used to have some of the biggest herds. Their animals were renowned for their ebony color. As ambrosia pollution spread across the land and war demands grew, they were hit the hardest.

"My brother entrusted me with the task of moving our people to a safer place. We have begun packing but there is so much to do! I can't just ask them to move to the mortal cities overnight. We should take our time, make sure we don't forget anything . . ."

You watch the Cyclopes slowly gather their belongings. They fill the wagons as the shepherds coral the few remaining cows. You take another look at the ambrosia-covered landscape. How can you ask people who have spent their whole lives on these peaceful pastures to move to the cities? They won't change overnight. Adaptation takes time.

And yet time is not on your side. If the Cyclopes take too long, the pollution will become unbearable and they will lose more than their cattle.

Choose:

1. *The Cyclopes have already lost enough. Rushing them to the cities will not only cause them to lose their identity, but many giants might not be able to adapt to the sudden change. And yet, the longer they stay here, the more at risk their lives are.*

Help the Cyclopes transition to the cities slowly.

Gain +2 and +1 . Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0042.**

2. *It will be a brutal change, but the Cyclopes need to move to the cities as soon as possible. Their lives as shepherds are over. They cannot save their remaining cattle, and they will need to adapt to survive. It would be more beneficial for everyone to rush the transition.*

Convince Cebriones to transition to the cities quickly.

Gain +1 . Lose -1 Humanity. **See 0043.**

Siege Eternal | *Supernatural*

Everywhere you go, you see the signs the war is coming to an end. Or maybe it's the world that is ending, again? People are worried about winter and the pervasive food shortage. Army officers are executed left and right. The ambrosia pollution has reached critical mass and is a rolling ecological disaster that will mar the landscape for years to come.

The empire is falling and everyone fears they will be crushed by its corpse. "It feels like Eschaton all over again," says the Old Priest through gritted teeth as you reach yet another polis. The Cyclops Argares nods solemnly, as if he remembers it.

"There are older officers in the polis, led by a certain Andektas. I was in contact with him about a possible peace treaty, once the war is over," Argares says as you board the launches. That makes sense. You need someone competent on the other side to oversee a surrender and a peaceful transition of power. Otherwise, the war may spill into countless skirmishes with self-appointed warlords and drag on for years. "They are planning to escape before they are branded traitors. Will you help them?" You promise to do what you can.

The wide streets form concentric circles around a focal point: some sort of arena in the middle of the polis. Upon closer inspection, you realize that the arena holds a dark abyss. The pit where everything goes to die, according to the locals. "There is an execution scheduled in the evening too!" But when you ask for details, everyone suddenly becomes mum.

Are you too late? Are these the turncoat officers to be executed? Before you can ponder the situation, someone calls out to you. A whisper, almost lost in the morning hubbub. You follow it to a crumbling temple-turned-public dump.

As you enter, the foul stench besieges you. Still, you persevere and move deeper inside. Once you reach the ruined naos, a dozen pairs of eyes framed by wrinkles turns toward you. Spartan officers at the end of their prime. "Which one of you is Anakletos?" you ask.

"He was captured." One of them steps forward and introduces himself as Gallus. "Like many others. He will be executed tonight. Extract us from the polis. Once we're on your ship, we'll tell you everything, including the details of this gruesome practice." When you hesitate, he smiles drearily. "No one else in the polis will help you."

Despite your suspicions, you know he is right. He may not be the man Argares told you about, but he could lead you to Anakletos. Reluctantly, you smuggle them out of the polis and return to the Argo *before noon.*

"How about some refreshments? We haven't had a proper meal since we went into hiding."

Gallus smiles like a shark while you wait in the Bridge Tholos for the Old Priest and Argares to arrive. "Good deeds should always be rewarded."

If you don't have enough resources, you must choose Option 2. Choose:

1. *These Spartans are not to be trusted, but keeping them comfortable could be beneficial as they may be more inclined to share what they know.*

Give them something to drink and eat.

Lose 5 Relief resources. **See 0044.**

2. *You will not waste your resources on people you don't trust, especially before they have shared anything of value. Show them Spartan hospitality.*

Give them nothing.

Gain +2 . **See 0045.**

0001 *Imbrus approaches you, the scar on his chin stark white in the semi-darkness. He looks to the polis, with its tall menacing buildings and a fleet of Spartan ships in the harbor, with sadness in his eyes. He must have seen many cities during his service, so why would this one be different? Upon feeling your gaze, he sighs. "I was first stationed here all those years ago."*

Imbrus knows of an ancient tunnel network that runs beneath the city, big enough for mortals but not for Titans. You make your way inside with a small team, torches in hand, following the Spartan's hunched figure as he deciphers the secret code painted on the walls.

"Don't know who built them or why. We used these to meet with our sweethearts, unbeknownst to our superiors," he explains as his hand glides over the rough rock. There is a hint of redness on his cheeks and you chuckle. Who would have thought the old soldier could be bashful?

"Didn't know a thing about life back then," he grumbles as his foot catches on a stone. "Thought I was terrible just because I was young and strong." He quiets at a crossroads as he looks at another symbol and picks a tunnel on the left.

Subtract -2 . **Return to *The Thousandth Ship* adventure.**

0002 *Though rage flickers in your eyes, you nod and show the Spartans to the exit. You need to be quick. The whole city is onto you. If getting here wasn't easy, getting out seems impossible.*

"Tunnels," groans one of the officers. "We'll use the tunnels."

As you descend underground, you wonder who built these and for what purpose. They are too small for the Leleges and if they're not general knowledge among the Spartans . . .

You emerge near the canal and manage to sneak onto your launches undetected, as most of the army is looking for you on the streets. Once you get out of the port and onto the Argo*, you'll be—*

Suddenly, a loud, gruff voice sends shivers down your spines.

If P1 is marked, **see 0007**. Otherwise, **see 0008**.

0003 *Nikanor leads you into the white building complex. Finding the officers who wish to defect is easier than first thought—they've been eagerly awaiting your arrival.*

"It's about goddamn time, Argonauts," one of them mutters.

Sour faces and cold eyes—you know this kind of people. You've been fighting this kind of people since the very start of the war. Now you're helping them get off scot-free. But there's also their families here, friends and associates. Collective punishment is the chief way the Nietzschean keeps his legions in check.

"Get us out of here and we'll sweeten the deal," another fat Spartan insists. "There's a transport of Titans heading for a Thanporos facility and we just happen to know the route."

One thing absent here is Selena of Wilios.

"Your message mentioned the Nietzschean's lover," says Nikanor worriedly.

"Yes? What of it? It got you here, didn't it?"

They lied. You don't even feel that surprised. These people were responsible for subjugating countless poleis and tribes, for the gutting of their own culture. They'd truly do anything to get what they want.

"So she never existed!" Nikanor masks his shock with anger.

"Oh, she did exist." The fat Spartan smiles cruelly. "But she was not called Selena. The Nietzschean waged a bloody war for her, razed her city to the ground just to claim her. He beat her and used her, and she threw herself from the top of the Temple of Man to escape him."

"The Nietzschean has many things to answer for," adds an old, wiry general, as if his hands are clean.

Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction and the *Hatred* Condition card. If they have either, they gain the other and +2 instead. Gain +1 and +1 .

Your doubts are drowned in the sound of footsteps. The Krypteia has been tipped off and its agents are here for the traitors.

Choose:

1. *You had your reservations and now you have certainty. These people are monsters as much as the Nietzschean. They willingly supported him during his rise to power. Benefited greatly from their positions. And now, sensing momentary weakness, they betray him. They are unworthy of your trust. They are unworthy of being saved.*

Leave these war criminals to their fate.

Lose -1 Humanity. Gain 2 Living Abyss resources. **See 0005.**

2. *The mere thought of working with these people makes you uneasy. But there are others here, innocent victims of their immoral lust for power. Families, children. The Nietzschean will not discern the guilty from the bystanders.*

Save these people.

Gain +1 Refugees. **See 0002.**

0004 *The colorful stalls and the mouthwatering aromas wafting in the air cannot dispel the unbearable tension. The usual hubbub and laughter have all been replaced by the clinking of armor and shuffling of feet as people quickly move from one stall to the next, buying only what they need and blending into the background.*

As you pass through a shaded alley, you hear a woman's voice. "I knew you'd come."

The woman speaking might have been beautiful once, but the hardships of living under the Nietzschean's rule, and an ugly scar across her right cheek, make her more fearsome than alluring. You sense she likes it that way.

"I am Hellenos," she says. "I intend to liberate this city."

"Hellenos?"

"I took the name of my brother. It throws off the Nietzschean dogs, for they would never think to look for their enemy among the lowly widows and families of their veterans. Who's weak now?" she adds with a deep-seated anger.

"We've brought you the supplies you've asked for," the party leader says. "It should help you establish your movement."

Lose 8 Relief resources (if you can't, gain +1), gain +2 .

Hellenos shakes her head. "What I want from you, Argonauts, is for you to burn the Nietzschean armada to the ground and spread the cinders on the four winds, while my sisters and I slit the throats of every goddamn Spartan

man in this polis!"

You are taken aback at the ferocity and mercilessness of her words. She sees the empathy painted on your faces and scoffs. "Do not look at me like that. I am not weak. I survived! As a young girl I was taken to be the Nietzschean's next plaything, then replaced by another and discarded. One in an endless line of abuse!" She turns her cheek, displaying her scar. "A parting gift. They treat us as things, not people. As long as even one of them still breathes, we will never be free."

Choose:

1. *The hatred seething from Hellenos is palpable but also perfectly understandable. Or rather, most of you cannot truly understand what it's like to live her life—though you can imagine the horrors she described. She deserves her revenge.*
Burn the fleet.
Lose -1 Humanity. Lose -1 ⚙. **See 0013.**

2. *All that is true. But that armada—it's not only warships, but Helot-crewed trade vessels too. You will not be an instrument of blind vengeance. By using the Nietzschean's methods, you may very well slay the man but in doing so, immortalize his ideals.*
Offer other types of help.
Gain +1 Refugees. **See 0014.**

0005 *"You made your bed a long time ago," the party leader says through their teeth. "Now die in it."*

With that, you turn and leave, deaf to the pleas and cries of both the Spartan officials and their extended entourages. A child grabs the party leader's tunic, and they have to yank it out of their tiny hands, knocking the child over.

You make your way to the port unobstructed, the would-be defectors and their very impromptu, public and violent executions drawing all the attention. You're sorry you could not help the city and its women . . . but to survive, they need to learn to become stronger and fight for themselves. Otherwise, they may end up like this Selena of Wilios.

On the Argo*, you look to the crimson dawn rising. The tide is turning; you can taste it in the air. Soon, this war will end. The realization leaves you with a strange feeling: relief mixed with an existential dread. For the war to end, who will you become?*

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0007 *"Traitors!" You hear the booming voice of General Oeangaus. His ships follow you out of the port and it's only thanks to your lighter craft that you manage to keep ahead of them. Or is it? This pursuit lacks . . . conviction.*

As you look back at the trailing armada, you meet the general's gaze. You helped him bring the man who murdered his sons to justice. He nods almost imperceptibly.

When you return to the Argo*, the Old Priest puts his hands on your shoulders. "We suffered losses but we gained many allies today."*

You look at the Spartan officers eating and laughing at your table, and you feel dirty.

"I did not mean them," the Old Priest whispers. "None of us are paragons and some compromises are unavoidable. The world does not change in a single day. What matters is that we always strive to be better."

Subtract -2 ⛛. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0008 *"Catch those traitors!" It's only thanks to your lighter craft that you are able to reach the* Argo *before the armada, but all your efforts seem in vain as soon as the pursuing triremes open fire.*

Instead of blasting you out of the water, they aim at the city-ship, the superior prize. The horrible clink of projectiles hitting the hull makes you wince as you hurry onboard and order a retreat.

Of course, mere triremes cannot sink the mighty Iron Ship . . . immediately. But every time the Argo *is put into danger, you inch closer to disaster.*

Hours later, while Alkibiades begins the repairs, you tell the Old Priest what happened. "We paid a great price today, but we gained much as well. Only time will tell if it was worth it."

You look at the Spartan officers eating and laughing at your table, and you're not so sure. Maybe you never will be.

Lose -1 ⚙. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0011 *Efigenia and Pasion watch with rapt attention as the Titan is brought aboard the* Argo*. You are tempted to remind them it's not a sight for children, but then you remember these children have seen far worse. It is also the last day they can spend together, as you are supposed to meet with the Symmachy during the night to discuss your next move. And Pasion will have to return to his duties.*

With a sigh and a smile, you let them be.

Subtract -1 ⛛. **Return to 0049.**

0012 *While your crew prepares for departure, you spot a person sneaking around the engine room. Red flashes before your eyes at the thought of someone sabotaging the* Argo *and you move to intercept them. To your surprise, it's Gallus, the Spartan turncoat.*

He bares his teeth like a cornered dog and fear makes his features look wild. "He won't see me as a traitor if I do this!" he yells and lunges at you.

Despite how dangerous his swings are, he is nothing more than a frightened man. You ignore the sting of the blade on your arm as you disarm him before others take him away.

Gain +1 ⛛. Party leader gains +2 🅐. **Return to 0049.**

0013 *As the crimson dawn rises, Karyes's wharf is engulfed in flames to rival those of the Nietzschean's skull-faced shadow's name. The raging inferno consumes warships and civilian vessels alike and spreads to the warehouse district, claiming many bystanders. It cannot be contained.*

Hellenos doesn't mind. It makes little difference to her whether the men die from white-hot fire or cold iron blades, or if there are collateral casualties. When dusk falls, no Spartan warrior is left standing, and the polis is taken—what's left of it, that is.

The Spartan armada put up a valiant yet doomed stand, managing to inflict serious damage on the Argo*. It's said that General Oenagus himself lead the defense, and that the fire consumed his flagship last.*

From the Acropolis Deck, you watch the fading embers of a once proud city. The tide is turning; you can taste it in the air. Soon, this war will end. The realization leaves you with a strange feeling: relief mixed with an existential dread. For the war to end, who will you become?

Gain +1 Defector or subtract -2 ⛛ or gain 1 Living Abyss resource. If P1 is marked, cross it out. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0014 *"This is not the way, Hellenos," the party leader says.*

The Resistance leader looks at your crew, her gaze lingering on the Old Priest, Alkibiades and all the other men among you.

"So I should just listen to you instead of the Nietzschean? Is that so?"

"No. We will not tell you what you must do. Just what we won't," the party leader says calmly, but firmly. "We will still offer you the resources we have promised, as well as medical assistance and a place on the Argo *for any who seek refuge. We will even help you fight. We just won't become assassins and butchers."*

Hellenos scowls at you, but there is a gleam of understanding in her eye. She nods slowly, realizing there is no use in pushing you.

As you leave, she whispers, "There is not even a shred of good in him. Just a husk and an endless abyss."

Mark P3. Gain +1 Defector. Random Argonaut gains the *Roused* Condition card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0015 *Raisa protests at the sudden change of plans, yet quiets upon seeing your resolve. "It's a shame, Argonauts. I thought you were better than that," she says as she leaves the way you came.*

Without attracting the attention of either the working Helots or guarding Spartans, you make your way down the metal walkway and toward the door on the right. Once you are certain no one is around, you check the electrum.

Alkibiades's eyes shine as brightly as the metal itself. You can already picture several improvements on the Argo*. Perhaps a new invention. You trust your engineers to come up with something good.*

While your crew hauls the treasure back up the walkway and others keep watch, you find some interesting designs on a table nearby. Some are for Cyclonus armor and weapons, but others seem like they were made for smaller creatures. You wonder how well they would fit your Titans and pocket the blueprints.

Raisa is more sad than furious when you join her outside, and you half expect another lecture from her, but all she does is sigh. "I hope this metal will give you the advantage we desperately need in this war." There is a certain weariness in her eyes when you part ways.

Gain +1 ⚙, +1 🜂 and 6 Black Chain resources.

0016 *Raisa follows close behind as you go down the walkway toward a first group of Helots while the rest of your team deals with the Spartan guards. You quickly come to realize that most of these people are scared of ending up in those cages themselves.*

Your voices join Raisa's and you manage to convince them that you can all escape together, that they don't have to live in fear every day. By the time you are opening the cages and letting the imprisoned Helots out, your team returns, Spartan reinforcements right behind them.

It is at that moment that the Cyclonus chooses to rise, causing many Helots to run away from the forge. Your hearts sink when you see them grab the chain with all the cages linked together. The screams of the Helots still trapped inside ring throughout the forge as you call the retreat. The Spartans are too busy trying to calm the Cyclonus down to pursue you.

You weren't able to save everyone but there is nothing else you could do. Some of the freed Helots join you as you run back to the Argo*, but most of them have spread out into the nearby city.*

You doubt you will see them again. You lie awake at night, the screams of the Helots trapped in the cages haunting your nightmares.

Gain +1 ✕ and +2 ⛛.

0017 *Raisa is pained by your decision but seems to understand. "It would not have been my choice," she says, "but I will not get in your way." Her silhouette disappears outside and you turn your attention to the Cyclonus below.*

They seem peaceful.

Keeping an eye on the Helots working nearby and the Spartans guarding the forge, you approach them. They stir when you draw near and turn their head toward you but make no other movement. Slowly, you bring your specialized gear and start removing pieces of their armor, starting with the right arm.

The Cyclonus groans in pain. When the first arm is freed, you are immediately disgusted and horrified by what you find underneath the mesh of metal and other materials. Their arm is nothing more than a wrinkled stump. The rot is so strong, some of your crew gag.

As soon as you get started on the second arm, the Cyclonus's whimpers become louder. When you hit an exposed nerve, they jerk their legs in reflex, sending several of your people flying. You grit your teeth when some of them don't get up.

Lose -1 ✕.

Eventually the second arm is freed but before you can get started on the other modifications, the Cyclonus stands up. They move their arms gently around as if enjoying the feeling of their freed flesh, then bend toward you slightly, as if bowing. You don't have time to contemplate what just happened as they leave the forge to enjoy their newfound freedom. As the Spartans pursue them, you grab what is left of the modifications and head out yourselves before reinforcements arrive.

Gain any Maulfist 🜁 card (Secret deck 5, card 47 or 48).

0019 *"They're like me," Efigenia says. She has grown since you rescued her from that stronghold. Today she insisted on coming on this mission. "They have to hide who they are to be able to do what they want."*

Perhaps, just like Efi, these women have someone to protect. "We can't leave them like this," she says, and Raisa nods her agreement.

Subtract -1 ⛛. **Return to the *Crosscurrent* adventure.**

0020 *As silent as shadows, you slip into the camp. As some of your warriors cut the women's bonds, others get ready to catch them. There is some stirring and groaning, but they quiet upon realizing you are here to help them. How long have they been displayed like this? When was the last time someone gave them water? Some are barely breathing, and you feel your blood boil at the extent of their injuries.*

Before you can leave, someone sounds the alarm. Soldiers swarm you as you unsheathe your blades and form a circle around the wounded. You take one look at Raisa and nod before jumping into battle. Slowly, you fight your way out of the camp, but there is a toll.

Lose -1 ✕ and gain +1 Refugee.

0021 *Raisa opens her mouth in protest but snaps it shut upon seeing your grim expressions. The confusion on her face turns into understanding and resignation. She knows as well as you do that sometimes sacrifices must be made for the greater good. From the way her shoulders slump, you get the feeling it's not the first time she's found herself in such a situation.*

If D4 is marked, **see 0023.**

You spread out across the camp, looking to sabotage the heavy weapons. Once the first ambrosia-fueled contraption goes up in flames, the Spartans are roused into action. The defense they mount is stronger than you anticipated and you're forced to retreat. Those fires you started, though, will burn for days. You've effectively denied the enemy this position.

As you return to the Argo*, you wonder what happened with those tortured women.*

Gain +1 ⛛ and gain +1 Priest (of Hades).

0023 *Efigenia tries to argue with you, but you remain adamant. When she tries to physically stop you, one of you restrains her. She's just a little girl, after all.*

You can tell the exact moment her heart breaks. As you go ahead with your plan, Efigenia flees. You never see her again.

Gain +2 ⛛. Cross out D4 and lose Efigenia from your Argonaut's Boons Section. **Return to 0021.**

0025 *As you are about to leave, you see you are being watched by tall Cyclops in a busted Cyclonus helmet. Actually, the helmet has been painted in bright, cheerful patterns. Instead of hands, the giant has crude wooden prosthetics. Besides him, stands a smaller Cyclops.*

The Nameless One, the Cyclonus you saved so long ago, waves at you in thanks.

As you return the gesture, tears well in your eyes.

Reset ⛛ to 0. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0027 *Anakletos thanks you profusely. He's not your typical Spartan high-ranking official, nor is he of giant stature. His eyes betray no cruelty or even coldness.*

"The call of strength is alluring, especially for young men," he says with shame painted on his face. "And once you're in, you feel like there is no going back. Every other man there has walked the same path as you and his eyes are ever locked on your back, waiting for you to stumble. And then, insidiously, you become the fear and loathing you've been feeling, drowned in your own sins. You watch other men, and wait for them to stumble." He lowers his head. "This has to end. I may be branded a traitor, but I will stop the killing."

Place 1 ⛛ on Inward Odyssey. **Return to 0049.**

0032 *As soon as you give your opinion, Bronimedes stands up. His shouting match with Stephenidne lasts for a solid minute. "We are the Nameless One guided by Kalmenes. He seems to be doing worse than the last time you saw him, now needing someone's help to get around. His refusal to talk to you when you approach him leaves a bitter taste in your mouths.*

Gain +1 ⛛ and **return to 0033.**

0035 *Among the Cyclopes, you see the Nameless One guided by Kalmenes. He seems to be doing worse than the last time you saw him, now needing someone's help to get around. His refusal to talk to you when you approach him leaves a bitter taste in your mouths.*

Gain +1 ⛛ and **return to 0033.**

0036 *Glad that he has your support, General Hippon lets you go. To your surprise, the priest follows you outside the tent.*

"I was certain you would agree with us, Argonauts. War is always necessary," he says.

"We didn't—"

"You didn't have to," he interrupts. "Such is the truth of the world. The Eschaton was proof of that." He seems to think for a moment. "Allow me to accompany you on your next voyage so I can prove this to you as well." You open your mouths to refuse, but the priest smiles. "Do not worry about the general. Now that he will have his army, there is no need to persuade him of the necessity of war. You, on the other hand . . ."

He promises to board the Argo *by the time you depart and leaves before you can stop him. Of all the strays you could have picked up, why did it have to be someone like him? But it seems there is nothing you can do about it.*

As you turn to leave, you notice Pasion leaning against a tree.

Make 1 tally mark under Transition in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. If D4 is marked, **see Phase.**

0033 *When you agree with Bronimedes, you feel Stephenidne's betrayed gaze bore into your very souls. The council is at a loss, clearly not expecting this turn of events, and though many Cyclopes protest, Stephenidne adjourns the meeting. "It seems we will not reach an agreement today. It is best to go our separate ways for now," she says before she leaves with the other council members. You wonder how long "for now" will last.*

If B10 is marked, **see 0035.**

Later that evening, Bronimedes and Serapion come to the Argo *with sacks of food and bound men. "A gift for the Argonauts!" Bronimedes grins and shoves the prisoners in front of you. You recognize their Spartan armor, or what is left of it. With the way these proud men avert their eyes, you shudder to think what the Cyclopes did to them.*

"For helping us during the meeting earlier." Bronimedes laughs at your hesitation. "Do not worry, we have plenty to share after our raid! I figured you could use the food and get something interesting from these small folk!"

You thank him and accept the goods and prisoners despite the sick feeling settling in your stomachs. But it's not worth arguing with the Cyclopes, as they are so quick to anger. You simply bid them farewell and set sail.

Gain 8 Relief resources and +1 Captives. Make 1 tally mark under Vow in the Boons Section of the Argo Sheet. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0034 *As the Cyclopes go their separate ways, you notice a familiar figure in the crowd. The Nameless One, blind and crippled, is guided by Kalmenes. The shepherd smiles. "It appears once again our paths cross, Argonauts. Do not worry about our belligerent brothers. They will calm down and think about this. The Cyclopes will be united again." You hope so.*

Subtract -1 ⛛ and **return to 0032.**

If B10 is marked, **see 0034.**

Suddenly, you hear a rumbling noise and a Spartan force crests a nearby hill. You're too far from the ship to make a run for it, so you decide to stand and fight. Your Titans intercept the charge as the council members, refusing to fight, hide behind them. Though the Spartans are far more numerous, you quickly gain the upper hand—such is the power of Triskelion Junction and the terrible might of giants . . . if they decide to wield it.

If it wasn't for your Titans, the Cyclopes would be dead. Stephenidne realizes this after the battle, when one of your Titans dies in her arms, the spear intended for her sticking out of its back.

Lose -1 Titan.

"We shouldn't be divided," she says once you reach the Argo *and the council members reunite with some of their kin. "I will talk to Bronimedes, see if we can come up with a compromise."*

You're glad they will discuss this further, though you still don't know how they can reconcile the two disparate paths they currently walk.

Erase 1 Vow tally mark. **Return to the Voyage**

0038. Otherwise, **see 0039**.

0037

The general's mouth becomes a thin line. "I didn't expect you to disagree with me. Nonetheless, you've reminded me of our ideals. What do we stand for, really? It's not just Athens, like before the Eschaton." He smiles after these last words, much to the priest's dismay.

"The truth of war cannot be escaped!" The priest huffs as he leaves the tent. Silence stretches for a moment before the general turns back to you.

"Still, our issues remain. Perhaps you could help us during a mission, then?" You spend the rest of the hour planning an attack that results in strategic gains for the Symmachy.

Gain +1 ⇮, +2 ⮟. Erase 1 Transition tally mark. If D4 is marked, **see 0040**. Otherwise, **see 0041**.

0038

Right next to Pasion is Efigenia, a bag of supplies at her feet, and she also leans against the tree. She must have come to help your warriors restock while you were in the tent. Their conversation should be none of your business, yet your curiosity has you rooted to the spot.

"I knew what I signed up for, it's just . . ." Pasion sniffs. "I never thought I'd be in the heart of battle. That I would be forced to fight. I thought . . . it would be my choice, where and how I fight."

Efigenia nods with the sort of understanding no child her age should have. "Sometimes the choice is made for you." She shifts her weight and leans closer to Pasion, who doesn't pull back. You leave before they notice you.

Gain +1 ⮝ and subtract -2 ⮟. Lose Pasion from your Argonaut's Boons section.

0039

"Is it true?" Pasion asks, and you can't do anything other than nod. Fear flashes on his young features as tears gather in the corners of his eyes. Yet as quickly as they come, they are replaced by a serious look of determination. "Then I'll make the Symmachy proud!"

His hands shake slightly when he leaves but he holds his head high. "I will survive, Argonauts!" he calls over his shoulder. "We will see each other again! It's a promise!" You hope he gets to keep it.

Gain +1 ⮝. Lose Pasion from your Argonaut's Boons section.

0040

Wine and ointments become the main concerns of the evening as wounds are treated and the mission's success is celebrated. You do not forget those who have fallen, but mourn them and cheer in their name, for that's what they would have wanted.

Sometime during the night, you see Efigenia with Pasion. You have never seen her so close to someone else before. They smile and laugh and the light from the campfire casts a warm glow on their young faces. Reminded of why you are fighting this war in the first place, you leave them be and go looking for more wine with smiles on your faces.

Mark D3. Gain +1 Humanity. Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear.

0041

While injuries are treated and wine flows to celebrate your victory, Pasion comes to see you. "I have heard about your talk with the general. Is it true that he wanted to have a standing army?" You nod and take a sip of your wine. "But it's not going to happen?" Another nod.

A bright smile appears on Pasion's face. "Thank you, Argonauts!" He stands a bit taller, as if a weight has been lifted off his shoulders. The Symmachy might not be as powerful as they could be, but they remain your allies, and you will do what you can to help them. Another empire will not be born.

One Argonaut can reset their Ω. Lose the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction and the *Hatred* Condition card.

0042

You promise to check on the Cyclopes' transition from time to time. As days turn to weeks and weeks to months, you notice the pollution-induced changes in the landscape: cracks in the earth, the withering of trees, the invasion of blackness.

You see a few cow carcasses on the side of the well-trodden road. At least for now, the road itself isn't turning into a muddy sludge that traps the wagons.

Random Argonaut gains the *Black Breath* Affliction. If they already have it, they gain the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction instead. If they have that too, either gain +2 ⮟ or they die (consult the *Rude Awakening* Special Event).

Still, during this endeavor, Cebriones never loses hope. Despite his sorrowful eyes and the way his lip wobbles every now and then, he becomes a pillar of strength for his people, determined to get everyone to safety in time while preserving their cultural identity.

It takes much effort but eventually you return from the last trip. Cebriones awaits you at the edge of the city, where the final wagon finally comes to a stop and the Cyclopes unload it.

"We would have never been able to do that without your help, Argonauts. Thank you!" Cebriones smiles. "You have given my people the opportunity to start anew without sacrificing everything. Please, take these. Many of our cattle didn't survive the trip." He gives you several packages of fresh meat.

"Will you be all right?" you ask and Cebriones nods. "When my brother returns, we will figure out what to do next." He sighs as he looks at the city in front of him. "It will not be easy, but we will manage. As long as we stay together and remain true to ourselves."

You shake his hand and hope he is right.

Gain 7 Relief resources or 5 Cyclopean Metal resources. If B10 is marked, **see 0025**. Otherwise, **return to the Voyage Phase**.

0043

Cebriones's eyes harden and he clenches his jaw when you tell him the transition cannot wait. Prioritizing his people's safety, he orders the move.

You help the Cyclopes load the wagons with only the necessities, often leaving behind personal belongings, heirlooms and art. Children cry and people shout during the commotion, but the threat of the ambrosia pollution is omnipresent: if they stay too long, they will die.

Once everyone is safe in the city, you take one last trip to the village to make sure no one has been forgotten, and to pick up some extra tools. Along the road you notice not only cow carcasses but also various items, utensils and toys.

Still, most of the Cyclopes culture has been left in that village. Houses filled with soon-to-be relics. There is no movement on the streets, no laughter coming from playing children, no cattle mooing in the pastures. Only the crawling chaos of ambrosia pollution in the form of deep, dark puddles that will soon cover everything.

On your way back, you notice giant footprints in the black sludge. Could a Cyclops have strayed from the caravan? They lead you to a cave near the village. The grunts coming from inside send shivers down your spines, yet you still enter. A Titan is eating a dead cow, the soles of its feet covered in ambrosia. You call for the Titanokinigos team while you deliver the wagon to Cebriones as swiftly as you can. The less time you spend in this forsaken place, the better.

Gain +1 Titan.

"It will be difficult to adapt. We've already lost so much," Cebriones says. "But we don't have a choice." He looks at the Cyclopes around him, settling in a shanty town around the city walls. They look lost and frightened, but at least they are alive and have a chance to start anew. "Thank you, Argonauts." You hope his people will be all right.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0044

Gallus's shark-like grin is still plastered across his face when you return, the Old Priest and Argares in tow. The Cyclops quickly hides his surprise at not seeing Anakletos and turns toward Gallus with a polite smile.

"Could you tell us what happened and how you escaped?" he asks and Gallus has the gall to preen.

"Well, now that our thirst and hunger have been satisfied . . ." A shiver runs down your spines as he locks eyes with you for a moment. "This is how it went down . . ."

See 0046.

0045

When his plea is met with silence, Gallus leans forward. "Now, Argonauts. Is this really how you show your hospitality to weary guests?"

"Who said anything about guests?" one of you replies.

Gallus only shakes his head but the ghost of his shark-like smile remains on his lips while you wait in insufferable silence for the Old Priest and Argares to arrive. When the Cyclops sees that Anakletos is not among the officers, he lowers his head and takes a deep breath.

"Could you tell us what happened and how you escaped?"

Gallus's shark smile has never been wider, and his voice is as steady as ever. "Well, it's not going to be easy to retell such a . . ." He sighs and you could swear his voice sounds almost sorrowful. ". . . heart-wrenching moment, especially on an empty stomach, but I will try." The way his voice breaks at the end makes you roll your eyes.

Party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction and +1 Ω. **See 0046.**

0046

Despite your lack of trust in Gallus, you listen to his story. "An officer would go missing and, days later, only pieces of him would be found, scattered across the city. Savaged. More and more began to share this gruesome fate and we realized it was not the doing of the rebels, but a cleansing. The Nietzschean has become paranoid. He has never truly trusted anyone, but now he sees the enemy in every shadow."

"What about Anakletos?" Argares asks impatiently.

"His execution will be public. Tonight, along with every officer under his command. Without him, this city's precarious balance will crumble, and soon the rest of the empire will too." As you envision this, Gallus turns to you. Gone is the shark-like smile. "In that arena lives a monster . . ." He shudders and you notice a genuine spark of fear in his eyes. "I wouldn't wish such a fate on my worst enemy." He refuses to say more.

As the Old Priest shows the officers to their temporary quarters—until you figure out what to do with them—Argares follows you to the launches. "This might be too much to ask, after everything you did for us, Argonauts, but could you save Anakletos and his men? The future of my clan, maybe of all Lakonia, depends on the deal we could make."

"Which would be?"

"Our lands are no more because of the ambrosia pollution but we still have cattle to spare."

"Land in exchange for food, is that it?"

"Not only that," Argares answers. "But a start, yes. We also need to negotiate with others in power if the Cyclopes are to survive this war. It won't matter if we stick to our vow or become warmongers if we can't live among other peoples."

Choose:

1. *With Anakletos gone, the empire will be further destabilized. Soon, the Nietzschean will run out of officers to execute, and his own men will abandon him. The more isolated your enemy and the weaker his empire is, the easier they will be to take down.*

Let the Nietzschean execute the officers.
Lose -1 Humanity. Gain +1 ⮝. **See 0047.**

2. *The officers' lives and the future of Argares's clan aren't the only things at stake here. If Anakletos is as capable and trustworthy as Argares thinks, perhaps he could save Lakonia from a grim fate and help usher in a brighter future for everyone. You have to believe that not every Spartan is like the Nietzschean.*

Save the officers.
Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. **See 0048.**

0047

Argares lowers his head in silence. He is too polite to say it but you can hear his thoughts loud and clear: the Cyclopes can only rely on themselves.

You return to the city to witness the executions. You are curious about this "monster" that Gallus mentioned. You have seen your fair share of monsters but this one doesn't sound like a Primordial. The Nietzschean would have another use for it if it was.

The arena is lit with torches and braziers. Every seat is taken. Everyone from the lowly Helots to the highest officials—those deemed still loyal, that is—has come to see the end of these once powerful men. Even the Imperial Box high above is occupied. Surely the Nietzschean isn't here personally, is he? You feel fear creep up your skin and try to keep a low profile.

As you lurk in the archway of an unused hypogeum and peek into the arena, a shadow slips behind you.

"Welcome, Argonauts. Do not be alarmed," the wizened man with a pasty pale face and lidded eyes says when he sees you reach for your weapons. "I merely wish to join you."

You glance at his old black robes.

"The gods are dead but some of their power remains," he quickly adds. "I could give you that power."

"Just like that?"

"If you let me come with you, yes. Unless you'd rather take a closer look inside the pit." He points at the Spartan guards on duty. "I do not fear death, but I would rather assist the living a bit longer." You scoff at that, but he is right—you could always use the powers of a priest of Hades.

Gain +1 Priest (of Hades).

When the time comes, the prisoners are brought out. One by one, the officers are thrown into the abyss at the center of the arena. Some try to climb out but all stay away from the giant doors in the darkest corner of the pit. When they do open, one of the largest Titans you have ever seen comes out. A chain is tied around its neck like a dog's collar and it wears a silver skull mask made in the visage of the Nietzschean himself.

The Titan makes quick work of the officers, tearing them limb from limb, crushing their bodies in its hands as blood rains over the crowd. Screams mix in with the crowd's cheers. You feel sick to your stomachs. Mercifully it's over before it has even begun. You keep telling yourselves it's for the greater good but you all know you will be plagued by nightmares for weeks to come.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. The party leader gains the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction.

See 0049.

0048

Argares smiles and you return to the city to free the prisoners.

Only the thought of the monster Gallus mentioned gives you pause. You would have heard about it if it was a Primordial, and you doubt the Nietzschean would use one to execute his subordinates. It might be a wild Titan, maybe some savage beast or other creature that survived the Eschaton, though there aren't many of those left.

The arena is lit with torches and braziers. Every seat is taken. Everyone from the lowly Helots to the highest officials—those deemed still loyal, that is—has come to see the end of these once powerful men. Even the Imperial Box high above is occupied. Surely the Nietzschean isn't here personally, is he? You feel fear creep up your skin and try to keep a low profile.

You lurk in the archway of an unused hypogeum and peek into the arena. Eventually, the officers are brought out and you jump into action. You must free them before they are thrown into the pit!

Each Argonaut tests Endurance (11+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1 or +2 Ψ to add +3.

Fail: *While you focus on protecting the officers, you leave your side open and soon enough, a blade pierces your skin.* Gain +2 ⮜.

0–2 successes: *You may have the element of surprise, but the Spartans have the high ground and keep pushing you toward the edge. Several officers fall deep into the pit, out of reach.* Gain +2 ⮟.

3–4 successes: *The Spartan guards are quick to react but there are more of you. As soon as the officers are freed, they join the fight. After a struggle, you push the guards back until they have either fallen into the pit or run away.* Subtract -1 ⮟.

Regardless of the result, lose -1 ✕.

Suddenly, the giant doors in the pit open and one of the largest Titans you have ever seen comes out. A chain is tied around its neck like a dog's collar and it wears a silver skull mask made in the visage of the Nietzschean himself.

Still in the pit, it raises its head and gazes around the arena stands, where many people are still seated, enjoying the impromptu spectacle, chanting for the Titan to attack you.

Mark E5. **See 0049.**

0049

With a roar, in a single lunge, the Titan jumps out of the pit and lands directly before you. The crowd is mortified, suddenly feeling vulnerable, mortal. Their narrow minds could never conceive of the giant being capable of escaping the abyss. You, on the other hand, have firsthand experience with Titans. You know the limits of their power are unfathomable.

As the Titan's unseen gaze sweeps the fleeing crowds, you frown at the dented helm on its head, which looks like an old Antikratos Helm. Could the Nietzschean have tried to junction with it? Where did he get the tekne? The many scars crisscrossing its entire body tell a story of years of struggle, abuse and punishment. Yet it stands tall, absorbing the sheer terror it induces, as if it is enjoying it.

How much does this creature understand? Each Titan you have met behaves slightly differently and over the course of your voyage you have realize they are not quite the wild beasts you took them for. Still, this one seems that much more . . . what? Cunning? Intelligent? Is that why the Nietzschean kept it?

As the last Spartans flee the arena, the Titan's skull mask turns to you. You expect it to attack you, but nothing of the sort happens. It just stands there, sizing you up.

You send for the Titanokinigos team, hoping to take this one alive. It remains still even as the Titan-hunters close in around it . . . until it doesn't. The situation quickly gets out of hand and your crew is put on the defensive, fighting for their lives against a Titan that seemingly predicts their tactics. Unbridled strength, so much power and determination. It reminds you of the Nietzschean . . .

It stops abruptly, then yields to your hunters. Later you learn that it was the party leader who tamed it. They doubled back to the Argeo and junctioned with them from the Balaneion. It seems that it actually is an Antikratos Helm, albeit of some archaic design.

Gain 1 Abysswatcher Titan.
Then, see all that apply:
If D3 is marked, **see 0011**.
If E5 is marked, **see 0027**.
⮟ 7+: **see 0012**.

The party leader remains quiet all evening, something clearly weighing them down, until finally you confront them about it. At first they deny it, but you probe and insist and they relent.

"I saw him." The Nietzschean. This Titan vaguely remembers him. The Spartan leader did junction with it, probably before he acquired his new skull-faced monstrosity. You have experienced this many times before, an echo of recollection on the edge of the Other's consciousness, like a smell you haven't smelled since childhood, like a memory of an old dream. That touch of another operator . . .

But it is not the Nietzschean's presence that has shaken the party leader. It is his name. Liggron. Better known as Achilles.

Gain +1 ⮟. Mark J8. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

Mnemos Breakthroughs

Castoff

M009 *The dream is more vivid now. The sounds of crashing waves reach your ears, the roar of a hungry ocean gnawing at the coastline. Pain blossoms inside your body, a growing fire as droplets of salty water find their way past your eyelids to mingle with your tears. You turn your head, looking up at the rough cliffside that looms far above you.*

You remember. The grasping hands dragging you toward the cliff, the gruff grunts of those who had seized you. Your own frail body too weak to resist, wracked by sickness, or perhaps a curse from the gods.

A priest stood over you, proclaiming you insufficient, lacking, unworthy. A damning enough statement in any society, but a death sentence in your homeland. The weak must be purged so the strong can thrive. Such is the way of the Spartan.

"Your mother has shamefully hidden you from us," intones the priest, "but not from the Dead Gods. Your fate, postponed, will be completed."

The last memory to flicker through your mind is of your father's cold, impassive face. Eyes the color of ice looked at you with no emotion whatsoever, the features surrounding them utterly unmoving as your fate was proclaimed. It was he who stepped forward at the priest's bidding, hair flaring around him as the wind whipped at his robes and, without hesitation, he cast you from the clifftop, a sacrifice to the gnashing waves below. A wretch. A failure. A weakling.

And yet, you still draw breath.

Emotions flow through your mind. Anger, resentment, determination. You will not be cast away so easily. You will survive.

During the next Battle, ignore the *Strong Eat* Trait and always draw an Obol from 2 cards. Note Breakthrough M019 on your Mnemos track.

M019 *The memory is more vivid now. You stalk through the slums of the city while, around you, countless faces turn away. The weak and the broken have no place in the nascent empire that has emerged. You are seen as less than a person, less than dirt. And yet, here you stand, defiant even as society tries to grind you down.*

You press on through the slums until you find a rarely traveled alleyway, where a cluster of desperate figures now wait for your return. You survey your fellow broken ones, the people you have found among the detritus of Sparta. They are truly pitiful, and yet you feel a swell of pride.

As you stand there, gazing at your comrades, a sudden commotion reaches your ears. A blood-curdling shriek, swiftly cut off. Without hesitating even a moment, you break into a run toward the source of the noise, turning a corner only to halt mid-stride.

They have found you. Cleansing squads, the Katharsia. Teams of brutal killers meant only for one purpose—to purge the land of what the Spartan ideal has deigned to be an impurity.

You turn tail and run before you can be spotted. Panic floods your mind, overpowering, all-consuming. You won't die on the blades of these animals. You'd sooner cast yourself from the accursed clifftop again. Your flight from the town is frenzied, but you maintain enough composure to help some of your fellow outcasts escape. By the time you leave the city, you're leading a small procession of the destitute. They look up to you. Where you feel weakness, they see strength.

You are the Castoff, the one who survived.

A granite-like determination swallows your mind as you look back at your fellow outcasts, the rejected, the broken, the weak. And you see what they see: the strongest of them all, the weak who refused to surrender to the strong.

Never again, you swear to yourself in silence. Never again.

You may turn 1 Refugee into 1 ✕ or gain +1 Refugee. Note Breakthrough M029 on your Mnemos track.

M029 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. The small shanty town stands boldly against the whipping winds of the Lakonian uplands, looking out over a vast barren waste. The remnants of the empire's inexorable march in the name of "progress," almost completely dead thanks to its hunger for resources.*

The small refuge was your idea, a haven hiding in the wake of the Imperial war machine. And yet, you knew the peace could not last forever. Now you face the inevitable outcome. A column of dust rising in the distance, raised by an incoming attacking force. Whether they are Imperial Katharsia or Nubian man-catchers, you cannot say from this distance. It matters not.

Fury burns deep inside you. Every time you have something, the so-called strong seek to snatch it from you. Taking what they have no right to, all because they believe their strength puts them above others. Always treading down the less fortunate. The ideal of strength made manifest.

Glancing to either side, you see men and women just like you. Some have learned to thrive in the wilds of the land, and the scarcity of game has made them masters of traps and snares. Others, unable to use their physical might, have adapted in other ways. The warriors among your ranks, cast out of the Imperial army for being too old and frail, have shared their wisdom and experience.

You will not run. You will not submit. This strength and weakness duality they bring, you reject it. You will shatter it. You're surprised by the confidence you feel, yet you're sure it's not arrogance. It's a hard-earned clarity of vision and purpose. Calm, you find your mind wandering away from the coming battle—its outcome, you now realize, all but assured—and your gaze shifts to the horizon. There are more out there, you realize. More oppressors who would grind others down, and more dispossessed who need to be given hope, to be given an example to follow. You have found your power, in spite of your humble beginnings, but how you use it will be just as important as discovering it in the first place.

If you're in Cycle II: Abysswatchers, **see M0040**. Otherwise, **see M042**.

M040 *The time has come to shatter the cult of strength.*

Choose:

1. *You've grown past the frightened, damaged child on the rocks beneath that accursed cliff. You have a strength within you that nobody, especially not those who cast you aside, could have anticipated. You could use it, show the world how wrong it was to reject you. Make it pay for their error.*

Embrace the strength your struggles have granted to you, and use it to exact vengeance for yourself and for those similarly wronged by the empire. Gain +1 ⚠. Lose -1 Humanity. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards.

2. *You're not the same child who was cast out. The father who rejected you, the society who condemned you . . . they do not define who you are. You've learned this lesson, but you know that there are countless others out there who still need to be shown the way. A different kind of strength. You can be the example they need, if you so choose.*

Take the lessons you have learned through your trials and focus on helping the weak and dispossessed. Mark I12. Gain +1 ⍐ and +1 permanent Wisdom. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards.

M042 *The time has come to show the world another way. Another kind of strength.*

Choose:

1. *You have grown past your history and found a strength you never could have dreamed of possessing before. You could take this power and, fighting alongside the Argonauts, use it to make the greedy oppressors of the world pay for their sins.*

Show the world your strength! Gain +1 ⚠. Each time you don't attack during your turn, gain +1 **A**. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards.

2. *You have risen so far above your humble beginnings, but how you choose to use your newfound power and confidence is what will define you. There are so many who could learn from you, overcome similar challenges. But for that, you need to step back, as the more you fight, the more you risk becoming like those that you despise. Perhaps there is another way.*

Step back from the front lines. Remain aboard the *Argo* as a paragon of determination triumphing over strength. Mark I12. Gain +1 ⍐ and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

Coward's Way

M003 *The dream is more vivid now. The sand is red under your sandals. It is not your blood that stains it. You feel you can't go any further. You fall to your knees. You wish the earth would swallow you up. It doesn't.*

No matter how hard you press your hands against your ears or squeeze your eyes shut, their screams echo in your mind. Their faces upturned, features frozen in an anguished rictus of fear and agony, their last seconds forever engraved in your very soul. Torn skin tainted crimson. Shattered bones jutting out. Fragments of people strewn across the battlefield. You would vomit or cry if there was anything left inside of you besides this gnawing ache that pulls and pulls at you like a vortex.

You could have been one of them. You should have. But you ran. You ran as Axylus took a spear to the stomach, its tip coming out of his back and reaching for the sky, slick with blood. You ran as Hippotion's head was bashed in with a spiked shield. You ran as Nicia was cut in two, her screams dying on her lips.

You left them to die.

The fear of losing your own life gripped your heart in such a vice you had to get away to breathe.

The sword at your hip feels heavy and you wonder if it isn't too late to join them. But as soon as you clamp your hand on the hilt, the screams begin anew.

Start the next Battle with the *Fear* Condition card. Note Breakthrough M013 on your Mnemos track.

M013 *The memory is more vivid now. Metal screeches against metal. Sparks fly. The thud of leather-clad shields meeting something heavy. It's happening all over again. On your left, Axylus—no, Menexinos drops his sword as an axe slices his neck where his armor stops. An arrow whistles by and stops your attacker in their tracks. You nod your thanks to Bathyaes.*

Then you see more of them climbing over the hill. There are only a few of you left. They will be upon you soon. You want to run again, but you force yourself to close your eyes and take a deep breath, to quiet the screams of those who died so long ago, to quell your doubts and stifle your instincts.

Bathyaes's hand on your shoulder makes you jump. "We have to hold this position. Thebes's honor demands it," he says, but all you hear is the lapping of the tide and the water filling your footprints in the sand a lifetime ago.

"It's no use," you answer flatly. "They will surround us. We need to run."

Bathyaes shakes you. "Coward! Stand your ground! Pray to our god, and we will prevail!"

You remain as still as a statue, letting the rain wash away your fear and guilt. But it sticks to your skin, tight and warm, heavy as a cloak of lead. You only spring into action when you hear Bathyaes's arrows fly. You manage to cut down the first attacker, but the rest swarm you like rabid dogs. It is as you thought: you stood no chance. Against overwhelming numbers, honor is no shield. No prayer can give you strength against a flanking attack. And the gods do not care.

Once again, you remain powerless. You hold your position, but the left flank breaks. They cut deep into your formation. It's utter chaos. You see an opening and you take it. You turn your back on Bathyaes, ran through with a spear, and flee. The laughter of your pursuers mixes with the screams of the dead as the wind wipes your face of the tears you didn't think you still had.

You may start the next Battle adjacent to any other Titan. Note Breakthrough M023 on your Mnemos track.

M023 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. Your father told you once that only fools are never afraid and it's only now, after all these years, that you truly understand his words. You have seen it in a doe's eyes right before you killed her. Every living creature fears death. It is a natural instinct and there is nothing shameful about it.*

You could have died countless times before. You used to think you should have, even thought about ending it to join your fallen comrades and redeem yourself. But there is nothing to redeem, for you did not commit a sin. You see it with so much clarity now, it almost scares you.

You are not a coward for having the courage to see the truth. When your comrades were slaughtered on the beach or when Bathyaes laid down his life to protect the cargo destined for Thebes, it was all for nothing. Outnumbered, outflanked, depleted. Someone should have had the courage to call off those battles.

Instead, lives were traded for land and things. For the interests of merchants, senators, noblemen who didn't even know your comrades' names or faces, while they lounged far away from the carnage, drinking wine and eating fruit. No ceremony was held for the victims. None of them will be remembered.

You will not let the same thing happen again. You turn toward your warriors, announcing the retreat with as strong a voice as you can muster. As you move out, the trap the enemy set upon you is sprung, but there is no one left to be caught in it. They give chase, but you discard the precious cargo you were meant to protect with your lives. The enemy pauses their pursuit to divide the spoils, and then you strike and wipe them out.

As the sun sets on the horizon and you are setting up camp for the night, you watch your men work dutifully. All those men who didn't die today. You watch their heaving chests, hear their whispers and grunts, those little miracles only the living are capable of.

Cunning, not honor, is the soul of a mortal.

Choose:

1. *You have accepted your fear not as a vice, but as wisdom and a rare kind of courage. It is time to make a difficult decision once again. The* Argo *may not survive if it follows its current course. You need time to reevaluate the situation, to form a new strategy.*

Leave the *Argo* to pursue an alternate course. Mark A12. Remove 1 ⚠ from the current Doom card and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *Fear has served you well in the past, but you can't leave your companions now, not when everything is at stake. What you can do is put an end to this war so that no other person will die for nothing in a worthless fight they didn't start.*

Keep fighting and stay on the *Argo*. Gain +1 ⚠. Lose the *A Coward's Way* Mnemos and remove its card from the game.

Death Precedes

M005 *The dream is more vivid now. Blood, releasing hot steam onto the frigid air, drips from the tip of your blade. Where it lands on the earth, the fat droplets spatter in the dust, mingling to create a thick, sticky ooze. The metallic stench is heavy, clinging to the insides of your nostrils and throat. Primal, animal, raw.*

Finally, slowly, your mind stills, your pulse drops, and your breathing stabilizes. Last of all is the return of your vision, the red film of carnage lifting from your eyes as you look about, seeing your surroundings for the first time in what feels like decades, but can only have been a scant few moments.

Bodies lie around you, exhibiting varying degrees of mutilation. Some sport jagged gashes across their bellies, innards spilling out onto the earth in a tide of gore. Still more have been run through, a blade piercing them from front to back with grim ease. None who stood against you has survived.

A cheer of victory rises from all around. Your comrades have beaten back the enemy, granting your unit a reprieve. They approach, growing a little more somber as they notice the crimson that stains your face, hands, and armor. Their jubilation is tainted by apprehension as they take in exactly what your wrath, your relentless will to survive, your brutal skill, have achieved.

You hold your head high. You are not ashamed of doing what needs to be done to survive. In this world, the law of the blade is king over all, and only those who are willing to fight to their very limits will thrive. Your rage, your fiery berserker temperament, has served you well in the past, much as it has served you well today. You feel . . . happy.

From among the soldiers of your unit, your best friend, Phormion, emerges, congratulating you on such a high tally of kills. Together, you march from the battlefield, putting aside the painful protests of your muscles and joints. You need a drink.

Gain +1 Ω. Note Breakthrough M015 on your Mnemos track.

M015 *The memory is more vivid now. Enemies close in, fists clenched as they snarl threats and glower at you, their intention clear. You lose count of how many there are. As the red mist begins to cloud your vision, it really matters not.*

You slip into the flow, the animalistic drive of survival and dominance pushing you, guiding your hand as you lash out at any and all who dare approach. Fists connect with flesh and bone, meaty smacks and hollow snapping singing a song of violence and glory. You feel a flood of warmth in your mouth as your gnashing teeth split your tongue. Barely a thought is given as you hurl yourself wholly into the bloodshed. It is an old, familiar dance, a series of steps you know by instinct and will retrace without hesitation.

Finally, the last one falls, and you stand victorious, the wind whipping at you as it carries the scent of the dead.

You raise your head to the skies, feeling the swell of triumph in your muscles as your pulse slows. The veil of blood falls away, until you realize that you do not stand over a battlefield, but in a taverna. Destroyed chairs and tables interspersed with comatose patrons and more than a few cooling carcasses. Those alive and conscious stare at you in horror, abject fear and revulsion on their faces. You can already hear the distant sounds of the city guard approaching. Phormion's features twist in a horrified expression, his eyes hollow as he looks to you.

"Those damn fools," you curse. If only they'd had the sense to back down and submit instead of picking a fight. You had to respond. To show them their place. Their weakness. Right?

. . . Right?

Gain +2 Ω. Note Breakthrough M025 on your Mnemos track.

M025 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. You went too far today. Someone, barely more than a boy, got in your way, sparked an outburst of rage from you. One thing led to another. Escalated. Your companions wanted to talk you down, but it only enraged you further. Even they dared challenge you! Fury has possessed you.*

The brawl was a brutal one, and you know you left some of your friends with wounds that will last for more than a few seasons. Injuries both physical and mental. And now . . . now, Phormion—Gods! What have you done?

There were always stories shared around campfires of soldiers who couldn't leave the war behind after they came home and lived in a state of constant danger, always on a knife's edge. Is that you? No. Nonsense. You've always had good reason for your actions, always had a justification. People wanted to push you around, mock you, undermine you. They just didn't understand. People just . . .

You release a sigh. There is no running from the truth anymore, no more deluding yourself. You needed this, this struggle. Without it, you felt like empty, unworthy. Unhappy.

And now, one of your oldest friends has paid the ultimate price.

It is said that the wisest of warriors rarely draw their blades. That they have studied the ways of stillness and calm, seeking solace to perfect their bodies and minds. Perhaps you should seek it out too, learn to control your fury. Somewhere far away from the people you could hurt. That is, if you are ready to let the rage go.

Choose:

1. *Fury without restraint will only reap pain in the long run. You have a chance to step aside from this path and find your center. Once your mind has been tempered, your wrath harnessed, you will become a better warrior for it, nay, a better person, and perhaps find a sort of peace.*

Withdraw from your life of battle to meditate and gain control over your violent impulses. Mark D12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *This wrath, this primal fire within you, has kept you alive so far. You're not ready to part with it yet, not while it continues to serve you. You need it to defeat the challenges ahead of the* Argo. *You will live with the risks of fury, for now.*

Choose to continue down your path of violence, no matter the risks. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. Gain +3 Ω. At the start of each Battle, draw a Kratos card.

Forbidden Love

M001 *The dream is more vivid now. You move through the crowd, ill at ease, as if you are not really inhabiting your own body. You feel like an outsider, a vagrant stealing your way into where you do not belong. If your family were to learn you were here, among these people . . . The resulting quarrel does not bear thinking about. But you are old enough to make your own decisions, and you need to spread your wings.*

A momentary fear sparks within you and you feel you need to flee home . . . and then you see them. The way they move, the confident smirk that dances on their lips as they glide from one knot of celebrants to another, the sparkle that gleams in the corner of their eye. Just the sight of them sets your heart beating, a wild flurry that you cannot control, that you do not wish to control. Longing, deep and primal, awakens inside you.

They are everything your family has warned you about. But what do they know? Your parents, they hail from a different time, and their constant attendance at the temple has dulled their awareness of how the world is these days.

It takes all of your courage, but you step forward, and they spot you. Your gazes lock in an instant, and you find yourself transfixed. Their stare is deep, powerful, and promises all kinds of hedonistic delights. Everything you ever wanted, yours for the taking.

Curiosity shimmers in their expression as they look you up and down, immediately assessing the nervous posture, wide-eyed gaze and air of vulnerable innocence. Their teeth flash behind their smile as they walk up to you, and in that moment you lose yourself. You feel their hand brush against yours, their scent strong in your nostrils, their lips tantalizingly close. Euphoria overwhelms you as your pulse races ever faster, and the rest of the night is lost to you in a tantric, heated blur.

You don't yet understand.

At the start of the next Timeline Battle, gain the *Marked for Glory* Minor Trauma card. You must take the Priority Target token. Note Breakthrough M011 on your Mnemos track.

M011 *The memory is more vivid now. Your friends' laughter moves like a swarm of stinging insects, each chuckle a subtle barb that lashes at you. And there, staring at you with an oddly fiery expression, the one you've committed yourself to, the one you gave up so much to be with, whom you even forsook your family for, sneers at you before turning away. The words they hurled at you, the cutting insult that sparked such hilarity among your peers, still burrows into your chest like a knife.*

How could they leave you humiliated like this? Do they not realize how such comments hurt you to your core? You need to say something, to make them see how their behavior is hurting you, how their words and actions cause you pain. If only you could make them understand. For it's just understanding of you they lack. Right?

You chase after them, winding your way through the crowd, and eventually spot them. Wrapped in the arms of another, an intimate embrace that is far more potent than that of a friend. Their lips meet those of this . . . intruder. And then they look at you. Is that glee you see there? A predatory thrill at being caught like this? They close their eyes again, refusing to break contact. You flee, unable to watch the tryst any further.

Later, when they find you, they already have an arsenal of words at the ready. It was nothing, just a bit of innocent fun. They needed to let their hair down, not be so stifled. It was your problem, for being too strict, too uptight. You always took things too seriously, made everything about yourself. Suffocated them with your emotions.

You listen, tears burning in the corners of your eyes. Slowly, inexorably, you understand. They are right. You have been too sensitive. Too quick to make every issue about yourself. To paint yourself as a victim in every situation. It was only to be expected. If anything, you were lucky to have a partner like them. You feel the gratitude swell inside you, but the dread doesn't seem to leave you.

Still struggling to force words past the tight lump in your throat, all you can do is nod and blink away your tears as your partner turns to leave. The night is still young, and they need a drink after dealing with all of your issues. They vanish back inside, and you are left alone once more.

At the start of the next Timeline Battle, gain the *Dread* Condition card (see Cycle I) and +1 Ω. Note Breakthrough M021 on your Mnemos track.

M021 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. The night air whips around you, a chill breeze that numbs your flesh and sends shivers through your bones, but you do not feel it. No external sensations can cut through the turmoil that twists and seethes within you, occupying your every thought.*

Your partner lies upon the bed inside, snoring gently beneath the sheets. That bed. The same one where you caught them—you cannot even finish the thought, the memory bringing back too much pain. And yet, once more, the explanations were all too ready, the accusations get again aimed back at you, the words so seductive, so reasonable, so measured.

This can't be it, can it? A repeating pattern of loving affirmations, then crippling pain? Is this what all couples face, constant challenges to one's sense of worth, one's ability to endure? Are they right that you're lucky to have them and could never hope to be any better off than this? That you deserve this?

No.

The thought strikes you, a hammer blow to the walls of your mind. No. This is not right. You cannot keep subjecting yourself to this over and over again. If a relationship does not make you happy, if it's a constant struggle for your self-worth, it should be removed from your life. Nobody should have to suffer because of the fickle whims of another. Your future—your happiness—is your own to claim, not theirs to crush.

Your only choice: *A true relationship, one built on genuine love rather than the raw attraction of the taboo, requires investment from all sides, with loyalty, honesty and respect shown for each participant. You will not find that here, and waiting for someone to change their nature serves only to keep you trapped in a prison of pain and sorrow. Whether it is a new relationship or simply living with a focus on yourself, you deserve better, and you will find it if you take action.*

Recognize your inner value, and move on from this destructive love. Mark E12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

Left For Dead

M008 *The dream is more vivid now. At first, you see only flashes. The smiling faces of Mother and Father. A wooden toy made by Grandpa. Running around the farm. Playing with seashells with friends. Training at the gymnasion and the first taste of competition. Visits to the market with Mother and Sister, the barrage of smells and colors. First love. First kiss. First—*

The pain, a pulsating sensation in your right thigh, is unbearable. You feel the wind on your feverish skin next and slowly look around. A sea of bodies as far as the eye can see and not a single living soul to reach out to. The sun beating down on you and the smell of the sea nearby mingling with the copper stench of your blood. Was there a battle? Were you a soldier? Or did you find yourself in the wrong place at the wrong time?

When your eyes get weary of surveying death, your gaze falls onto your wound. The swollen skin around the cut is slowly turning yellow and attracting flies. You don't even have the strength to swat them away. You can feel the infection eating at your flesh. Soon the sickness will spread to the rest of your body, muddle your senses and leave you unable to move.

The thought of your comrades crosses your mind and the cold realization hits you harder than a fresh wave of pain. They left you to die. How could they?

Anger swells in your chest before your resolve wavers in tandem with your consciousness. When you come to, there's a cliff and the crashing of waves, and seagulls circling above. You retain fleeting glimpses of crisp linen, strong ointments and gentle hands, of a voice carrying you through the painful process of your recovery.

Someone saved you. But it wasn't those who you trusted most. Those you trusted have left you for dead.

During the next Battle, if you draw the *Heroic Death* Major Trauma card, you may resolve the *Feign Death* Minor Trauma card instead (in any round). Note Breakthrough M018 on your Mnemos track.

M018 *The memory is more vivid now. A wrinkled face. Dark eyes that hold pity and compassion in equal measure. The scent of ointments and the soft feeling of bandages. The freshness of water. Like when Mother bathed you when you were a child. Like when you went night dipping with your friends from the academy. Like when you made love to your beloved under the Reikos waterfall . . .*

It all comes rushing back. There was battle. You led a charge and decimated the enemy army's right flank, sinking your teeth deep into their ranks. Victory was within grasp. But not all were as determined and stalwart as you. Your center collapsed and the left flank folded soon after. With enemy reinforcements coming in from the east, it was do or die, fully commit or leave you stranded in the sea of foes. Damn traitors cut their losses. Left you and your detachment for dead.

The taste of betrayal is bitter on your tongue. You should be thankful that you still draw breath, yet the thirst for revenge is eating you up. You were given a second chance and you will gladly spend it to find your comrades and make them pay for leaving you to die.

"You survived, miraculously," the healer says, "but you should have left that rage to die on the battlefield."

"What know you of rage?" you snap. "They sold my life for—for what?" You see it before your eyes: the army slowly retreating, orderly, calm. Cold.

"Nasty business, that was," the healer says, shrugging. "I guess everyone's got their reasons."

You want to punch them in that stupid, serene face of theirs, but you lack the strength. Besides, they're not the ones you're angry at. They're not the ones who traded your life, your memories, your dreams, a lifetime of bonds, for a temporary tactical advantage. You bet it was easy for them to make the call. It's so easy to pay with other people's blood, to justify the losses you yourself will not have to shoulder.

"I will find them," you say, "and I will kill them."

During the next Battle, you may discard the first *Disemboweled* Grave Trauma card drawn and make an Obol Draw instead. Note Breakthrough M028 on your Mnemos track.

M028 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. As soon as you regain enough strength to stand, you leave the healer's hut, the burning desire for revenge pushing you forward. Tracking down your former comrades isn't difficult at all, for they are not hiding.*

When you arrive at the sleepy town at the edge of a giant forest, you notice the insignia above the arch has changed. It seems, despite the sacrifice of you and your soldiers, your side lost the war in the end. So leaving you for dead was ultimately for nothing.

Of those you find guilty and deserving of your wrath, most have died and some are in captivity, but one has managed to find new employment under Sparta's rule. He is startled when he see you. He should be.

You step closer, blade bared. You have nothing to say to him. But before your xiphos tastes blood, he says, "Hypocrite." The sheer audacity of the claim makes you pause. Yet . . . "Who are you to judge me, Strategos?"

Everyone's got their reasons. The words of the healer ring in your head as the veil of the past is slowly lifting from your mind. Strategos. That is what they called you, derisively, for you were as cold as you were calculating. You have led more people to their deaths than you can remember, and you have sacrificed much in the name of greater good—soldiers, civilians, whatever it took.

The war with Sparta had to be won and so you took it upon yourself to make the hard decisions no one else was willing to make. That is what you told yourself, at least. For the hard decisions are always easy for those who feel they need to be considered. So it was easy for you to make those calls. It's so easy to pay with other people's blood, to justify the losses you yourself will not have to shoulder.

You see only flashes. The smiling faces of countless mothers and fathers. Toys, and running and playing. Training and learning and living. First loves. First kisses. First times. It was so easy to end those stories, for they were not yours.

The xiphos in your hand grows heavy.

Choose:

1. *The healer was right all along. You should have left your rage to die on that battlefield. Or maybe you should have died instead. Would that balance the scales of misery? You doubt that. Death doesn't erase death, it perpetuates it. You cannot claim to make the hard choices anymore. What you need to do is make amends.*

Leave the *Argo* and search for peace. Mark H12, gain +1 Humanity and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. You have done many things that are not proud of, but you can't turn back time. And now, the Argo still needs you. This war needs to be won at all costs, even if that cost is your soul. It is a hard choice, but a one you are willing to make.

Stay on the *Argo* and finish the fight. Gain +1 Lose -1 Humanity. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards.

Mésalliance

M002 *The dream is more vivid now. The sunlight blankets your face with warmth; the wind rustles in the nearby cypress trees. Butterflies flutter from flower to flower, and grasshoppers jump on and off your still body. The sea is calm and its salty perfume comes to tickle your nose whenever the waves gently kiss the sand. You could lie like this forever.*

You hear angry sounds coming from the house. You keep your eyes closed. Quick footsteps, the pushing of clay bowls, dried basil and mint leaves trampled on the floor in the agitation.

You press your small hands against your ears. You still hear them. Arguing. Sweet like honey and limpid as moonlight, Mother's voice, pleading. Coarse like old leather and bleating like a goat, Grandmother's voice, ashamed and angry.

Suddenly, your mother sits next to you and a hand comes to wipe your tears. "It is time to go, my sweet." You take Mother's hand.

You don't want to go. Mother smiles but her eyes are cold. Like steel beaten too many times that now has a permanent sharp edge. "We have to, my sweet. There is no place for us here."

Grandmother stands in the doorway. Her face is angry but her eyes are sad. Mother squeezes your hand twice. "It is for the best."

You reach the boat and she lifts you inside. A flash of silver exchanges hands and she joins you in the rickety contraption while the fisherman pushes away from the shore.

"Did I do something wrong?" you ask, face fresh with tears.

"No, my sweet," Mother reassures you. She rocks you in her lap and laughs that you soon won't fit there.

"Is it because of Father?"

When the small island has almost disappeared over the horizon, Mother speaks again. "We are not like him, yes. It bothered some people in his family."

At the start of the next Battle, move 1 space away from the Primordial. Note Breakthrough M012 on your Mnemos track.

M012 *The memory is more vivid now. As soon as you hear the screams, you step out from under the fig tree and hurry along the path around the farm. Several guards are standing around your mother, laughing and kicking her as she lies on the floor.*

You swallow your fear as rage swells up within you, but someone pulls on your hand, begging you to stay calm, to wait it out. The hand holding yours is a vice that keeps you rooted to the spot. Mother shakes her head from the floor, face swollen and bleeding, despite how much you beg her with your eyes.

The shadow of the overseer passes by, and the beating immediately stops. The soldiers can torment the slaves all they like, but they too are beholden to a master of a higher order, and that master abhors disruption of the workflow.

"We have to do something," you whisper urgently, but the other slave only lets you go when the guards are gone.

You rush to your mother. She tries to quell the shaking of your fists as you kneel next to her. "There is nothing we can do," she whispers. Her palm feels cold on your cheek.

"No! This is hell!" But you can see the light in her eyes is dimming.

She squeezes your arm but nothing could tame the desperation in you that is slowly turning into hatred. "You need to calm down, or you will get yourself killed," she urges breathlessly. There is fear on her face. Like that time . . .

"It's all Father's fault! If he hadn't abandoned us—" You spit the venom burning your throat.

"Your father wasn't always a good man." Mother sighs and you blink in confusion at her. "He couldn't have made us stay, even if he wanted to." There is only resignation in her voice. "I will sleep now, my sweet. For my time has come." With that, her flame is gone.

Your whole body shakes as you gather her in your arms, the promise of vengeance burning in your eyes.

At the start of the next Battle, move 2 spaces toward the Primordial. Note Breakthrough M022 on your Mnemos track.

M022 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. You can still remember Mother's hand squeezing yours twice whenever you were nervous or scared. You can still feel her gentle touch upon your cheek, her arms around your shoulders.*

You look at the man in front of you. His posture is open, arms relaxed at his side. His smile is kind but there is a severity to his face, the cold detachment you have often seen in soldiers. And eyes that have seen and done too much.

The stranger takes a tentative step closer and you are unable to move, pulled into his orbit by the words hanging between you like an unspoken promise. A bond that always yearned to be formed but never did, until this very moment. "Was your mother named Lyara?" he asks again. You can almost hear Mother's laughter in your ear, a ghost coming to play a trick on you from Elysium.

All this time, you have looked for your father, and now he finally stands in front of you, in the form of a Spartan defector. You remember all the times you were pushed away, betrayed, kicked down and bruised because of a legacy you didn't choose. How Mother was rejected by her own blood. The day she died, you lost the half of yourself that wasn't already missing. Your fingers twitch above your sword as your throat suddenly closes up. So many times, you have dreamed of this moment, wondering when the sweet release of vengeance would come.

The man standing before you lowers his head remorsefully. The scars covering his scalp, lessons of the Spartan way paid in pain, gleam in the day's light. His hands, broken many times in countless training exercises and battles, tremble gently. Before you can utter a word, he sanks at the shoulder flap of his tattered linothorax, baring his wounds, old and new, and the brand of a Helot sympathizer. Traitor.

"I should have . . . showed strength . . . that night," he mutters, his voice breaking with every word, tears rolling down both cheeks. "Not of the . . . Spartan kind, but of the . . . heart. I have failed you and your mother. Each day since has been an agony. I do not deserve to live."

You look at this broken man and you see a life of trying to make amends. He didn't choose his legacy either. Mother's words ring in your head. Your father was warped by tyrannous customs, forced to sacrifice everything, and in the end he got nothing in return. To detect, to reject everything you were taught with threat and pain since the day you were born—that must've taken a kind of courage you don't know if even you would be capable of.

Choose:

1. *The thirst for vengeance is quenched as you realize your father was as much a victim as your mother. He should have stood up then, but hindsight is easy. He has paid enough for his mistake. It is time to reach for his embrace, to forgive and move forward, to celebrate the precious moments you have left.*

Leave the *Argo* and reconcile with your father. Mark B12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *He may have changed, but you can't turn back time. You have come to bear your father's cowardice like armor. You've breathed it in and turned it into a weapon. He may have been a hapless pawn of the system, but he is nonetheless the one responsible for your hardships. He made you leave. He wasn't there when your mother died. You have no place in your heart for forgiveness.*

Reject your father and stay on the *Argo*. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You can never Awaken.

Runt of the Litter

M007 *The dream is more vivid now. Your opponent, the village bully, is taller and stronger. He sniggers as he swats your fist away and wraps his arms around your neck. Alarm bells ring in your head when he starts squeezing. You pound your tiny fists against his forearm, but it does nothing.*

The other children cheer while your sister watches with fearful eyes. You remember how upset she was last night when she came home with an empty stomach. Between sobs, she told you what the boy did. You had to react.

Still, you start to regret challenging him when the corners of your vision turn black and you can't breathe. This silence, stillness, numbness . . . It's almost tranquil.

Someone yanks you by the scruff of the neck and drags you toward your house. As you look up, you see barely contained anger on your brother's face. Your sister follows closely behind, head low. You risk a glance at the bully who now sports a bruise in the middle of his forehead. He doesn't follow, but you know this is not the end.

"I don't need your help!" you spit angrily at your brother when he drops you in front of your house.

"You're not strong enough to fight him. Anyone." He sighs. "You know your body is weak. Don't blunder into an early grave."

"I couldn't let him bully Pelopia!"

"You should have let me handle it." Your brother always says that. You know him—he would rather do nothing than risk the status quo. Better to preserve the peace between the villagers, he often says.

You clench your fists. You can't just sit by and do nothing while others are hurting. Someday, you will show everyone how strong and dependable you can be. If you train and practice, you can become even stronger than him and save others instead of always being in need of saving.

Gain +1 Ω. Note Breakthrough M017 on your Mnemos track.

M017 *The memory is more vivid now. Time passes and with each year, new hardships. Father dies at war. You train. Drought leads to famine and poverty. You train. Your brother is drafted into the army. You train. Every day, you put yourself through rigorous exercises you saw soldiers perform in a camp outside town. Every day, you try to push the limits of your weak condition, just a little bit further. Every morning, your mother shakes her head as she watches you leave the house and every night, she sighs while she helps your exhausted shell of a body into bed, forcing you to eat and putting a wet cloth on your forehead on the worst days.*

And still it's not enough. The village bully breaks your nose when you step in after your sister refused his advances. You pass out working in the diminishing wheat field by the house. You break your leg during a hunt after a fall that shouldn't have harmed a child.

Your mother, burdened with worry about you, finally joins Father in the Underworld. And yet you keep training. For there is a fire within you that won't be extinguished, no matter how many times you fall and break. A fire that burns brighter whenever you see someone suffering at the hands of others. A fire that demands to burn for a grander cause.

After your sister's wedding, you enlist in the army. The commander in charge seems intrigued by your drive and gives you a chance. A fight against another recruit to prove your worth. Excitement bubbles in your blood. This is what you have been waiting for. All those years of training, all those sacrifices. You will become a soldier, make the world a better place and be able to proudly stand next to your brother.

Your opponent's fist breaks your jaw in less than ten seconds.

Laughter, as you taste dust while you spit blood and teeth, your head dizzy and feeling as if your whole mouth is about to fall off. You get up only to be brought back down again. Again and again until your opponent, clearly intoxicated with violence, tells you to hit him. Your punch doesn't even make him flinch. Humored, he looks at the commander who nods sadly. When the recruit's knuckles connect with your temple for the last time, the world goes black.

Gain +2 Ω. At the start of the next Battle, draw a Minor Trauma card and place 2 Fire tokens in the Kratos Pool. Note Breakthrough M027 on your Mnemos track.

M027 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. As you stand on the deck of a small trireme, your sister's words come back to you. "Why do you always do this?" she asked as she nursed you to health after your failed enlistment. "Why do you always strive for the impossible instead of using what you have?" It made you think. What did you have that your opponents didn't?*

Your first victory is against the village bully when you trick him into a trap. From there, your approach changes. You look at your training differently. You can't win by force so don't even try. You find another way.

Cunning. Cooperation. Compassion.

This mission would have failed if it wasn't for your quick thinking and the way you used your environment to your advantage. The rescued soldiers seem to realize that as they lift their heads toward you. So many of them looked down on you before, made fun of you behind your back. But you have showed them that strength isn't everything, that even a weak runt like you can be the strongest in the end. It might not be enough to change their minds about the cult of strength yet, but you are only getting started.

You still have a long way to go . . . Still, you are struck by a sudden thought. These people are not the only ones who believe that strength is everything. Lakonia is just a small part of the world. There are so many more who can't defend themselves and who suffer under the tyranny of brutal, animalistic strength.

These are the chains you need to break.

Choose:

1. *You have learned that with compassion and unity you can overcome any obstacle and that a sharp mind is as efficient as a strong body. There are many places in the world where people still believe in the cult of strength. It is time you helped them see the truth. The Argonauts will be fine without you.* Leave the *Argo* to help others.

Mark G12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *The end of the war is approaching and the Argonauts need all the help they can get. Still, it feels like that day you stood up for your sister, your pride getting in the way of what truly matters. Do the Argonauts need you? Maybe. Do you still think you need to prove your strength?*

Stay on the *Argo* and keep fighting. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. After each Timeline Battle, roll a d10. If you roll below your Life Threshold, you die. Your Life Threshold is equal to 3 + the number of battles the Argonauts fought from this point. You can track your Life Threshold in an unused Mnemos space on your Argonaut Sheet.

Scorned Champion

M006 *The dream is more vivid now. The hot, dry air of the arena fills your lungs, the rush of blood pounding in your skull, the cheers of the crowd filling your ears. Your opponents move with almost inhuman grace, each one a prime specimen of humanity trained to perfection. You yourself, are an icon among them, a lifetime of training behind you.*

Your muscles fill with fire, explosive energy powering your every motion as you throw yourself into the competition. A shape emerges in the corner of your vision. A younger athlete, their face less marred by time, muscles bulging under taut, flawless skin. The youngster is gaining on you. If you do not exert yourself, you will be overtaken.

A pulse of power floods your body, flames filling your lungs as you dig deep, finding a reserve that allows you to push beyond the limits of a mortal. You expend yourself, and just barely secure victory. The crowd, your adoring public, is chanting your name.

The other athletes look to you with equal parts respect, awe and envy. After all, your achievements are known throughout all of Hellas, and even beyond. Many of them would trade anything to enjoy the success that you know.

You accept your accolades graciously and depart the arena. As you do so, a sudden twinge pulls sharply at your shoulder. Your heart still beats powerfully in your chest, as if trying to break free from your ribcage. You stubbornly keep up a façade of confidence until you are out of sight of the crowds, then sag to the ground, pain filtering into your mind through many different avenues. Unease twinges in your heart at the sudden weariness you feel.

During the next Battle, ignore the *Strong Eat* Trait. Note Breakthrough M016 on your Mnemos track.

M016 *The memory is more vivid now. You stand in the arena, once a kingdom you utterly dominated, now like a strange land you barely belong in. The crowd chants, but it is not your name on their lips. Instead, they cry out the name of the man who stands over you, your teammate. Granted, had it not been for your direction, your knowledge, your experience, it is doubtful that the two of you would have emerged victorious. Your strategems were key in securing the win. But the crowd does not see that. They only saw who it was that was the stronger, the faster, the more vigorous. And you . . . Where once you towered as a giant among your peers, now you are diminished.*

You sag to the ground, your own body treacherously turning against you. Your limbs ache, your lungs are tight and your heart tries to beat its way out of your chest. Old injuries and new strains making you lesser. For the first time in your life, you feel frailty pulling at your limbs.

You cannot bring yourself to lift your head, instead staring at your own dirt-stained hands. They tremble, although whether it is from frustration or from the creeping progress of time, you cannot say. What awaits the champion brought low? What future is there for one who defined themselves solely by their prowess, and now falls prey to time and frailty?

At the start of the next Battle, draw a Major Trauma card. Note Breakthrough M026 on your Mnemos track.

M026 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. Your name is no longer spoken by the adoring crowds. Fame is a fickle beast, and it has cast you aside as your abilities faded. New victims have arisen to sacrifice themselves on the altar of glory and renown. Younger, faster, stronger.*

Competition was all you knew for so long. The thrill of hurling yourself into a challenge, of struggling, of overcoming. Of asserting your strength.

You wander the city, pondering the cruelty of your fate, seeking another tavern to drown your sorrows in. Perhaps you will be recognized, and somebody will buy a fallen champion a drink.

You see a group of youngsters running through the streets. Their bare feet pound on paved stones, muscles flex and skin shines with a thin veneer of sweat. One of them darts among his fellows with remarkable speed, nimbly dodging and weaving as he traces an elegant path around his opponents. Then, with a shout of surprise, he stumbles, one of his friends barging into him with a powerful shoulder that drives the air from his lungs. You wince, knowing it was a powerful hit, then shake your head. You could see that his footwork was all wrong, his center of balance just slightly off, leaving him vulnerable. Small errors that undermine his technique.

As these observations flit through your mind, you become aware that the youngster has stood up, turning his gaze toward you. His eyes grow wide in recognition. His friends cluster around him, glancing to the stranger in their midst. "It's you, isn't it?" they say. "My father told me about you!"

You feel the adoration in their gaze, the awe, and it strikes something within you. You've always focused on yourself, your own achievements. Frail and ephemeral, as time has shown. But the knowledge, that can be eternally passed down, honed. You cannot turn back the passage of years and return to the vigor of youth, but maybe it was never about that. You never had someone that could show you the way, how to achieve success and avoid its pitfalls. Maybe

that should be your legacy, a mentor to the generations of athletes who follow.

Choose:

1. *Accept the passage of time not as a sentence, but as an opportunity. Train a new generation of champions. They will be your legacy.*
Mark F12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *Keep fighting, struggling for one final victory. The people will remember the champion who fought to the bitter end. You so long to go out with that last blaze of glory . . .* Continue the fight. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. Put a mark besides your Mnemos Breakthrough. At the start of the next Battle, draw a Minor Trauma card and make another mark. The following Battle, draw a Major Trauma card, and make a third mark. Starting from the third Battle, draw a Grave Trauma card at the start of every Battle.

Spewed by the Abyss

M004 *The dream is more vivid now. The building trembles around you, a terrible quivering that cuts through to your very core. A barrage of noise assaults you: shattering pottery and glass, splintering wood, and fracturing stone.*

The sky is ablaze, as if a terrible maw of purple and white flames engulfs the heavens, roiling scarlet and black clouds churning and twisting onto themselves. Dust and ash fill the air, rising to join the cacophony of screams of the dying citizens of a doomed polis, your friends and neighbors among them.

The ground shudders under you once more, myriad fractures appearing at your feet. Strange, oily black fluid wells up from under the ravaged streets, flowing in swift streams as it releases noxious gases into the atmosphere.

You feel a terrible presence assail you, its corrupting talons digging deep into your soul. You run. You have no idea where you are going, or even if there is a safe haven to be found, but it matters not. Animal instinct has taken over, and it tells you that standing still means death. It means being devoured by that soul-crushing presence. As you move, thought and awareness blur, vanishing into a single stream of consciousness fixated on only one need: to survive. You run and do not stop.

When cogent thought finally returns to you, it is on the deck of a small fishing sloop rapidly making its way south. Behind you, the skies twist with ominous energies, a swirling maelstrom of blacks, purples, reds and flickering white lightning. The Eschaton, the crew of the ship are calling it. The End of the World. And you were pulled from the heart of it. Some commend your fortune, but you find it hard to see things that way. All you can think about is the horror you have seen, the flames, the devastation, the chaos. The people you have left. The people you could've saved. And the thing that came for you. Maybe you deserved to be devoured, the coward that you are.

It burns in your mind's eye like a beacon that will not fade.

During the next Timeline Battle, ignore the *Strong Eat* Trait. Note Breakthrough MM014 on your Mnemos track.

M014 *The memory is more vivid now. An ear-splitting crash thunders around you, its power striking you physically like a hammer to your skull and a fist to your gut. The mountain that looms over your home shudders, seeming to swell upward, then fractures, vomiting forth torrents of black debris and glowing hot magma as its sides split, the peak peeling open like a flower in bloom. Dark shapes rise from the chaos, tracing arcs upward before tumbling back to the ground, growing rapidly in size until you realize that what is raining down on the city is no small detritus, but rather boulders the size of houses.*

The thundering of the cataclysmic hail echoes around you; entire homes, whole districts erased in a moment. Your family, your friends, your neighbors, everyone who wasn't as fast as you. As cowardly as you.

From beneath the rumble, the thing emerges. Black as nothingness. Its claws dig deep into your soul. You feel corruption filling you. You know you deserve it. But your body, your stupid body, wants to live so badly. It forces you to move, forces you to run. You scream in anguish but do not stop, even as your whole world crumbles around you.

"What's got into you?" The words snap you back to the here and now.

You almost got yourself killed in a barfight, one you instigated again. A death wish. Your head spins. You are forced to clench your fist tight, fighting the urge to swing at the one who stopped you. Your beloved, the one who helped you piece your life together after the Eschaton.

Around you, your friends have grown silent. They want to reach out, but you withdraw even further. You shudder in fear of the vision of that monstrous thing. They do not understand. You are not worthy of their love or sympathy. Only their condemnation.

"I'm cursed," you mutter. "And you are cursed by my presence." You can see the concerned, doubting looks of your spouse and your comrades and feel shame rise within you. Shame at being so weak that you ran instead of dying like the rest of your loved ones, and shame for showing your weakness again, here, now.

During the next Timeline Battle, you cannot voluntarily end your movement adjacent to another Titan. Note Breakthrough M024 on your Mnemos track.

M024 *The truth, you can almost grasp it now. The weight of the debris on top of you is immense, pinning you in place. Nearby, the flames are creeping closer, their heat unbearable, the crackling sputtering as they dance on the surface of the oily fluid so very loud in your ears. You struggle, but it is like your muscles do not want to respond to your commands, so utterly are you held in place.*

The monstrous thing comes again, rending soul from flesh, corrupting you irreversibly, cursing you to a life of fear and sin and weakness. Feeling panic surge within you, you heave against the crushing weight, but a tide of debris shifts, burying you deeper. The rubble is now bodies, their heads turning toward you, in accusation. Their faces . . . these are the faces of the loved ones who died when you lived. You try to scream out, but your voice is smothered by the cacophony of the cataclysm.

You wake in a sweat, thrashing against the sheets that twist and tangle around you. It is only when your spouse grabs and holds you tightly, whispering your name, that the nightmare's spell is broken.

"I'm sorry," you say, "I can't—I brought the Eschaton curse with me. It corrupts me and everyone around me." Now it all spills out. "I should have been brave and died with the rest of the polis. But I ran, like a plague-ridden rat. I will bring doom on you. I need to—"

"Love," they murmur, putting a hand on your burning cheek, "You are not cursed." They embrace you more tightly. "Your gashes and burns have healed. But your soul did not. You are not allowing it to heal—"

"You don't understand," you say. "The thing. The monster. It follows me. It corrupts me. I ran. I don't deserve—"

"What can't you forgive yourself?"

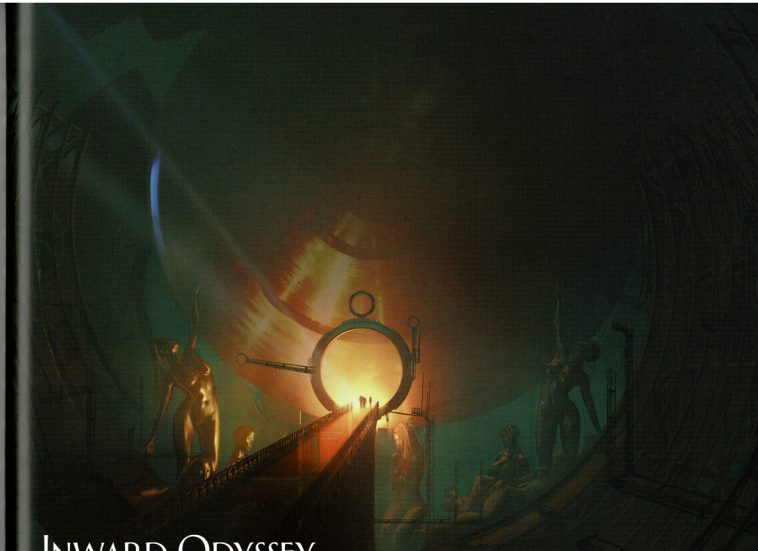
You snap right back to that moment. The moment when you crawled out of that heap of debris. The thing is right behind you, looming over you. You finally have the courage to meet its gaze. And the thing is all the people you left behind. Your parents, in their small house on the southern ridge. It's your first partner, on their way from the agora, with your daughter. It's your brother, smashed into a pulp by the falling roof, right beside you, in your workshop.

It's the small child who got trapped in the debris heap alongside you, but suffocated because you didn't notice them, so preoccupied were you with your own survival.

"Because I survived," you whisper, tears running down your cheeks.

Your beloved embraces you, and you hold on tightly. "You deserve to live. And you deserve to be happy."

The only choice: *There was never a curse or an Eschaton-born demon. Only guilt. Surviving is no sin. This trauma, this pain, will not dominate your life. You must accept the scars of your experience to move on, but you will not be ruled by this forever and can grow in spite of or even because of it. Part of that journey involves finding your own life, free of the* Argo.
Mark C12. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.



Inward Odyssey

21 Land of Strong and Free

The high River Works walls loom oppressively over the Argo, *as if to say "there are still things in the world that surpass you." You knew as much. You have arrived in Lakonia to great fanfare, on the high of defeating Temenos, as saviors of Crete, only to be shown your place by Sparta's ruler, the incomprehensibly named "Nietzschean."*

"It is a hard pill to swallow," says the Old Priest, as you meet in the Bridge Tholos, the seat of the recently deceased Argonaut voraciously vacant. "On Crete you have found purpose, but purpose is only worth as much as the conviction with which you strive for it."

"That we have aplenty," responds one of you, a scowl of anger passing over their face. "We will not be stopped."

"Of course not." The Old Priest nods thoughtfully. "But the how *is as important as the* why. *We're in dark waters now, in more ways than one."*

You resolve to take the Nietzschean's humbling lesson to heart. You need to change up your tactics and become stronger. Only then will you be able to take on the relentless onslaught, so much more intense and personal than the detached despair of the Labyrinth. There are monsters in the world and many wear mortal skin, that you understand.

However, it's difficult to accept that Sparta, as a nation, has willingly bought into this Nietzschean's madness. That they have submerged themselves in the ruthless philosophy that places one as either lamb or wolf, meat or cleaver. You have heard troubling rumors of intense slave trade and of the merciless exploitation of the land. Cruel methods of Cyclopes' enslavement. Ambrosia experiments. Subjugation or extermination of entire peoples. And hate against all who are different.

The Spartans have always revered strength and combat prowess, and shown disdain for lesser trades, so maybe this was always their destination. But you still wonder.

Are they all just evil?

Each Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.

22 The Price of Difference

In the distance, you see the fortress of Ira burn. The blazing flames illuminate a shadowy silhouette, a colossus to rival that of Rhodes but one that is very much alive. The monstrous giant rises above the fortified walls, its fuming mane blotting out the night sky, its massive hands toppling watchtowers and squashing defenders as if they were ants.

"I will sow salt and reap death from your puny kingdom!" the Nietzschean bellows. "Your land will bleed black. Your children will become slaves and your wives will bear Spartan children."

You watch all of this with grim certainty. Your homeland of Messenia is no more. Messenia? What? Weren't you just on the Argo*?*

"They are allowing the refugees to flee, as expected," muses your commander. Her name eludes you. "They want us to commit our forces to their defense and descend upon us then. I have heard of this tactic from the survivors of Megalopolis."

You look at the woman, her features at once familiar and foreign. What is happening to you? "So we retreat?" asks one of you.

The commander turns away, to the inferno that engulfs the fortress of Ira. "No."

These are your people. Your children, husbands and wives, mothers and fathers. Your future, a torch put to it. You don't know how, but it's true.

"We meet them in the morning, in the valley. Its narrow corridor should negate their advantage in numbers." She does not mention that they are better trained and better equipped. That a monstrous man of smoke and fire leads them. She doesn't have to. You instinctively understand this is to be your last stand. "There are rumors of an iron ship sailing up the River Works in the southeast. Of a power that dares to challenge the Nietzschean. Rumors of hope. We do not have to win, just endure long enough to buy our people a chance." She nods, and you and all the other Messenian warriors nod back. No one is opposed, no one will run. "Rest now."

As you turn away from the reddish glow and toward the camp, a sweet voice exclaims, "You look positively famished!" A woman of full, voluptuous curves stands before you. A smile as wide as it is bright and innocent crests her lips. Her eyes . . . these are completely black. "Eat, Argonauts," she adds, pulling you toward the makeshift table, "and drink, and share happy stories!"

A tide of realization washes over you. You are Argonauts! And that makes her . . .

"You are a Nymph!"

"And you're as astute as they say you are!"

"What is this? Is this vision your doing?"

"This is no mere vision, Argonaut, as you will sorrowfully learn," she says with genuine sadness. "And I had nothing to do with it. I am here for them, not you, though this chance encounter is a happy accident."

You suddenly feel dizzy and need to lean against the tent. You are suffocating, as if you

were drowning. Water fills your mouth as you try to scream and the world goes black.

You burst from the Balaneion, grasping for air. The sages calm you down as you look around, bewildered. What happened? Where were you?

A glitch in the junction, you are reassured. You do not feel assured.

Gain the *Sweets Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 74).

23 Scorned Smith

As you pass under the megalithic arch of the old gatehouse, you can't help but be in awe of the ancient stonework. Another realm, another race of giants. The many-handed Centimanes of Crete were all but forgotten, their legacy abruptly uncovered by the coming of the Labyrinth. The mythical Leleges of old Sparta? Hardly forgotten. To this day, people scare children with tales of the evil empire, of destroyers and enslavers, merciless and depraved to the core, the enemy of all who valued life and peace.

This is coming from the same people who gladly lay down their lives for the Nietzschean cause. Ironic.

Still, the architecture of the Leleges, built on the backs of countless enslaved vultures, continues to be impressive and has withstood the test of time. Maybe that's the allure of tyranny? Immortal grandeur, letting yourself be carried by a cause larger than you, larger than life, seemingly eternal?

"This is the place," says Ancus, your Helot guide, pointing to an orange glow within one of the ruined buildings. "It doesn't go out."

As you near the light source, you discern the purpose of this place. This was a forge, or a foundry of some sort. And the light? Embers in a giant furnace, refusing to go out. How long have they been glowing?

A torrent of emotions overcomes you. Something happened here, something terrible, something that left a mark on reality itself. You still feel it, just like you did in that cave on Crete . . .

Above the furnace, someone, possibly the Leleges, has rendered a scene, one that reminds you of one of the mythical stories of the Dead Gods: a warrior stands above a cripple. You recognize them as Ares and Hephaestus. The god of war smites the smith with a power dark, foreboding and destructive. The inscription, written in Olympian so every man, woman and child would be able to read it, states, "The strong command and the weak are made to suffer."

You sigh. A lesson passed down from the ultimate authority of absolute power has taken root and refuses to die even after that authority and power have been revealed to be neither ultimate nor absolute. Are mortals doomed to repeat this cycle of violence?

As you search the mural for some sort of clue, you notice a smaller inscription, added much later, though still in Olympian. This one reads, "The weak persevere and will have their day."

One can only hope.

Gain the *Hephaestus Godform* Awakening card (Secret deck 6, card 71).

24 Chimeric War

From the Acropolis Deck, the procession is seen for many miles, a serpentine river of hope and misery in equal measure. By their foreign looks and tattered clothes you surmise these particular people must've walked for a very long time. They were probably turned away from every city, and have been eking out a meager existence off the desolated land, looking for a place, any place, that will allow them even a momentary respite from the endless exodus.

In some ways, you have become desensitized to this sight. The Nietzscheam's regime has wrought so much misery, displaced so many people and sent them running toward the allied forces and the Argo*. His hope is, of course, that you will take these people in. You have done so in the past. They will take up precious space on the ship. They will deplete your supplies. And the spies and saboteurs in their midst will sow chaos and discord.*

You consider turning them away. They won't even hate you for it. They're used to it, and it's the logical thing to do in times of war. An Argo *burdened with an unsustainable population that cannot earn their keep will prolong this dreadful war, and a quick end is something that would benefit all, even these refugees.*

"It is easy to fight for the good cause, for the rage in our hearts needs only a tinder," says the Old Priest. "It is much harder to live a good life and support those less fortunate than ourselves." The old man's words sting, for he knows exactly how to play on your emotions. That much he has in common with your Spartan enemy. "Remember, not so long ago every living soul on this ship was a refugee of one kind or another. We were all displaced by the Eschaton and we found shelter in the Argo's aegis. What would have happened, to us and to you, and to our mission, if someone back then had told us to go away?"

"The people we let in have unwittingly harbored saboteurs and assassins," one of you counters. "If this ship sinks or runs aground, what will become of our mission and the people you speak of?"

The Old Priest lowers his head.

"I have not said this is easy." You look again to the shore, to the stream of refugees reaching the bay. "Thankfully, this choice is made easier." He points to the horizon. A black tide is slowly overflowing through the hills. A Chimera maybe? Or just an ambrosia spill? Either way, these people will have nowhere to run. You will either take them, or they will die. That is a line you are still not ready to cross.

"There is a Titan with them!" one of you exclaims.

Indeed, a bulky figure closes the procession, its skin dotted with ambrosia burns, its head held low, covered in a primitive Cyclopean helm. Absentmindedly, it pushes a giant cart with the wounded and the invalid.

You allow yourself a smile. If a Titan, of all creatures, can show empathy and restraint, you can too.

As the Trade Fleet Dock opens to let in the new arrivals, you descend to the shore to inspect the procession firsthand. When the refugees realize you won't be turning them away, their faces fill up with smiles and tears, and a heartbreaking joy you have not seen or felt for a very long time. Eternal gratitude. And all you did was open a door.

And then you notice their clothes, a distinct pattern you remember from another place and time. These are Messenians. Some time ago you had a vision in the Balaneion. Of the Messenian refugees and the army that took it upon themselves to buy them time to escape.

It seems they have.

Gain +1 Refugee. If you have 4 or less Titans, gain +1 Titan and assign it the *Monsteneer* Pattern card. Otherwise, assign the *Monsteneer* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

25 The Nymph and the Engine

Over the past few months, as the friendship and mutual respect between you and the Argonites has grown, the lost tribe of the Argo *have begun to share its most treasured secrets, chief of which is the location of what they called the Discus.*

"The Discus is the booming heart of the iron ship!" proclaimed one of their elders. "Its mighty roar makes even the Nymphs fall head over heels for the Argo!"

If the Argonites are to be believed, this Discus powers the Argo *and is a spot frequented by the strange, capricious beings you have come to call Nymphs. Tall order. You are pretty sure it's the aeolipilean engine room that powers the giant turbines that move the ship, yet from time to time you too have heard the hollow rumbling from inside the vessel. Maybe it's this Discus, maybe it's not.*

This deep below the Acropolis Deck, the passage of time loses all meaning. It feels like hours before you reach the spacious chamber of the Discus. The eponymous ring is inwrought into the far wall, its bronze plating polished to near perfection. From time to time you hear a hollow ring or bang, like a smithing hammer. You can almost imagine two gigantic pieces of metal crashing into each other with a force that would level mountains.

"It is so akin to the sound of the forge, is it not?" The voice belongs to a heavyset woman of alabaster skin. Sweat percolates on her naked shoulders. Light gleams in her pure black eyes. A Nymph. You could have guessed. "But it is not that sound. Rather, it is your precious engine that you work like an oxen."

"The Aeolipilean—"

"Do you honestly think a ship like this only has one? How unimaginative! But we can change that." She strolls over to you, takes your leader by the chin. "I can make you dream up inventions fantastic, unbelievable wonders of lost pasts and glorious futures. I can inspire you to forge them. You must only say the word."

With utmost difficulty does the leader retort. "And . . . in return?"

"Oh. Only everything!" She smiles slyly.

"Let me think about it, then."

"Don't take long." The Nymph turns on her heel and walks away, dissolving into the dark of the chamber.

In the coming days, you post lookouts around the Discus, but the Forge Nymph doesn't show up again. Your scouts do report seeing another of her kind, one in outlandish goggles with a happy-go-lucky attitude, the one you call Engine, parading in and around the chamber, whispering sweet nothings to the walls, petting the Discus and caressing the cables leading to it. It seems that one was aptly named.

You have heard and seen strange things during your travels, but a Nymph in love with an engine? That's a first. You relieve the lookouts and let her be. Everyone deserves some love, regardless of the shape it comes in.

Gain the *Forge Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 76) If ⚙ is 2 or less, you may gain +1 ⚒ to gain +1 ⚙.

26 The Means and the End

As you submerge in the emerald waters of the Balaneion, you feel the familiar pull of the Other. You feared it at first, but now, after countless battles fought through the Titans, you find it almost comforting, a symbolic return to the womb, into a grander being, sheltered from all the evils of the world. Awesomely powerful . . .

"The hubris," says a soft mocking voice you would recognize anywhere. The Nietzschean. "The hypocrisy."

"How are you—"

"Always with the how*." You find yourself completely mute and powerless. You are still in the junction, somewhere between your and your Titans' bodies, an immaterial presence stranded in the dark. "The* how *is never as important as the* why*. And the* why *is plain: I want it and I will it."*

"You will be stopped," you muster.

The void reverberates with a hollow boom. You realize it's laughter. "Sure. And you intend to do that through your mighty Titans, war machines of blood and bone you conveniently don like a chiton, and discard as easily." Your mind conjures the image of the handsome man, sneering. "I see the Balaneion has been upgraded. The Titans are even more subdued and docile, like lambs. Is that what you tell yourself when you hunt them, rip them from their lives and mutilate them to serve your whims? And you dare to question my methods? My slaves get to spend their nights with their close ones. Yours are docked in pens!"

You want to rebuke his claim, but you find yourself hesitant, suddenly unsure of everything you've taken for granted since that fateful day when you emerged from the Mausoleum. The Titans are the violent enemies of mortals. There is plenty of evidence to support that. Yet on more than one occasion, you have witnessed the giants behaving differently. They have no culture and no language and so you treat them like cattle—or pets—but even in the junction itself you have felt . . . emotions.

The Nietzschean laughs again. "I never imagined sowing doubt in you would be so easy! You truly are weak, pitiful excuses for warriors. And without your slaves, you are nothing."

"You show your hand," you manage to blurt out, desperately trying to deduce his game.

"Do I? The best discord is birthed from the naked truth." He accentuates every word clearly taking delicious pleasure in all this. "To me, it matters not whether you continue to use the Titans or not, I will squash you the same in the end. You will either accept my point of view and the crimes you commit each time you violate these poor creatures, or you will reject them and be tormented by guilt and doubt. And I haven't even gotten to the best part. You and the Argo, You—"

His voice suddenly goes silent and you are yanked back to reality. Gasping for breath, more so out of anxiety than exhaustion, you crawl out of the junction pool.

"A rogue signal pierced the Balaneion," one of the sages tending to the Triskelion link says as they help you up. "A massive shadow unlike anything we've seen. We were able to isolate and block it, but it took several seconds. Have you experienced anything?"

You look at them, but words escape you. The Nietzschean clearly wanted to mess with your heads and weaken your conviction, but there was a hint of truth in there.

A seed of doubt.

You unlock the Pygmalion track on your Argo Sheet. From now on, whenever an Argo-bred Titan dies, mark one space on this track. Every third space is marked with the **Pygmalion Stone symbol** ◆. Once you mark it, you gain a Pygmalion Stone divine resource. A Pygmalion Stone may be used after a Battle to save a chosen Titan that died during that Battle. That Titan is nursed back to health. See Pygmalion Stone rules on page 7 of this book for details.

27 The Muse Kids

If you don't have the *13th Muse Grand Cannon* Technology card, ignore this adventure (treat it as blank). Once you develop the Technology, initiate this adventure at the start of any Story phase.

In the Bridge Tholos, you sit across a mixed group of teens, their heads held low, avoiding your gaze. You too are at a loss of words.

"Why?" one of you finally asks.

Silence, fidgeting. They clearly don't want to be here. You don't know if they're ashamed or feel guilty, or simply despise your authority.

"To feel," a girl on the cusp of coming of age whispers, without raising her eyes, "that we matter."

It started . . . weeks ago? A month? There are so many people on the Argo now: the crew, some of whom started families; your allies, coming and going; and the throngs of refugees, many of them children and teens, abandoned or orphaned. Some find a use for their talents and volunteer to help, but many have nothing to offer in a time of war. They feel useless, their place on the Argo unearned. They waste their days sitting below deck, torn between frustration and guilt over being a burden. Itching to do something, anything.

Maybe you should have foreseen something like this would happen. Still. It seems so . . . outlandish that anyone would try it.

Whenever there is a Primordial sighting, a ship-wide siren blares. A signal to all civilians and nonessential personnel that a battle for your very survival is about to begin. The combat crew then ushers them to the nearest shelters, where they await news of a victory . . . or their fate. But it is so hard to keep track of everyone, especially now. Sometimes someone is locked out and needs to make it through the battle. Sometimes someone stays outside on purpose, eager to witness the clash of Primordials and Titans, with no consideration for their personal safety.

These kids—and it's dozens of them by now, refugee and crew alike—they stay outside of the designated shelters. They're not interested in the battle, though. No, they make their way to the 13th Muse chamber. The grand cannon is always being primed for use. A well-placed shot may spell the difference between the life and death of a Titan. It's unbelievably tense. In those conditions, nobody pays attention to a group of kids.

Then the kids mount the cannon and go into its barrel, to the very end, where the projectile is already loaded. They put their hands on it and wait.

It takes just shy of thirty seconds from the commencement to the actual shot. When the kids feel the vibrations of the projectile, they break into a run.

It's a kind of dare, you see, like Hermes's Gauntlet of old, where convicts were forced to outrun the lava flow or forest fire. They will either make it out of the cannon before it shoots . . . or they won't.

As far as you know, there have been no fatalities yet. But then again, there are so many unregistered people on the Argo now and no way to track them. Would you know if there had been?

An impotent rage engulfs you, as you know perfectly well how they feel. Something awakens in you. Everyone always focuses on the toll a war takes on the fighters, but what of those who are left on the sidelines, powerless to do anything, resigned to watching as their fates are decided?

You won't punish them, of course, because what good would it do? No, you vow to find a way to engage with them and others who may feel useless, discarded, forgotten or simply done. Everyone can contribute to the Argo in their own way. And most of all, you vow to end this war as quickly as possible.

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω. If ✕ is 2 or less, you may gain +1 ✕. If not, gain +1 Defector or Helots: Diplomacy +1. Gain the *Hermes Godform* Awakening card (Secret deck 6, card 72).

28 Way of Strength

You arrive in the canal city of Geronthrae in the early hours of the morning, disguised as Perioikoi, not quite slaves but certainly not citizens. You are met with looks of derision and ridicule, as all who live in Sparta and do not partake in warfare are deemed unimportant but are otherwise ignored.

Your mission is cut short as your mark, Ephor Adrastos, a high-ranking official of the Nietzschean empire, fails to arrive, held up north by matters of the state.

The Argo *will be here tomorrow and the city will be taken by the allied forces, of that you have no doubt. So all you need to do is sit and wait. But you're not particularly good at sitting and waiting, so you wander around town, performing small repairs to maintain your cover, and try to learn as much of your enemy as you can.*

You see the state take children away from their heartbroken parents, to live in the communal barracks and undergo Agōgē. The hazing and the beatings of youth, designed to stamp out empathy and enforce the rigor of strength. Husbands and wives separated, the former required to lay down their lives for the empire, and the latter to give birth and efface themselves. Broken veterans and those who refuse to fight are shunned or forced into slave labor. You see able-bodied soldiers on the verge of breakdown, caught between a never-ending cycle of violence and brutal punishments for insubordination, with no one to talk to.

And all of them suffer in silence, for to open up is to admit weakness. Asking for help is deemed unmanly. And failing is retroactive proof of an underlying lack of strength.

The next day, the Argo *arrives and the battle is swift. Though outnumbered, and clearly outclassed by the Titans, the Spartans refuse to surrender and die in senseless skirmishes. Others, rather than allowing themselves to be taken prisoner, choose to take their own lives.*

As the sun slowly sets on the town, you're sure: this is not strength. This is fear again, just like on Crete.

If you have 4 or fewer Titans, gain +1 Titan and assign it the *Canalrunner* Pattern card. Otherwise, assign the *Canalrunner* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

The Argonaut with the most Mnemos nodes gains 1 node.

29 A Titan's View

If you don't have any *Pauldron* 🗣, ignore this adventure (treat it as blank). Once you have any, initiate this adventure at the start of any Story phase.

The Primordial's maul smashes into the fortification, cracking stone and bending iron rebar. The impact sends your Titan stumbling back, desperately trying not to fall—a fall would mean certain death for both your team and the giant itself. Still, as the pauldron tilts, you see many of your comrades, men and women with whom you have trained, lived and fought, spill out through a crack in the wall, their arms outstretched, their faces frozen in an eternal expression of utter surprise. There's at least thirty feet to the ground and they're wearing heavy armor. You know you won't see them again.

Your Titan steadies and bears its gargantuan sword against the Cyclonus. In a moment, it'll rush the monster, try to break through the AT field at extreme close quarters. That's your limited window to make the jump. Yet, with a sinking heart, you realize your enemy has beat you to the punch: a white and red-clad Thanporos Titan-killer has climb onto your giant ride and is making his way up its shoulder toward its Antikrosos Helm. If he reaches the helm, it's game over; the cables there are a weak spot, mercilessly exploited by the Spartans.

"Flea! Cannot reach the top!" you yell and point toward the assassin.

A Thanporos assassin is a deadly opponent, conditioned from a young age to not fear death, to ignore pain, high on the ambrosia polluting his body. Your companions, your friends, die one by one. Yet you continue to swarm him like bees swarming a hornet that invaded their hive.

One of your warriors finds a lucky break and their spear goes right between armor pieces.

The Thanporos falls from the Titan's shoulder, lifeless.

You don't have time to celebrate. Your ride has closed the distance. The Cyclonus's elephantine body looms over you like an eclipse.

"Now! Jump!"

You make it to the Primordial, but some of your companions do not, their jumps performed too late or too early. No time to mourn. You move around the monster's body as if scaling a mountain, to the numerous cage-plates of their despicable armor. Inside those cages, rounded up innocents and prisoners of war, a perverse living shield devised by the Nietzschean to make the Argonauts flinch.

You are of the Pauldron Vanguard. You do not flinch.

You break the locks, you shatter the chains, and you save those people, retreating to the safety of the Titan's shoulder or rappelling down to the ground using liberated Thanporos scaling devices.

The bravest of you linger. You have no hope of dealing any noticeable damage to the monstrosity . . . unless you find a critical weakness—a damaged harness, an open wound, a superficial vein or an unarmored part of the head.

You try anyway.

When the battle is over, you count your dead. The casualty rate among the Pauldron Vanguard is the highest in the whole allied force. Yet there are always more volunteers to replace the losses, recruited mostly from the throngs of refugees who inhabit the Argo.

Even the Argonauts themselves bow before you. They have the Titans; you have only your comrades to lean on. They see in your eyes the promise of the Argo *fulfilled.*

The Nietzschean will not win.

Assign the *Support Specialization* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan. Two random Argonauts gain the *Pauldron Vanguard Operations* boon. They note it on their Argonaut Sheets with the following rules text: "Whenever you have a *Pauldron* 🛡 equipped, you gain +1 Precision."

30 The Rule of the Blade

The Archeolinguistics Division of the Last Academy has certainly grown from its humble beginnings on Crete. Whole teams are devoted to deciphering the many lost languages of Hellas. One of those teams, the one delving into the mysteries of the once great Leleges Empire of contemporary Sparta, has reached a surprising breakthrough.

In the Last Tome, they have found documents written in a version of Olympian that are a third-party account of a prolonged crisis on the Leleges border, dated close to the 'Collapse event' that marks the end of their civilization.

The crisis faced by the Leleges was not unlike the one you're dealing with right now. Groups of refugees from a place called Hyperborea had encroached on the empire's northern border, their migration supposedly spurred by some religious schism or war in the far north.

The Leleges' response was swift and merciless: any trespasser found inside its borders was forced into slave labor or killed on sight. There is evidence of at least two labor camps and a mass execution site established solely to deal with the sudden influx of outsiders.

It's hinted that these Hyperborean refugees, sometimes referred to as the Shade People in the text, contributed greatly to the late technological progress of the Leleges empire.

Yet neither the machina advancements nor the decisive resolution of the refugee crisis averted the nigh and sudden collapse of the prosperous empire.

What really happened?

"I do not believe in gods' justice," says the Old Priest when you discuss the subject on one of the sleepless nights. "But I believe any state or organization can crumble under the sum of its accumulated sins. Live by the sword, and all that. It's a shame the Spartans haven't learned the Leleges' lesson . . ."

Gain the *Blade Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 77). If you have any Sword 🗡 with the *Leleges* trait, you may remove it from the game. If you do, Cyclopes: Diplomacy +2 or Symmachy: Diplomacy +1.

31 Blood of the Earth

In a dead-end tributary of Eurotas, one that was not included in the Spartan Great River Works infrastructure project, you find a sheltered industrial complex: an ambrosia drilling platform, a processing plant and a penal facility built into the high cliff itself. It looks like the rig was operational as recently as last month, while the complex as a whole seems to have been abandoned in great haste.

Maybe there was some kind of industrial accident, like a spillage. But outwardly there is no sign of such gross negligence or mishandling. The Spartans are also known for killing their prisoners when they retreat, and here all the cells have been opened.

You volunteer to check it out and lead a recon team into the silent complex. This was far more than an ambrosia rig. You find grand halls where Primordial parts were being studied and drained—much like you do to power the Argo. *Further still, in what you guess is the command center, you find the bodies of several high-ranking Spartans. Their wounds seem to have been self-inflicted.*

In a side chamber, you find what looks like a Leleges stele. The Spartan scholars had more success, or luck, in deciphering their symbolic language—though sadly they did not leave their research notes, only the fruits of their labor, the translation itself.

These scrolls tell of the Leleges' understanding of the 'black blood of the earth,' what you know as raw ambrosia. In their time, the substance, found deep below ground, was less volatile and could be more easily studied. It was concluded that ambrosia was formed when large quantities of dead organisms were buried underneath sedimentary rock and subjected to both intense heat and pressure.

"These organisms are Primordials," concludes the translation. "Ancient. Aeons old at the time of the Leleges. We thought they came forth from the Eschaton. Has all this happened before?"

You leave the facility with more questions than answers.

Assign the *Umbral Strain* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan. Random Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.

32 The Fourth

One day you are summoned to the Balaneion. You tense up, expecting an imminent battle, yet the relaxed atmosphere among the sages puts you at ease. It's more curiosity than danger.

"The Triskelion intercepted a momentary junction shadow," explains one of the philosophers, showing you the scrolls they use to interpret the machina's readings. "Stationary, out of the Argo*'s way. We've pinpointed the location."*

"Spin it up," one of you says without hesitation, nodding to the Triskelion. It may be another trap laid by the Nietzschean or a double bluff. You don't have the luxury of second-guessing yourself.

Soon you inhabit your Titan mounts—though since that ominous talk with the Nietzschean, you have had a hard time thinking of the giants as just that—and sprint toward the triangulated coordinates. Each bounding step like a god's leap: trees and streams, and rare dwellings abandoned due to threat of war, pass beneath you with startling speed. As if you are flying on wings of awesome power.

It's such a liberating feeling. Intoxicating, even. A journey that on foot would take hours, if not days, is over in mere minutes. You stop at the edge of a River Works canal, half excavated. This must've been an old river tributary, low and narrow, and remote. Below, the construction work has revealed a crumbling Leleges structure cut straight into the cliffside. The natural wall of the canal lends plenty of purchase, and you descend into the relatively shallow waters of the river below.

At the mouth of the Leleges ruin lies a small pile of bodies: Spartan soldiers and at least one Thanporos assassin. Still warm.

You cautiously proceed. Just beyond the entrance threshold, in the half-light of the morning sun, barely reaching the vestibule prothyron, a haggard man in his late fifties sits atop what looks like a Cyclonus helmet. He wears a dented golden cuirass emblazoned with the crest of a boar.

"So, he finally decide to call in the big guns?" he says with a thick Achaean accent.

He is so small and insignificant from your—the Titans'—point of view, though he still radiates power. You have no way of answering him verbally, but one of you extends their open arms, while another pats the pommel of their weapon before moving the hand away. "We come in peace, but we're ready to fight." That is the meaning you try to convey.

"Sure, whatever. I'm fire. I'm ready to go either way." He spits, then raises his head and looks at you defiantly. "So you still stick to covering their eyes, eh?" he bemoans. "Cannot be helped, I guess. How's the war going for ya? Questioning yourself?"

This is not what you have expected at all. You point to the Spartan bodies.

"Offed them. What's it to ya?" One of you points to the man, then throws their hands up. "Me? Little of nobody." He says impassionedly, then cocks his head. "If you're not with him, then you should turn around and run along. Nothin' good will come from it. He'll either kill ya or make ya walk the path of ol' Ares. I couldn't touch 'em and in my time I even managed to put a scratch on a few of them."

What is he talking about? You regret not taking at least one mortal with you, someone who could ask questions. Resigned to sign language, you shake your heads defiantly. You will not be dissuaded.

The man snorts. "Figured as much. Well, don't let an old fart like me stop ya. You do you," he adds and jumps off the giant helmet. "You can stay here if ya like, but I've been made—after all those years—so it's time to move."

After that, he disappears into one of the smaller passages, one the Titans cannot follow through. All you're left with are questions.

You search around the vestibule and find what looks like a makeshift shelter. The man must've spent a long time here, years maybe. Besides the camp, the Leleges chamber is empty, save for the old, rusted Cyclonus helmet. Although, on closer inspection, the headgear appears to be too small for a Cyclops. It would be more suited to a . . . Titan.

Who was this man?

Gain the *Ares Godform* Awakening card (Secret deck 6, card 73). Random Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node. Mark F4.

33 As Above, So Below

"The time is nigh, Argonauts," says the Nietzschean with a smirk, "and so I have come to impart this final lesson."

The imposing, handsome man stands on top of a River Works cliff fortification. Though you are far away, on the Acropolis Deck of the Argo, *his powerful voice reaches you as if he was right here, beside you.*

"You cling to some pitiful notions of mercy and empathy, as if you think that will somehow make you better, nobler," he continues. "As above, so below. Surely you know these words of Hermes Trismegistus, your Tris Heros who single-handedly established the Triskelion function?"

You look to the Old Priest, puzzled at these strange words, but he seems as perplexed as you. Hermes Trismegistus? Is that the name of the Argo*'s creator?*

"As above, so below. The Olympians ruled the heavens and their laws extended to their earthly domain. All followed them, all bowed to them. All mortals were chained. And whomever trespassed was cut down, made an example for all others to see. Hermes's Gauntlet, Helios's Sun-kiss." He winces visibly, the disgust palpable in his voice. "Poseidon's Bath. Cruel punishment for the disobedient mortals. For the weak cattle. As above, so below."

"Ready the 13th Muse," you whisper to a messenger. You may not get a second chance.

"The gods are gone, the slate seemingly wiped clean. Yet the rule remains: as above, so below. The Primordials rule Hellas now and they have replaced the cruel order with a crueler chaos. Mortals are still chained. Still weak. That you understand, you're not the first mortal to rise, grow fat on power, to meet them head-on. So you use Titans like disposable weapons. No, you actually treat your weapons with more dignity, reverence, care. Because deep down you understand what needs to be done." He nods and looks around to his many followers, an army gathered on the cliff. You hear the distant hum of the 13th Muse priming. Just a moment longer. "I rose above the Primordials. Above the need to inhabit a weak Titan. Above the Olympians. And I bring freedom to all mortals who wish to claim it. Through strength. So above, so below." He turns to leave.

"You know what?" one of you yells, stalling for time. "You're full of shit!" The hum of the 13th Muse grows audibly louder. Just a moment longer . . . "You strive to enslave all peoples of Hellas, to harness them in your mines, refineries and fields, and you have the audacity to call it freedom?"

"Surely you are not that stupid?" the Nietzschean growls. Your messenger returns and gives you the sign. You slowly nod. It's happening. "Those who are too weak to claim their freedom are not mortals. They're not even animals! They're food! They're stepping stones! They're—"

A thunderous roar sounds, as if a thousand hammers have struck a thousand bells. The Argo shakes with a violent tremor and for a fraction of a second, the sky is set alight with the brilliant fire of the Siegebreaker round.

The cliff the Nietzschean stands on simply disintegrates in a vortex of fire, smoke, splintering stone and sheer force. Stone blocks the size of Titans fall down into the river, causing waves that instantly drown the small army on it. Of the army that accompanied the Nietzschean, nothing remains. Total obliteration.

The Old Priest averts his eyes with a grimace, the sight must've reawakened old painful memories. You imagine it was like this during the Eschaton, just on a much larger scale.

"Did we get him?" someone asks and you peer toward the cliff, consumed by billowing smoke. Surely you did. The Siegebreaker is the largest, most devastating ordnance you've devised. It knocks Primordials down.

"What were you thinking?" A bellowing voice roars from the flames and smoke. "You pitiful fools." The giant flaming skull of the Nietzschean's shadow emerges from the destruction, seemingly unharmed. "You shit-stained wretches! You're loading the Alpha-Omega with grapes?" His laugh chills you to the bone. "Rude. Today, I came just to talk. Do you want me to repay you in kind? Or will you scamper like rats?"

The Old Priest shakes his head. You're not ready for a fight, not now. You need time to regroup, rearm, prime the 13th Muse again.

Gain the *Argo Payload* Payload card (Secret deck 5, card 43). Then choose one of the following:

So below: Assign the *Zen Training* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan. One Argonaut may lose the *Consumed by Rage* Affliction.

So above: Alternatively, you may challenge the Nietzschean here and now. If you do, immediately proceed to a Cruel Lesson Battle at the 4 combat tier. Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. During this Battle you only have **one** *13th Muse Grand Cannon* Charge, but the Nietzschean starts with a random BP I card in the Wound Stack (perform Escalation as normal).

34 Shadow Play

It's a cold, rainy evening when you are called to a clandestine meeting deep below deck. As you leave your watch on the Acropolis Deck, with the faint taste of bitter raindrops on your tongue—an ominous side effect of the Umbral Field's toxicity—you are full of dark thoughts. You meander through half-lit corridors, looking over your shoulder, checking if you're being followed. You were warned you might be. You wouldn't even consider making this rendezvous if the message had not come from the Old Priest himself.

As you enter the dark chamber, more a crack between bulkheads than a proper room, you notice your fellow Argonauts already gathered there. Them and the Old Priest, and no one else. "You all made it, that is good," says the old man, wiping his brow, heavy with sorrow. "I did not arrange this meeting lightly, but arrange it I had to, for I have uncovered information most dire. It may be nothing. Or it may be something. And then—then we need to ponder all the consequences."

"What's your heaviest burden, old man?" one of you asks impulsively, as you feel something is off here.

"Burden?" the Old Priest asks, perplexed. "My burden?" He pauses to contemplate the question, a faint smirk showing on his wrinkled face. "Bah! I have an inkling it isn't the Argo*, is it? That'd be too convenient an answer. Oh, you're no fun, Little Echoes!" As he says that he reaches to his face . . . and peels it off.*

You draw your argoxiphi, expecting a fight, but as the ancient features come off, they don't reveal a Metonym spy's face but rather something quite alien. Nondescript features, as if molded from wet clay, and large black eyes.

Another one of those blasted Nymphs!

"It's a shame you're not so astute when it comes to other matters!" she chirps. "I was just having a little fun at your expense. You can excuse a bored Nymph, can't you?" She looks at your weapons, wholly unimpressed. "Besides, be mindful of your surroundings! In your rather cute single-minded zeal to right all the wrongs of the world, a lot of it goes over your head! There are plots within plots and larger forces at work!"

There are many questions you'd like to ask, but you can't quite find the right words, so you just mumble, "Why?"

"Is that even a question? Because I like your pluck very much! And I just want you to succeed and be happy!" Her smile seems so hopeful and genuine. "Well then, my work here is done! See you around, Little Echoes!"

And before you can react, in a manner you've slowly grown accustomed to, she disappears.

It's good the Nymphs don't seem interested in fighting you. They'd be terrifying enemies otherwise.

Gain the *Mask Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 79).

35 Argo-bred

The last few months have really tested you and the bonds that bind you. With enemies without and within, you might have become more distrustful, paranoid . . . calculating. It's as if the Nietzschean's words have been echoing in your minds long after they were spoken, little seeds of doubt sown, sprouting days, weeks later.

One of the things that have been gnawing at you more and more, since before you left Crete—but what Sparta's Supreme Leader has brought into focus—is your relationship with the Titans.

You know they are cared for, and you know that they are little more than animals, unlike the other giant races you've encountered on your voyage. But still, you take them out into battle, expecting them to fight and sometimes die in your stead.

And you work on them. The Titans in the wild come in few varieties, while the ones you junction with are . . . stronger, tougher, made to counter the current threat you're facing.

Made. You call them Argo*-bred. So how are they bred, exactly?*

On many occasions you've been told that the Argo *transformed them, somehow, but that answer will not do anymore.*

With the eremite War Philosopher's permission and with his and his disciples' assistance, you breach the thick walls of the almost holy Titanogenesis hall. Dust swirls in the still air, a testament that no mortal has stepped inside for generations. Spacious and unlit, it nevertheless reminds you of the simple production lines set up in the Argo *Works.*

The Titans, possibly taken from the stoa, are rolled in on vertical slabs to which they are bound. They are put under. A substance of some sort is injected and they start to . . . change. But not how you have imagined it. They're not transforming, mutating, it's more like they're . . . regaining some previous form. When their bodies stabilize, the sockets are fused into them near joints and at the nape of the neck. Then, finally, the Antikratos Helm is lowered onto a Titan, screwed into smaller sockets around the circumference of the head.

"As I predicted," Socratoares, the War Philosopher, insists. "They are never in any pain and they are completely healthy after the 'breeding.' I know not how all of it works, so if there are any redundancies we could cut from the process—for example, some of those sockets don't seem to have any use at the moment . . . I couldn't, in good conscience, tell you what would happen if we removed them. All in all, this is no more or less humane than you taking them out to battle." He is clearly irritated by your implication that he has treated the Titans badly. "So if we have a problem with this"—he points to the breeding hall—"then we might as well close up shop."

"I'm all for exploring the nature of the Titans," he continues, "and leaving them be once we develop adequate mortal-made substitutes. As it stands today, there is nothing capable of piercing a Primordial's AT field other than a Titan's rage or the 13th Muse. And we're not even close." He gives a heavy sigh. "Besides, the Titans have been preying on mortals since aeons immemorial. Now they're our last line of defense. Don't you think they can give a little back in return? It's their world being destroyed too . . ."

You nod, though all this does not fully dispel your concerns. Every living being has the right to be free. Still, they're animals, not unlike horses or cattle, and you don't have any qualms

domesticating and using those . . . so why does all of this still bother you?

"Can these modifications be removed?" one of you asks as you leave the chamber. "Once there is no need of them?"

Socratoares gives you a puzzled look. He doesn't know. No one does.

Assign the *Dreamwalker III* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan. Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω.

36 Forsaken Aeons

You arrive at the dig site early in the morning, and you're almost blinded by the brilliance of reflected sunlight.

"We cleaned it up," the Cyclops guide, Coclymenes, explains. "The relief."

The Spartans uncovered it during a planned excavation of a new River Works canal. Now, as the front lines contract, it has been retaken by the Cyclopes. It is they who have invited you to examine the Relief Triptych.

As you are lowered into the dig on a massive elevator, the sun slowly disappears from you, and with it, its gleam. You begin to make out the details.

The relief was part of some larger structure, possibly a temple. The ruins remind you of the Leleges cities you've seen on your journey through Lakonia, but they are much older and cruder. An early example of the Leleges culture or a remnant of some other, older civilization that interacted with them, sharing their architectural style and technology?

When you disembark, your guide leads you not toward the megalithic relief itself, but to an observation tower erected by the Spartans some distance away. "The relief is too big," explains Coclymenes. "It's best experienced from a certain distance and angle."

You notice the ruins have been vandalized quite recently, most likely by the retreating Spartan army. The relief was also damaged: chipped by some heavy-duty chisels and melted with fire.

"They mined it," Coclymenes says, following your gaze, "because of the metal. It's not bronze, as you might have assumed, but some hephaestum alloy. Very durable. Very valuable."

Hephaestum, here?

You arrive at the observation tower. From this vantage point, the scenes shown on the relief are quite easy to discern.

"This is a chronicle," you guess, seeing the scenes rendered in mental.

"More precisely, a myth. Golden," Coclymenes points to the left side of the relief, then moves right. "Silver. And bronze. The ages, as our ancestors knew them. You can see us there, the One-eyed." He points to the leftmost side. "But there are more. The Six-armed. The Sky People. The Dwellers of the Forest. The Spiral Kin. And more. These are all the Bronze People, it seems." Coclymenes says wistfully. "This was our moment in history. We were there."

In his words, you hear hope and pride, and a little bit of sorrow. We were. But not anymore. The world has turned and all these peoples are either gone or greatly diminished. You think about your own place in this. Is this your time? Or has it passed, unnoticed, unmourned, into the fog of the past?

"And these?" One of you points to the other parts of the relief.

"The Silver Ones who lent their name to a whole age. Scions of Atlas. Deceivers. And there"—he again points to the left side of the monument, most damaged by the Spartan mining—"the Golden People. I cannot tell you much about them. I know there was a mortal empire cast in gold in the deserts of the Far East. Maybe the Golden People originated there?"

"There are beginnings here," one of you muses as they trace the scenes with their gaze, "and heights too. Where are the downfalls?"

Coclymenes nods. "Where, indeed."

Erase 1 Vow mark. Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1. Mark P2.

37 Unyielding

The Triskelion void feels different somehow. Empty. You imagine you're floating in a black sea of nothingness, blind and directionless. Lonely. You don't know how much time passes before you feel a strange pull. Cold, windy. You allow yourself to be drawn in that way, gearning for any kind of connection.

"Huh," a man in thick fur coat says, his words barely audible in the snowstorm. "Would you look at that?"

There are about a dozen similarly clothed individuals here. "The tap is flat," a woman concludes, following the man's gaze. "So it would stop rolling down. How'd he do it?"

"Over a very long span of time," the man says wryly. " Aeons maybe. Each time, he took a piece of the mountain with him until it became flat. Nothing is eternal, it seems, not even eternal punishment."

"Ingenious."

"Shame. And debatable," a third, older woman says, trying to shout over the unrelenting blizzard. "He did get caught again, in a less . . . poetic trap. Where's the rock?"

"He buried it in debris from the dismantled mountain . . . which itself became a mountain. But the Gegeneos Conundrum event unearthed a part of it."

The older woman nods slowly. "Send a team to dig it out, then. We'll—"

You are suddenly yanked out from the vision, a sense of overwhelming dread filling you. Where were you? Who were these people? How did you—

"There was no connection, either to a Titan or anyone else," says the sage monitoring your life signs. "This was not a junction, just you and the Argo. *A recording of some kind?"*

When the Old Priest hears your account, he nods thoughtfully. "I know not those people, but there is enough here to infer who they were talking about. That haunt from another aeon. Sisyphus. This is a harbinger of hardships. But I believe you are ready to face them."

If the Burden is not the Adversary yet, you may willingly replace the Hermesian Pursuer with it (read the *Sinister Awakening* Special Event). If you do so, permanently discard the *Pursuer Imperative* card and gain the *Pursuer Ultimatum* card.

If the Burden is the Adversary, gain 1 Retractable Mechanism or Reliefshell Fragment resource chosen at random. Then, during your next Burden Battle, the Peak is considered to be a Zone 3 from the highest Board Edge.

38 Days of Aeons Past

The sudden cold spell you've been experiencing for the past few days has taken the Argo *by surprise. You've seen hoarfrost build up on the railings. You've noticed your breath becoming visible, condensed. A thick, chilling fog settles over the River Works canal.*

There is not enough winter clothing to go around and many people huddle below deck for warmth. Many don't have that luxury and need to stay at their posts.

As you make your circuit around the Acropolis Deck, to boost the morale and check if everyone is doing fine, you hear an ominous crack in the distance, as if the earth itself is rent asunder.

Everyone stops what they are doing, their eyes glued to the bow of the Argo. *For a moment, nothing happens. Then, an enormous mountain of blackened ice comes into view and you feel you are pulled to port as your massive city-ship tries to make an impossible turn and avoid a head-on collision.*

For a moment it looks like you won't make it. Then the black iceberg passes by the side of the ship, grazing the hull. Snow and broken ice falls down on the deck and people scramble for safety.

You're frozen in place, for in the semi-reflective surface of the ice you see . . . What is that what you see?

A landscape bound by ice. A towering wall of nothingness. Primordials that bend time itself to their will, and the helpless people caught in the chaos, trying to survive. An Aspirant in the shadow of his father. Ever striving, ever failing. Delphi. Then you hear a distant voice, like a still uncertain echo of a future to be.

"You helped me . . . So I have undone the Eschaton . . . reversed the calamity that consumed your world."

And then you are free of the iceberg and the vision passes, leaving only a sense of renewed hope. So there is a way! And if you only remain true to your convictions, you will see your mission realized.

Delphi. Not yet. But soon.

Gain +1 Humanity. Delphians: Diplomacy +1 (for Cycle III). If you gain +2 , gain 1 Sisyphus Tear.

39 Gen 1

You are called to the Last Academy when one of the philosophers studying the phos-written Tome stumbles upon a series of pages relating to the Argo *itself. A few blueprints of the Aeolipilean Engines, bound to work up Alkibiades into a productive frenzy. Nautical maps that will help you navigate the treacherous post-Eschaton waters of Hellas. Records of some of the places the* Argo *visited before it ended up on Kephallonia, priceless, if you can decipher them.*

Your attention is inextricably drawn to an excerpt from a document written in Olympian, so readily available to all who stumble upon it. That document is the Argonautica. It reads: "So it was decided that the crew of the Argo *would be made up of exceptional mortals, of divine, elder or mixed genotypes. Their lineage was important, but so were their exploits, for even a god's offspring can be led astray, while a true hero isn't born, but forged in the Crucible of Life, Hellas itself."*

"Thus, envoys were sent to the far reaches of the world, to invite the mightiest heroes of the time and enlist their help. After hearing what was offered and what was at stake, many agreed on the spot, including the likes of Achilles, Atalanta, Jason, Medea, Nestor and Polla. Others, like Odysseus or the much troubled Herakles, were harder to coerce. Young Theseus refused."

"Initial runs were promising, as the heroes achieved previously unheard of levels of synchronization. They were the ideal Titan partners. However, things soon took a downturn, as the flaws of this approach became apparent."

"Rambunctious and egotistical, the heroes began to pursue their own agendas and perpetuate their own legends in the service of ill-advised visions of grandeur and personal glory, and to fall prey to petty infighting and plain old jealousy. They were too rigidly shaped and too free-willed."

"Thus, it was decided Gen 1 was to be retired and that the initiative should continue in another, bolder direction that promised to bear more productive fruit. Gen 2." The excerpt ends there.

"Argonaut generations," one of you mutters and you look around the room.

Which one were you? Why don't you remember? And who recruited those heroes of old? That Hermes Trismegistus person who the Nietzschean casually connected to the Triskelion? Someone else? For what purpose?

"It's pointless speculation at this point," sighs the Old Priest. "I fear this mystery may take lifetimes to unravel. What I can offer you is words of comfort: you are not rambunctious or egotistical, or vainglorious. Time and time again you have faced impossible choices and made the best of every situation. Your being here is proof of that. What I have seen from you is the best mortality has to offer." He smiles widely, showing a few missing teeth. "So whether you are those heroes befogged or someone else entirely, it doesn't really matter. You are you, and exactly who you're supposed to be. This ship is yours to command and I have faith you will steer it toward a brighter future for all mortals. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

The words of the Old Priest ring true and are of comfort, though you still wonder, who are you? Those heroes? Or Gen 2?

Each Argonaut decides for themselves whether they think they are a Hero of Old or Someone Else Entirely.

For Hero of Old (each hero can be chosen only once), the Argonaut gains a permanent Skill bonus:

Atalanta: +1 Endurance
Jason: +1 Courage
Medea: +1 Will
Nestor: +1 Wisdom
Odysseus: +1 Cunning
Herakles: +1 Fury

For Someone Else Entirely, the Argonaut may gain 1 Mnemos node. Then, they draw a Fated Mnemos card and gain only its Resolved ability, as if they have just resolved it.

40 Song of Life

As you stand on the main catwalk of the Titan Stoa, you are filled with hard-to-describe emotions. This was a long time coming and is long overdue, but you are absolutely sure this is the right call. The Nietzschean might have wanted to divide you with his biting words, but there was truth in them. And truth can hurt, but it can also offer a quiet moment of reevaluation.

The Titans, one of humanity's natural and oldest enemies, have been there for you from the moment you awoke in the Mausoleum. They have worked for you, shielded you, bled for you. And died for you.

They did all that under compulsion from the Antikratos Protocols, the philosophical commands that keep their violent tendencies and destructive nature in check.

However, during your voyages, you witnessed more free-willed Titans behaving against type, unwittingly protecting or even helping mortals. And you have felt them, in the void of the Triskelion, unrefined, animal-like minds, but exhibiting emotion nonetheless. Some of you have grown closer to their Titans, developing a kind of bond, even akin to friendship.

The debt their sacrifices have accrued over the last few years has grown significantly. You feel you cannot amass it in this way forever, you need to give something back.

You look at your Titans, standing tall in the immense corridor of the stoa, connected to their arms so they do not fall during their sleep, or being cleaned, or fed, or treated.

You realize you cannot let them go. Without them, you stand no chance against the Primordials who are ravaging Hellas. Without them, there will be no peace.

But if you are to ask them to risk their necks for you again, you need to allow them to feel.

One of you looks to the Old Priest, who smiles encouragingly. Another gives the sign to Socratoares, the War Philosopher, master of the Antikratos arts. The lean, pale man who orchestrated your anti-Primordial operations has become a whipping boy of late, taking all the heat for the Titans' pitiless treatment, although the blame is yours to share.

He nods and relays the command to his disciples. The stoa is evacuated of all nonessential personnel. The whole Titanokinigos corps has been put on high alert, to act without orders at the first sign of problems.

You hold your breaths and look toward the monitoring lights hung above the Titans' helmeted heads. Red turns to green. Pen after pen.

The Antikratos Protocols are being loosened, subfunctions regulating emotions deactivated. They won't be completely free, but they will be conscious and feeling. A step in the right direction, for each being deserves to appreciate life.

Everyone is tense. You feel your hands go numb on the pommels of your argoxiphi.

The Titans slowly become alert, their movements less sluggish, less dreamlike. As if they are waking up. For a second you think they will lunge forward in a mindless rage. But that moment passes and they raise their heads . . . and howl.

There is no rage in the howl, just sadness, loss and joy. As one after another joins the strange chorus, you smile. The Titans accept your unspoken promise. Suddenly one of your crew joins in, then another and another, and then you feel yourself scream out into the spacious hall, a melancholy hymn.

The song of life.

From this moment onward and across all future Cycles, a new permanent rule goes into effect: when a Titan dies, every other Titan may gain +1 Ω. Replace the 2 *You Live!* Obol cards with the new *You Live!* Obol cards (Secret deck 5, cards 35 and 36): each time a Titan lives through an Obol Draw, they may gain +1 Ω (as noted on the new Obol cards).

Dreams of Pharos

1	Scroll 154251919521199	☐
2	Stele 1562181514265165151612 59	☐
3	Error 201192051562089147192015315135	☐
4	Scroll 1565193812015149	☐
5	Scroll 14523120851419	☐
6	Scroll 208512512575195131691 85	☐
7	Scroll 192513131382522919920	☐
8	Scroll 8518111125191991419	☐
9	Scroll 168118151975145199 19	☐
10	Scroll 142513168315142251875 1435	☐

1 Scroll

154251919521199

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its spacious halls, you feel small and insignificant.

The scroll you find this time looks weatherworn. It tells of Odysseus, the hero of the First Trojan War and disciple of the gods, foolishly drawing Poseidon's ire. For his transgression (not named here), he was doomed to a lifetime of wandering Hellas, never to return home (this was later shortened to ten years). The text does not paint Odysseus as being wronged. It recounts the many adventures he had, the people he met, and the discoveries he made. His voyage has broadened his horizons and when he returned to Ithaca, he could no longer continue in his former role.

It ends with the words: "Odysseus used his time in exile well."

Pharos Delve (14)
Success: Play the next Battle with all BP III cards in the BP deck revealed.
Fail: Lose -1 ✕ or ☠, whichever you have more.

2 Stele

1562181514265165151612 59

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its spacious halls, you note the large doorways, the high, arched ceilings and the wide staircases. Was this place built to accommodate more than mortals?

The stele you find is well-worn and cracked, and the language it is written in—if indeed it is a language at all—completely incomprehensible. There are pictograms though. One depicts what looks like a many-limbed female. Another shows a more broad-shouldered male, bulky and stout, and in it you recognize a Cyclops. Then there are tall, lean, gray figures and bronze-skinned giants, and even what look like winged mortals, harpies perhaps? Above all of them, an equilateral triangle, like the Triskelion, but upside-down, with perpendicular lines coming out of it.

Pharos Delve (14)
Success: Cyclopes: Diplomacy +1.
Fail: Lose -1 Humanity.

3 Error

201192051562089147192015315135

Sunless night and the icebound sea,
The endless cycle
and the endless Fall to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Penitent.
A darkness in the light calls you to the heavens,
The light of the dim,
Pitiless Sun, of doomed incandescence.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it an infinite winter.

You arrive in a city covered in ice and snow, people frozen in motion, birds hanging in the air. Far above you, a structure floats through the heavens. As your gaze follows its arc, it settles on a towering wall of nothingness, stretching into infinity. Your minds reel from the implications.

"You're not supposed to be here yet," a beautiful voice whispers.

Something descends from the sky, tall and lean, in tattered robes, like an acolyte of the Olympians, but giant, larger even than the Titans. Then it spreads its wings and opens its myriad eyes.

Run.

This Pharos Delve is mandatory. Pharos Delve (12)
Success: Escape the time-locked prison. Gain +1 Ψ.
Fail: Immediately go to a LVL 1 Hypertime Oracle Battle (see *Cycle III* book for more details). During the Battle Aftermath, ignore Casualties. Instead, each Argonaut gains +X Ψ, where X is the number of dead Titans.

4 Scroll

1565193812015149

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its dim halls, you meet another, possibly a custodian of the repository. They hand you a brand new papyrus, the ink still wet in places, and hurriedly disappear into a side corridor.

The scroll tells of the destruction of Alexandria. It goes into great detail, meticulously describing all the signs and foreshocks of the impending cataclysm. Birds fleeing. The sea becoming as still as a lake. The night sky darkening, as star after star went out.

The giant shape, unseen yet felt, descending from the sky with the first light of morning.

Flashing through the atmosphere, it exploded in a massive fireball about two and a half leagues above the ground. The blast was around ten thousand times more powerful than a shot from the 13th Muse. The shocked city dwellers who stared at it were blinded instantly. Air temperatures rapidly rose above thirty-six hundred degrees. Clothing and wood immediately burst into flames. Swords, spears, bricks and pottery began to melt. Almost immediately, the entire city was on fire.

Some seconds later, a massive shockwave smashed into the city. Moving at about seven hundred miles per hour, it was more powerful than the worst tornado. The deadly winds ripped through the metropolis, shearing off every building and blowing the jumbled debris inland. None of the three hundred thousand people or any animals within the city survived—their bodies were torn apart and their bones blasted into small fragments.

You look to the horizon. You really don't want to stay here to witness this firsthand.

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Pharos Delve (13)
Success: Gain +1 ⛫.
Fail: Gain +1 ⛬.

5 Scroll

14523120851419

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. You find yourself in an enclosed arboretum. You don't know how you got here. The scrolls strewn around are quickly rotting. You have no idea who left them here. This one tells of an expedition to one of the doomed polis of Hellas, dating the document to the post-Eschaton era.

This polis was particularly affected. Not only was much of the infrastructure destroyed and most of the people killed, but the air and soil were made toxic, unable to sustain life—as we know it. For in this polis, the annihilation had a purpose. It laid the ground for the next aeon. What grows there now, in the absence of its would-be gardeners?

Pharos Delve (14)
Success: Gain +1 ⛫.
Fail: Lose -1 ✕ or ☠, whichever you have more of.

6 Scroll

208512512575195131691 85

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. How did they gather their information, you wonder, on subjects from faraway lands and forgotten ages? And, sometimes, from times that had not yet come to pass . . .

The scroll you find this time is a neatly written record of the late period of the Leleges Empire. Giant, armored, ruthless. What they could, they conquered and enslaved; what they couldn't, they razed and exterminated. Their punishments were as cruel and as elaborate as their caste system was rigid. In the end, they collapsed because of a simple children's game of Red and Blue.

What does that mean, because of a game?

Pharos Delve (15)
Success: Take the *Nietzschean Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 75) and her Summoning token. This is a bonus token that you may use to summon the *Nietzschean Nymph*, but only once. After you summon her, discard her token and card. (It does not return during the next Divine Surge!)
Fail: Lose -3 Humanity.

7 Scroll

192513131382522919920

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its half-lit corridors, you feel like you're being watched, followed even. The scroll you find is a matter-of-fact account of a visit paid to the Alexandrian library by three scholars from Athens.

These wise people were unusually spirited, for philosophers, and were asking about many things, from the Atlantean tekne to the real account of the labors of Herakles and sea level charts. In the end, they were dismissed after some incident in one of the Library's sublevel vaults.

Wait, the Library has a sublevel? Synoikismos.

Pharos Delve (13)
Success: Symmachy: Diplomacy +1.
Fail: Lose -1 Humanity, random applicable Argonaut gains a Fated Mnemos card.

8 Scroll

8518111125191991419

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk through a sunlit stoa, you marvel at a series of bas-reliefs depicting Herakles's feats. The scroll you find is placed on a pedestal at the end of the stoa, and is somewhat of a companion piece to the relief polyptych. It's mostly a record of the hero's less glorious transgressions, focusing more on his extramarital affairs, of which there were many.

Two things of note catch your eye: the various conflicting accounts of Herakles's height and that the document itself was penned by Philoctetes, after the "Downfall."

Pharos Delve (14)
Success: During the next Battle, one chosen Crit Chance adds +1 Power.
Fail: During the next Battle, the first Obol Draw automatically draws a *You Died* Obol card.

9 Scroll

168118151975145199 19

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.

Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its long and winding corridors, you find yourself at a place, where all the paths converge. The document you find is . . . not a scroll at all, but a luminous page, not unlike the Last Tome. As you interact with it, it shows you different plans, charts and equations you have no way of comprehending or memorizing. Finally, on the last page it notes: Daedalus studied the design of the lighthouse to make his own edifice, one that could break the arrow.

Pharos Delve (15)
Success: Play the next Battle with all BP cards in the BP deck revealed.
Fail: Move the Adversary 3 times. If the Adversary is not on the board, spawn it adjacent to the tile the *Argo* is occupying.

10 Scroll

1425131683151422518751435

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos,
of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its splendid galleries, you marvel at the beautiful statues hidden within. Some of these monuments depict the Nymphs, beings who purportedly appeared after the Alexandrian repository of knowledge was destroyed. There is a scroll here, authored by one calling himself the Nymph Sage, who, it seems, is also a frequent guest of the library.
His writing is erratic and hard to parse, more field notes than a proper record. It tells of their encounters with the Nymphs over several years, and their attempts to piece together some unifying theory of their arrival. The notes seem to suggest there is something more beneath the mischief, yet no substantial evidence is ever produced.

You should read the *Nymph Artbook*, it's available online!

Pharos Delve (12)
Success: Recover 1 Nymph Summoning Charge.
Fail: Gain +2 .

Special Events

Bellynaut

However unlikely it is, you have been swallowed by the Chimera and survived to tell the tale. And what a tale it is! You mention it to whomever will listen, whenever you get the chance. Over time, they started to call you a 'Bellynaut' – which seems derogatory, but you make it your own.

Note "Bellynaut" under the Boons Section of your Argonaut Sheet. It gives +1 whenever you attack a Primordial from an internal VP (e.g. when *Absorbed* or in the *Omega Terminus*).

Cruel Aeons

As the Argo *sails through turbulent waters toward Sparta, something feels different. Its crew, from the lowly sailors to the philosophers of the Last Academy and* Argo *Works shipbreakers, to the Argonauts themselves, fresh from their triumph over the vexing Temenos, feel that something is different.*
Or rather, something feels the same. As if you already did all of this. This feeling of déjà vu follows you until your first meeting with the Nietzschean.

You have been redirected to this passage from the Argo Sheet, meaning you've lost at least 1 *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey Cycle II* campaign. Don't despair. The *Argo* is a very special vessel and even defeat isn't absolute. Some things simply endure from campaign to campaign.

For one, the fated boxes you've marked during a previous campaign persist in a new one. These may open completely new story outcomes for you! Also, if you happen upon a hub adventure that only has 1 fated box and it's already marked, if it's not an Alpha or Omega adventure, you may skip it and roll on the table again!

You also get some other boons, knowledge and gear that accumulates from campaign to campaign. In case of added Argo Knowledge, go through the appropriate Inward Odyssey adventures before you begin your campaign.

Depending on the number of fated boxes marked here, you start the campaign with:
One fated box marked: +1 , *Ballista Fire* Technology card, an additional *Puzzle Axe* card, 1 *Isokratos Limiter* card, 1 *Asklepios Node* card.
Two fated boxes marked: Everything above, as well as +1 , *Forced Kratos Cooldown* Technology card, 1 additional *Labyrinth Armor* card, 1 *Mazed Cestus* card, 1 *Covenant* card.
Three fated boxes marked: Everything above, as well as +1 , *Transport Trireme* Technology card, +1 Sisyphus Tear.
Four fated boxes marked: Everything above, as well as +1 .

Important: The Choice Matrix is something that resets with every new repeat campaign. This means that, unlike fated boxes, your Choice Matrix marks do not persist after a game over.

Fate Worse Than Death

The blow didn't kill the Titan, nor did it shatter the Triskelion bond instantly. But the Fates, it seems, weave their tragedies with long threads, and much time can pass between when the pull is made and felt. You and your crew are starting to feel it now, stronger than ever. You brace for the unexpected—as if that can help.

You suffered a *Fate Worse Than Death* Special Event in the last Battle! Now's the time to check what gruesome fate awaits you. Maybe it won't be that bad . . . Roll a d10 and see for yourself:

FATE WORSE THAN DEATH EVENT TABLE

Roll	Effect
1	Your Argonaut dies. Refer to the *Rude Awakening* Special Event.
2	Lose -1 .
3	Permanently lose 1 from your Titan's Loadout.
4	Lose -1 .
5	Gain +1 .
6	Gain a Fated Mnemos card.
7	Lose an additional Titan.
8	Gain +2 .
9	Lose 4 Mortal or 2 Primordial resources per Acclimation.
10	Gain +3 and +3 .

FORGING A MASTERPIECE

So you've elicited the help of the mastercraftess, the Forge Nymph herself? See what wondrous weapon of mass destruction she has helped you to craft!

Roll a d10 and consult the chart:
- 1–3: Context (Secret deck 5, card 56)
- 4–5: Immeasurable Weight (Secret deck 5, card 57)
- 6–7: Red Polis (Secret deck 5, card 55)
- 8–9: Inneblade (Secret deck 5, card 178)
- 10: The End (Secret deck 5, card 54)

Remember: You will lose this card after the next Battle and gain the *Apathy* Fated Mnemos card instead!

If, by some strange twist of fate, you end up using the Forge Nymph in Cycle I, here's the chart to use (later cycles will have their own Forge Nymph special Events to avoid spoilers!):

Cycle I

Roll a d10 and consult the chart:
- 1–2: Ariadne's Goodbye
- 3–4: Gigas
- 5–6: Mazemmer
- 7–8: Pyramidion (Secret deck 5, card 46)
- 9–10: Pyrasklepios (Secret deck 5, card 174)

LEGACY OF THE ONE-EYED

As the battle dust settles and your scavenging teams arrive to scour the battlefield for any resources—including the Cyclonus's formidable combat gear—you notice the beast is not quite dead. Death will claim it, of that you have no doubt, the wounds are too numerous and too severe for even the most talented Titanosklepios healers to mend, yet it clings to life with the tenacity of one who has pierced the veil and knows their time is nigh.

"We . . . deserve this . . ." you hear the beast wheeze between painful breaths. "Redress . . ."

You look at the dying Cyclonus, puzzled. You know these beasts are created from Cyclopes, taken unwillingly and conditioned to become brainless machines of war, and that they sometimes break free of their programming. But this . . .

"Our forefathers," it continues, "the wardens of the Leleges . . . Butchered . . . Whole peoples . . . indiscriminately. The sin . . . is in our . . . blood. Redress . . . This is just redress . . ." With those words on its scarred lips, it dies.

Back on the Argo*, you consider its words. Were their hands bloodied, as the tortured beast seemed to think, or was it just a part of the Nietzschean's brainwashing, making his slaves feel that they deserved it?*

"It was wrong. Regardless of history's course," says the Old Priest sternly, looking at the setting sun, "you are never to blame for your fathers' sins, lest you tread that same beaten path."

From now on, during every Cycle Battle with the Cyclonus, the Argonaut who dealt the Critical Wound gains +1 Ω, +2 Ω if they're junctioning with the Warkeeper Titan. If they use the *Elation* keyword, they can use it to lose -1 Ω (instead of Ambrosia) and place 1 Opening in the Kratos Pool.

REAPED

You lie in your bed, the darkness is oppressive, suffocating. You cannot sleep, yet you cannot truly wake up either. You open and close your eyes repeatedly until you start seeing white dots. You trace their arcs like falling stars. You feel like you're falling too, rapidly gaining speed, unable to slow down or change your course.

For your course has been laid out far in advance, a long way from here, from the Argo*. And now that place is calling to you, beckoning you back. You know you need to go back. You don't truly belong here, among these people. You never did. Your true home lies elsewhere. Your mission . . . is now complete.*

You get out of bed and ready your equipment and anything you'd need on a very long journey.

Serendipitously, you seem to have gathered everything you need, from clothes, to rations, to the Cryptex key. As if . . . as if, over the last few weeks, you've been preparing for this, subconsciously.

You go for your Titan—for it is truly yours—avoiding the guards posted at the stoa, and leave the city-ship before anyone realizes. You know they're waiting for you.

The Argonaut who just resolved their *Sowed* Fated Mnemos abandons the Argo with 1 Titan (Gamechanger, if able), the *Repurposed Cryptex* and the *Conqueror Nail* cards. In game terms, they die, mark G6 and see the *Rude Awakening* Special Event. Remove the *Sowed* Fated Mnemos card permanently from the game (do not put it in the Fated Mnemos deck!).

RELENTLESS ADVERSARY

A familiar shroud of dread falls over you: you are being hunted.

If you haven't beaten the Hermesian Pursuer yet (either you're continuing a Cycle I campaign and haven't faced him in a special Battle or you're starting a fresh Campaign Run), your Adversary will be the Hermesian Pursuer! See the *Cackle* Special Event in the Cycle I Storybook.

If you've beaten the Hermesian Pursuer, your Adversary will be the Burden! See *Sinister Awakening* Special Event below.

RUDE AWAKENING

You thought yourself invincible. You spend bottles submerged in the emerald waters of the Balaneion, safely away from the fight, a disembodied spirit of power and hope, steering a thoughtless avatar of muscle and bone to victory—or death. You have seen countless deaths at this point, from your crewmates to the mighty Titans, to the terrifying Primordials. You've heard their screams, you've felt pangs of sadness, you've said words of farewell. Everything dies.

But you were an Argonaut, the hero, the chosen one awakened from the Mausoleum to control the colossi and steer the course of humanity to a brighter future. Death was something that happened to others. Until today.

"Return from whence you came, brave soul," starts the elegy.

Your body is entombed into the same Mausoleum where it will remain, reunited with the other fallen, until the end of time, or until the nigh impenetrable hull of the Argo *finally gives way.*

All the remaining Argonauts are present, as is the Old Priest and the hundreds of crewmembers who day after day work tirelessly to keep the Argo *going. A quiet hum comes from the depths of the ship, as if even the Titans are joining in the mourning.*

As the elegy dies down, a whooshing sound resonates through the spacious chamber. The Argo *has listened. The* Argo *has awakened a new soul, one who will carry the torch for the fallen.*

Gain +1 . Take a new Argonaut Sheet, draw a new Portrait card (or simply choose a Skill, if you've run out of Portraits!) and a new Mnemos card from the Mnemos Vault. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

SINISTER AWAKENING

You stand at the edge of a peculiar rut, like a dry riverbed, but much more symmetrical, seemingly dug by a giant machina. The gorge spans many leagues, disappearing into the horizon. Where it cuts through forests, a flattened landscape welcomes you, as if after an avalanche. Where it encounters towns . . . Indiscriminate carnage, buildings razed to the ground and dried red smears are all that is left. If there were any survivors, they have fled.

"It's rotating," muses Alkibiades, looking at the rut with a worried expression, and you give him a perplexed look. "Its movement. Not only a forward motion, but also a rotation around its axis. That's why the gorge is so deep and symmetrical. It's a sphere."

"Like . . . a giant ball?" One of you points to the sun.

"If the sun dripped ambrosia," Alkibiades adds, pointing to the black stains marking the northern wall of the rut in regular intervals. "It exudes it from an asymmetrical orifice in its structure."

"So it has awakened." You're surprised to hear the Old Priest's voice here, so far from the Argo*. His foreboding tone is even more ominous than usual. "The ancient burden from a forgotten aeon."*

"You know who made this?"

"What. It is the Doom of Sisyphus, the Black Rock. It seems"—he chuckles weakly—"we're making a name for ourselves. We've just finally thrown the Hermesian Pursuer from our backs and now a new, more powerful foe stalks us. Now this monstrosity is your Burden to bear. May you fare better than poor Sisyphus."

Spawn the Burden 4 tiles away from the *Argo* (or as far from the *Argo* as possible). Add the Cycle-specific *Cackle* Exploration card to the Exploration deck (and remove the previous *Cackle* Exploration card, if it's still there). Refer to the Adversary Rules for more information.

THE HEEL

As you dance around the Nietzschean, though you are many and he is only one, you feel small and outmatched. Though he is larger, he moves much more swiftly. His attacks flow from one to the other in a nigh unstoppable flurry.

What hope have you against this monster?

And then you see an opening, a tiny fault in his technique, a barely noticeable limp and a minuscule weak spot. One of the muscles, or maybe a tendon, torn and never fully healed properly, a crack in the Nietzschean's perfect form, your chance to deal a crippling blow.

You make your approach. You pass the impregnable defense and then you strike true with all your might!

A clang resounds, as your weapon hits not the tender weak point you were expecting, but a near-indestructible ambrosia plate, dense as the hardest alloy.

The skull-like face of the monster turns just a little, so it can see you in the corner of its eye—if it had eyes—and you swear the boney grin mocks you.

Were you mistaken? Is his form truly perfect? You swear you saw something in each of his attacks . . .

You don't have time to analyze your misstep, as the monster bears down on you with a vicious counterattack.

Surely there is some weak point, you saw it! Still, the Nietzschean performs Signature against the Attacker.

THE STRAND

Your strike connects with the Nietzschean's formidable frame, shattering the hard obsidian skin and rending the flesh in twain until, finally, you draw blackish blood. As it gushes over you, crippling fear takes you, sounds become distant and muffled and you gasp for air as if you are drowning.

As you keep sinking in that feeling of hopelessness, recounting all your faults and failings, unearthing all the fears and anxieties about yourself and your mission that you've been trying to bury, you notice it: a thin sliver of darkness darker even than the black ambrosia that surrounds it. True, absolute blackness. A strand of a giant fleece, nestled among the bulging muscles of the monster like some kind of parasitic worm.

Just a strand.

You feel its sightless gaze burrow deep inside you, looking for any and all signs of weakness and doubt it can exploit. Feeding off you.

It shows you a vision of a dark, deep trench, far below the Great Sea's surface, where truth, death and your odyssey's end await.

"But not today," you manage to wheeze. The vision shatters and your confidence returns.

Focus on the present; worry about the future when it arrives.

Gain +1 Ω and 1 Despair token (see Cycle I rules). Until the end of this Battle, each of your attacks gains +1 . Name the Titan you were junctioning with and note it on your Argonaut Sheet. While you are junctioning with that Titan, you gain Ambrosia Limit +1.

R&R Adventures

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1 Artiazein

The stress of war has been getting to you lately, so the invitation couldn't have come at a better time. The Old Priest leads you deeper into the Argo, *past familiar corridors and rooms. You have sailed on this ship for what seems like years now and yet it still holds so many secrets.*

Like the gambling den you are brought into. Tables upon tables set up in elaborate patterns that would give the Labyrinth a run for its money, dice and coins glittering under the warm light of torches like miniature suns. Mysterious yet enticing. You see drachmas exchange hands as people groan or grin, depending on the whims of the Moirai. Once in a while, a table will explode with laughter, its wave crashing over you.

The Old Priest smiles. "Everyone needs to unwind. It keeps the crew happy and all that money they're using . . . in Eschaton Hellas, it's useless anyway."

Your gaze sweeps the room. Dice and coins. Heads and tails. Easy games of luck . . . There! You see someone grab a handful of chicken bones in their hand. It's pretty simple. You just have to guess if the number of objects is odd or even.

Everyone gathers around you, anticipation rising, as the dealer takes several small items from the table, this time mostly coins. He closes his hands before anyone can count the objects.

"Even or odd? What's your bet?" He grins.

Each Argonaut wagers 1 Ω, 2 A or 3 Ψ, then rolls on the following table:

1–5: *You guessed wrong! The anticipation of victory deflates and everyone returns to their games. The Old Priest pats you on the shoulder. "You can't win every time." You had a fifty-fifty chance anyway.* Subtract -1 Ψ.

6+: *When you win, the cheers are deafening. Who would have thought a simple guessing game could send people into a frenzy? But as long as they are happy, you can take loud screams for one night.* Modify your Triskelion by your wager, either adding or subtracting its value.

Regardless of the results, *you can't tell if your pockets are lighter or heavier by the end of the night, but you don't care. You had fun. You had some laughs. Morale is high and the war raging outside somehow more bearable. The Old Priest was right: it's important to unwind from time to time.* Subtract -2 V.

2 The Chiton Thief

It has come to your attention that chitons are going missing. Let it sink in: someone is stealing woolen tunics. And the person who seems to lose the most, on a regular basis actually, is Amompharetos, *one of the carpenters of the* Argo, *and a close associate of Alkibiades. Frustrated beyond measure, he has asked you to catch the thief before he finds himself with nothing to wear.*

"We'll find them," you assure Amompharetos, suppressing the smiles creeping onto your faces. "Theft is a serious crime."

The investigation leads you to something called the laundry deck. Huh. You always thought clean laundry just appeared, yet another mystery of the Argo. *The more you know . . .*

You thoroughly interview the last few people who did the laundry, learning a surprising amount of useless information about fabrics, but none of them seem to have seen anything. They just take the laundry, wash it and leave it to dry. Your cue to leave arrives in the form of an old lady of Corinthian descent threatening you with her sandal.

"If you don't like us doing it, you should do the washing yourselves!"

This sends chills down your spines. Suddenly, the investigation heats up. There are stakes now.

People know it, too. Stares—and smirks—follow you wherever you go. Every lead turns into a dead end. It seems it won't be easy to find the underwear, erm, chiton thief, after all.

There are no witnesses. Amompharetos is counting on you. You're counting on not having to do your own laundry. Perhaps a stakeout is in order?

Now, according to the Pharos Delve Rules (see rulebook), you'll start your investigation.

Investigation (13)
Incorrect Conclusion: See 21.
Correct Conclusion: See 22.

21 Incorrect Conclusion

As you wait outside of Amompharetos's sleeping area, you suddenly hear children. They barrel into the corridor, chasing each other, wooden xiphi in their hands and makeshift capes around their necks.

Fluttering as they run. Capes . . . that look suspiciously like chitons.

The children deny it, of course, and your scolding chases them away. They won't be playing around the sleeping quarters anymore.

Whether the children were truly responsible, you will never know, but the stealing stops afterward and Amompharetos can stop worrying, safe in the knowledge his dignity will be covered. And you won't have to do laundry!

Subtract -2 V.

22 Correct Conclusion

It seems your investigation is finally paying off! The trail leads you to . . . the Titan Stoa?

Dumbfounded, you enter as silently as you can, already picturing one of the crewmates hiding the clothes away as a prank. Despicable. You have finally found the thief! Justice will prevail! Everything will go back to normal! Laundry will arrive at your doorstep as magically as before.

And yet, there is no one else here, no one caring for the Titans and specifically no one stashing stolen chitons away. But you do notice something. A flash of white in the corner of your eye.

A chiton.

A Titan is pressing it against its face.

"Is it . . . nuzzling it?" one of you whispers.

It is quite the sight, to see such a big creature holding something so small so delicately, cooing and smiling and . . . sniffing it? Apparently, it likes the smell of freshly cleaned chiton. You all do. As you look past the Titan, you find the rest of the chitons, a veritable mountain of them! Mount Chiton. The Titan must've slept on it, like a god of old.

You don't dare interrupt it. At least you have found the thief. You let Amompharetos know about this new development and caution the laundry deck about the cute Titan menace.

Gain +1 Titan. Name the Titan.

3 Falling Stars

The astronomers aboard the Argo *are adamant: the meteor shower will happen tonight. Excitement rises as the day progresses. Grins are contagious and you find yourselves laughing with the crew at their silly antics. Children are seen running between decks, playing gods and Eschaton, of all games, and the many cooks of the city-ship are working overtime, prepare festive foods. Even the Titans seem to be in a good mood.*

"I don't think I've ever taken the time to watch such a spectacle," the Old Priest says as you join the crowd on the upper deck. "Not since . . ."

It's in moments like these that you are reminded of how many people are counting on you. So many families live on the Argo, *so many men and women working in the shadows to keep the ship running. Always making sure there are bandages for the wounded, food for the hungry, shelter for the weary. So many jobs in need of doing, so many everyday tasks. You have never taken your crew for granted, but sometimes you forget how many of them there are. And still, it all works like a well-oiled machine.*

The crowd pushes on and people set up ladders to climb to the roofs of the many buildings atop the Acropolis Deck. You help the Old Priest to climb as well.

"Old bones," he jokes as he sits down on a corner of a roof. "Believe me, when I was your age, I used to get up to all sorts of adventures." There is a spark in his eyes as he turns his face toward the dark sky.

At first, nothing happens. Then something zips past from left to right, a thin ray of light so quick it's gone with a blink. Chattering turns into gasps and the crowd goes silent in anticipation.

Then it happens again. And again and again, until the whole sky is lit up with those needles of light. People cheer and you share their joy and excitement. The smell of delicious foods wafts in the air as the cooks pass the dishes around: fruits, salads, pies, fish and assorted meats. You haven't felt this happy in a while.

Eventually, the spectacle ends. Plates are emptied and washed. But the joy lasts well into the night. And when you finally go to bed and close your eyes, you still see the falling stars arc the heavens, their brief passage imprinted in your souls for the rest of your lives.

Gain +1 ⛫. Each Argonaut can lose their *Consumed by Rage* Affliction (if they have it).

4 The New Muse

When you return from your latest mission, there is someone else waiting for you next to the Old Priest. A peculiar man in a gray chiton who looks at you excitedly. "Oh my, this is impressive!" He all but lunges at you, then starts circling you like a hawk. But this hawk is not interested in its next meal, oh no, this is a hawk of a higher order, an even higher calling. That of Art, with a capital A. "The splatter of blood, the drops of sweat, the ripped clothing! Oh, this is amazing!"

You can't tell what bothers you more: the ogling, the Old Priest's amused smile or the weirdness of the whole situation.

"Where are my manners?" the man says. "I am Montonas, but please call me Monty! I have been a sculptor all my life, but alas! The Eschaton killed my muse! Quite literally." There is so much heartache and tension in his voice, you might consider him for a role in the next argotragedy. Shit, the Old Priest's disposition has rubbed off on you and now you're doing the 'argo-' thing.

"Nothing I create is of any value whatsoever anymore! My art has lost its grace and beauty! I am but a shadow of a sculpture of a painting of a shadow of my former self! Gone is the gods' blessing upon my hands!" Yep, definitely fit for a drama. Monty suddenly turns toward you as you turn to leave. "But you, Argonauts! You have given me passion! You have rekindled my old artist's flame! I can feel it burning! Scorching the loins of my creativity! I must *sculpt! And who better to be a model for my grand return than you?" He points at one of you. "Yes, you! Such perfect angles and curves, a regal posture! The golden ratio! Ah yes, we must go now! Inspiration does not wait! I must strike while it's here!"*

Choose a random Argonaut, preferably the one who is the most artsy-fartsy of you. You have been chosen as the sculptor's new muse! Only you can make the following choice:

1. *A statue representing you in all your glory . . . You can already see it. You will be immortalized for eternity! The first Argonaut who got a statue! That is, if your comrades stop laughing at you. They're just jealous that they haven't been chosen!* Agree to be the muse and be immortalized in stone forever. Lose -1 Ψ. **See 43.**

2. *You've got better things to do than pose for a statue that will probably not turn out great anyway. Like a bath. A bath sounds great right about now. But who knows how the sculptor will react? He seems pretty desperate.* Refuse to be the muse and go take a bath instead. Lose -1 A. **See 44.**

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As soon as you agree, Monty drags you away into the depths of the Argo *while the rest of you laugh so hard your bellies hurt.*

Minutes turn to hours to the rhythmic chink chink of Monty's tools working the stone. He also hums. He seems so happy you don't have the heart to be upset at him and you hold your pose even though your whole body hurts, your bladder demands release and you suspect it'll turn into a Pandora's situation when it eventually does. You start questioning your life choices.

You keep thinking about that bath. Perhaps there will be enough hot water left once you're done.

"Aaaaaaand done!" Monty eventually says. You feel as if you've aged a few years. All your joints creak as you untangle yourself from the pose. What you'd give to sleep for another ten years! A bath. You need it desperately now. The dried blood and grime feel like a second skin and their grossness makes you want to scratch.

You are about to grumble a goodbye and leave, when Monty asks, "Don't you want to see it?"

No, no you don't. But you will anyway, because you might as well.

So you look and . . . it takes your breath away. Here you stand, taller and proud than ever, sword raised and shield drawn, a fierce and magnificent look on your face. All your emotions, fear, courage, doubt and eventual triumph rendered in lifelike detail. The pose is regal and powerful at the same time. A statue worthy of a demigod.

Your tears are all Monty accepts as payment as he bows proudly.

Gain +1 V. Permanent boon: Gain +1 Courage every time you exclaim to the other players in a confident, yet flamboyant voice: *"I am a muse!"* (once per Battle or adventure).

44

No matter how much Monty begs, you refuse to pose and instead leave to get that bath.

But Monty, just like you on the battlefield, doesn't relent. He spies on you from around corners, a sketching pad in his hands. This quickly becomes a running joke on the whole city-ship. Every time Monty appears, there is laughter and finger-pointing. Pointing at you, obviously. No matter where you go, he always finds you. You start to worry that one day you'll wake up and find him standing above you, sketching you in your sleep. Maybe you should have agreed to it after all . . .

But then, one day, he is gone. The constant chink chink of his tools on the stone echoing through the lower decks is the only proof that he is still alive in his cabin.

Days pass and you forget all about it. Life goes on.

Until Monty shows up again, all bright smiles and covered in dust. "You have to see it!" he says. You don't like the crazy look in his eyes, but follow him anyway. Sniggers accompany you through the corridors.

The statue is . . . well, interesting, to say the least.

The proportions are all wrong. Your chest is huge while your hands and feet are tiny in comparison. You look like a strange balloon, lifting a sword in the air and holding your shield close to your side. What is the expression Monty tried to recreate here? Divine constipation? How could it have turned out so wrong?

A small crowd has gathered and laughter fills the room. Monty doesn't seem to notice. It's . . . not a good statue, but you can see the effort he put into it. You clasp his shoulders and thank him for his work as the laughter grows louder and louder.

At least you helped an old sculptor find inspiration again.

Gain +1 V. Permanent boon: Another Argonaut can gain +1 Courage if he points at you and exclaims: *"Pocket-sized Achilles!"* (once per Battle or adventure).

5 The Diogenes Method

You return from the field, tired but happy everyone made it back in one piece. As you leave the Excursion Propylon, you are puzzled to see a naked man—except for a minuscule amphora hanging around his neck—tending to the argoxiphi rack. You're not sure you'd want to handle sharp objects au naturel, but you'd be the last to judge, so you shrug and move to more pressing matters.

However, over the next few days, you see more and more of this sort of . . . distraction.

"What is this, erotica for potters?" you finally ask, when a wizened old man wearing a small pithos barrel riddled with holes—and covering absolutely no part of the one thing that should have been covered—kneels before you, looking for something on the ground.

The wizened geezer straightens up, smiles with a smile as riddled with holes as his pitiful barrel, raises his index finger and says, "Diogenes!" As if that is supposed to explain everything. What is he even looking for on the ground? His lost dignity?

You demand answers and you demand them now.

"It seems," explains Peleona, one of the scholars from the Last Academy, sitting comfortably on a klismos chair, "some of the crew have fallen for a fad."

"What do you mean some?" one of you exclaims. "I can see your butt cheeks!"

"Well, yes, that is an unfortunate side effect. As Diogenes said, the artificial growth of society is incompatible with happiness and morality implies a return to the simplicity of nature. Thus, we reject them and feel happier for it. Only wearing pithos barrels, or local substitutes, is allowed."

You look at each other, at a complete loss. It's always the same thing, isn't it? Some radical, hip new philosopher rolls onto the Argo *and suddenly everyone is jumping on one leg with lettuce on their heads. Enlightenment!*

"People are urinating on the Acropolis Deck!"

"They have to go somewhere."

"Maybe you forgot, but we're at war!" one of you finally bursts out. And then you see something in the woman's eyes. An indescribable sorrow and a need to escape so great . . .

But there is no escape from the Argo*, a floating nation besieged on all sides by an overwhelming force that wants nothing more than to crush it. Suddenly, the need to get away from it all seems all too understandable.*

You sigh, but it's a sigh of relief. This Diogenes Method is just another fad. It'll go away in a week, just like that whole lettuce thing and those turtle and hare races before that. Let the people have their release.

Next day, as you stand on the Acropolis Deck, watching the sunset in nothing but broken pithos barrels, you feel good about yourselves. Breezy too.

Gain +1 ✕ or subtract -1 ⛛. One Argonaut can gain the *Diogenes's Diehard* boon: During Battle, if your Titan isn't wearing any *Armor* ⛨, gain +1 Courage.

6 The Argonaut Epic

Since last year, when you put out your version of Aristophanes's Lysistrata, the Argo *Theater Society has been steadily growing, and thankfully it doesn't require volunteers from the crew anymore. No more wearing dresses and stupid masks!*

However, this time around danger comes from another, unexpected angle. The Society, having learned the ropes of classics, wants to stage a totally original play. The Argonaut Epic, Part One of Five.

This would have been fine. If they'd asked you for permission. If they hadn't actually started performing it in secret a few weeks ago. And if it was at least a somewhat accurate account of what actually happened.

Instead, what you got was "Four Argonauts for the Five Princelings." In the story, as you travel the maligned lands of Crete, fighting Temenos (the costume doesn't resemble the original at all, which is appalling, seeing that you've got the actual Temenos carcass below deck), you also romance the princes and princesses of Crete. It's a complicated love nonagon and a hilarious comedy of errors. It ends with a triple wedding.

"This is bull."

"The bull actually got cut," says one of the poets working on the play. "No dramatic tension."

"None of this happened!" one of you breaks down and yells, but the poet remains unfazed. He must be accustomed to dealing with drama queens.

"Listen, Argonauts. The story is based on your exploits, but this is our interpretation of the events, you know? It's how we feel about it. It's true to that feeling and that is the only thing that matters, right, to be true to yourself. Besides, it's all about subverting expectations."

"Like when people expect to see what actually happened?"

"Exactly. Now, if you'll excuse me, we've got the Pursuer dance number to rehearse."

And then they just leave. And that's that, no moral to the story at all, no payoff, no revelation. The play will go on, and you will go on with your lives knowing someone on the Argo *thinks you four share a very small, very comfortable bed.*

Two Argonauts can move 1 Mnemos node from one of their Mnemos cards to another of their Mnemos cards. Lose -2 ⛛.

7 An Augean Quandary

The deckhands of the Cleanup Enōmotia pace worriedly outside of the heavy bronze gate that leads into the Titan Stoa, gnawing on fingernails, rubbing their foreheads, shaking their heads. It's that dreaded time again, you realize. Too late to back away.

"Ah, um . . . Argonauts. I'm glad you could make it. It . . ."

"We know. It has happened again." You stop them in midsentence. You feel it. In your nostrils.

The captain of the Enōmotia simply nods and gives the order to the bravest of deckhands. They push the small doors to the stoa open, one of them gesturing for you to step inside.

"Vile." You recoil as you look into the very black heart of the abyss.

"It must've been something they ate," the Enōmotia captain volunteers, as if that would make this any better. It doesn't.

"It always is . . ." you whisper ominously, taking in the utter desolation. A wall of muggy, thick air chokes the nostrils and clogs the throat. It wafts, like an evil spirit. And there, among the vapors, flies swarming around it, night soil men's nightmare, a titanic midden heap, what looks like a decades-worth of refuse piled into a mountain range, darker than black ambrosia itself.

"The Nietzschean's banquet," another one murmurs.

"Can't we just throw it overboard?" yet another of your number asks, trying desperately to hold onto their last meal.

"The philosophers told us that may be a bad idea. Many Lakonians rely on the Great River Works for their drinking water, and if we foul the waters in our wake . . ."

Alliances broken. Water supply contaminated like after an ambrosia spill. However, something must be done. Now.

"Suggestions?"

Choose:

1. *The Nietzschean has done enough damage to the land. The vile leavings of the Titans could be of great value to the farmers of Lakonia, and perhaps you can use it to negotiate a fair exchange.* Trade the Titan waste with the Helot farmers. Helots: Diplomacy +1.

2. *You cannot count the number of times you have been navigating a dark corridor and stubbed a toe, or banged your shins on a crate. The* Argo *could become more self-sufficient by utilizing this monstrous by-product of your towering Titans' indigestion. You'll just have to get used to the . . . unique smell.* Start to use the Titan waste as a fuel source aboard the *Argo*. Gain +1 and a smell.

3. *This is war! Roll it into giant dungballs. Load the 13th Muse. Fire on the closest Spartan Stronghold. Let them feel the burn!* Ignore the penalty incurred by the next ⚠ tile you visit during the **Voyage Phase**.

8 Pictophong Hunt

A new craze has taken over the Argo*.*

Small, cute creatures have been seen wandering the decks and for some reason everyone wants to catch them all. Some call them pictophongs, for their curious flat shapes. Others prefer the name 'argomons,' because, well, you know how the naming convention on the Argo *goes when you let the Old Priest decide. The scholars from the Last Academy speculate—if they aren't currently searching the lower decks for a rare shiny Temenose—that they are the same creatures the first philosopher, Pythagoras, described in his works on metempsychosis. Others disagree.*

"It doesn't really matter what they're called!" one of you says, ending the quarrel on the Acropolis Deck. "I saw the Buburden first!"

No one is immune to their cuteness. Not even you.

Gain +1 Defector. Also, here are two of the pictophongs, choose one to catch:

Temenose will let 1 Argonaut heal 1 Affliction.

Buburden will give 1 Argonaut 2 Fated Mnemos nodes.

More pictophongs may hide in other AT:O materials, try to catch them all!

9 Denialwatchers

"You know what?" asks the pale middle-aged man sitting on an upturned bucket.

"What?" answers another similarly dispositioned crewmember.

"This whole war with the Nietzschean," he whispers conspiratorially, "is a false-flag operation."

"They're using fake flags now? Bastards . . ."

"What? No! Oblivios, what even . . . No. What I mean is," the man's voice becomes hushed again, "the war. It's staged. All of it. So they can restrict us to the lower decks and ration our food!"

"Are you sure?" asks the newest member of the club, Karena. "I saw the Nietzschean monster with my very eyes."

"It's all a ruse. Smoke and mirrors. Ask yourself this: if the Nietzschean is a man, why doesn't he just turn into a bigger version of himself? Why the need for an ape-like body, black skin, and the frankly ridiculous skull? Isn't that a bit . . . excessive? It's because they can't fake a real mortal at that scale, that's why!"

"But he moved so realistically . . ." Karena muses.

"Clever ropes and pulleys system. Three Titans are operating it, one standing on the shoulder of another."

"I thought the Titans were made up too, Damianos."

The man called Damianos squints, a pained expression on his face, as if he is attempting to untie the Gordian Knot with his toes. "Yes . . . but no. But yes. You see, they're actually pulled out of the ground by Titanoagrotis teams, like turnips . . ."

And so it goes.

Gain +1 Titan.

10 For the Fallen

There is a wall in the Second Deck cargo hold, just outside of the Excursion Propylon, that has become dented from repeated Titan punches—banging the wall is your good luck ritual before every mission.

One day, an oil lamp appears there, with the words "for them" scribbled in white chalk across the wall. Then another lamp appears, and another. By the end of the week there are two dozen, different sizes and shapes and flames. The inscription, too, is replicated, sometimes clearly by a person who doesn't know how to write. Yet the meaning is clear.

Titans stop banging on the wall as they enter the Propylon, and more oil lamps follow. One day a brazier appears, and then another, and another.

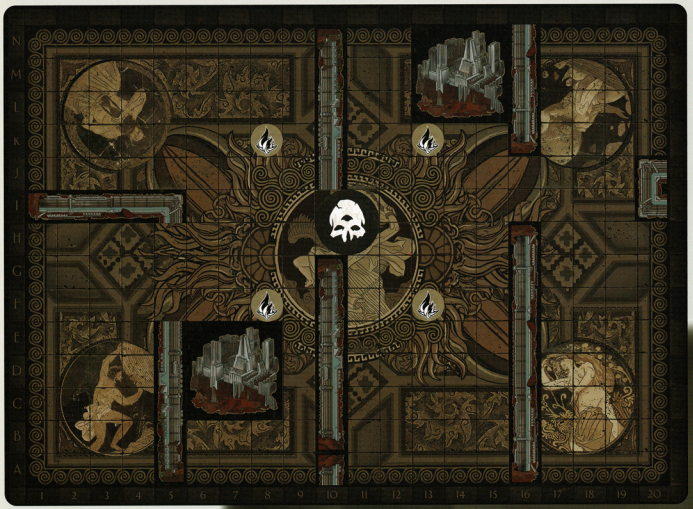
And soon, the wall is festooned with inscriptions, big and small, and floral wreaths, illuminated by a legion of lamps. One for each crewmember who does not return.

As you approach the wall, you feel your eyes water. Emotions so rarely displayed are bubbling to the surface. Everybody has lost someone at this point, and no one seems to be forgotten.

So you light your lamps for those who served you completely and until the end. Whose deaths you often lived through, to carry those memories until you too pass. For the Titans.

Gain +1 ⛛.

Cyclonus Battle



Required tiles:

- 3x Spartan River Works 1x5
- 4x Spartan River Works 1x4
- 5x Spartan River Works 1x1
- 2x Fortified City

Introduction:

This monstrosity was a feeling, thinking being once, a Cyclops of the highlands. A shepherd or stonemason perhaps. Now it is the Nietzschean's will made manifest.

Its hands have been cut and replaced with maces, for it can only make war. Its body has been festooned with prisoner cages, for the weak will suffer the most. Its head has been crowned with an iron helm, so the Argonauts can see through their folly.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Cyclonus miniature on the indicated space in the center of the board, determine facing direction.

3. **Evolution:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Cyclonus Evolution track. This box indicates the Cyclonus's level during this battle.

4. **Additional Setup:** Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Aftermath:

Victory: The Primordial is slain. Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Defeat: All Titans died. Gain +1 . Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Retreat: Possible (2+ Titans died). Gain +1 . Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 .

Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Cyclonus Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Voyage: Shuffle Exploration cards removed until the next Timeline Battle back into the Exploration deck.

Chimera Metastasios Battle

Required tiles:

LEVEL 1–2

- 4x Column
- 2x Ambrosia Pool
- 2x Fortified City

Required tiles:

LEVEL 3+

- 7x Column
- 5x Ambrosia Pool
- 2x Fortified City
- 2x Spartan River Works 1x4
- 2x Spartan River Works 1x5

Additional Terrain rules:
Disable the Indestructible keyword on Spartan River Works tiles.

Introduction:

Chimera Metastasios is what happens when you store too much volatile black ambrosia and too many monster parts in one place. It is a gelatinous mass that consumes everything it comes into contact with—flesh, wood, metal, even stone. Hunger is all it knows, so it's drawn to cities, cemeteries and battlefields. For such an enormous creature, it is also great at hiding. It uses ruins as a shell and camouflage and moves under the cover of night. A creeping acropolis that can crush you and everything you loved in your sleep, in a matter of moments.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Chimera Metastasios miniature on the indicated space in the center of the board, determine facing direction.

3. **Evolution:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Chimera Metastasios Evolution track. This box indicates the Chimera's level during this battle.

4. **Additional Setup:** Place the Absorbed Status card and the *Three-headed Monstrosity* Special Attack card near the Primordial Sheet. Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Victory Conditions:

Victory: The Chimera is slain. Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Defeat: All Titans died. Gain +1 . Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Retreat: Possible (2+ Titans died). Gain +1 . Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 .

Resources: Gain 1 Chimera Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card. Gain resources based on the number of Wounds in the Regular Wound Stack, then count the number of bonus cards, cross-checking the Secondary Wound Stack and the Regular Wound Stack. Refer to the tables below:

LVL 1

Regular Wound Stack	Secondary Wound Stack	Bonus cards			Core
		BP1	BP2	BP3	
6	6	1	2	1	+
7+	6	1	1	1	+
7	5	0	1	1	-
8	5-	0	0	1	-
9	5-	0	1	0	-
10	4-	0	0	0	-
11+(cap)	3-	0	0	0	-

Bonus Resources Calculation Example: If you have finished a LVL 1 Battle with 6 Wounds in the Secondary Wound Stack and 7 Wounds in the Regular Wound Stack, you resolve the "6/7+" row (first check the number of Wounds in the Secondary Stack, then go down the Regular Wounds column; this means the Secondary Stack is more valuable!). Shuffle the BP discard into the BP deck. Randomly draw one BP1, one BP2 and one BP3 from the BP deck and add them to the Regular Wound Stack as resources. If there aren't enough cards in the BP deck, draw them from the Escalation decks instead. If all cards of a given level are already in the Regular Wound Stack and you are instructed to add more, then add cards of a level one higher instead. Then gain resources from all cards in the Regular Wound Stack as normal and **gain an additional** Chimera Core!

LVL 2

Regular Wound Stack	Secondary Wound Stack	Bonus cards			Core
		BP1	BP2	BP3	
7	7	0	2	1	+
8+	7	0	1	1	+
8	6	0	0	1	-
9	6-	0	1	0	-
10	6-	0	0	0	-
11+	5-	0	0	0	-

LVL 3

Regular Wound Stack	Secondary Wound Stack	Bonus cards			Core
		BP1	BP2	BP3	
8	8	0	1	1	+
9+	8	0	0	1	+
9	7	0	1	0	-
10	7-	0	0	0	-
11	7-	0	0	0	-

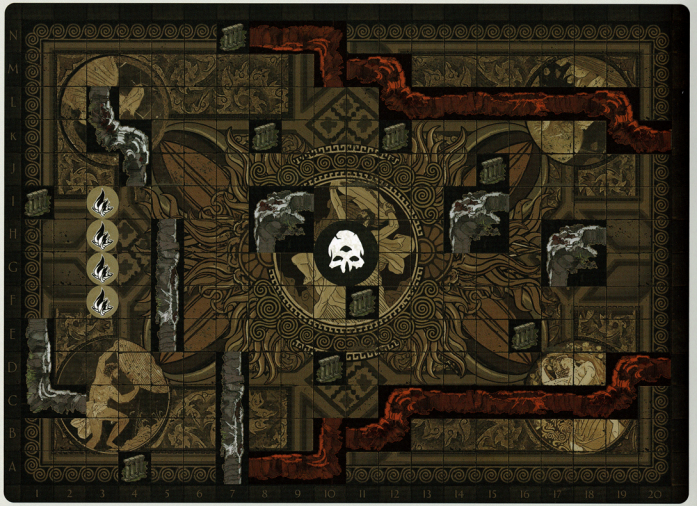
LVL 4

Regular Wound Stack	Secondary Wound Stack	Bonus cards			Core
		BP1	BP2	BP3	
8	8	0	1	1	+
9+	8	0	0	1	+
9	7	0	1	0	-
10	7-	0	0	0	-
11	7-	0	0	0	-

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Voyage: Shuffle Exploration cards removed until the next Timeline Battle back into the Exploration deck.

Burden Battle



Required tiles:

- 9x Column
- 3x Small Cliff L
- 5x Small Cliff Z
- 4x Small Cliff I
- 3x Large Cliff O

Additional Terrain rules:
Cliff tiles marked as red on the diagram have the Board Edge keyword and cannot be moved through.
During this Battle treat Columns as having the Indestructible keyword.

Introduction:

What have you done? You think killing the Hermesian Pursuer was the end of it? It was the beginning! You have awakened an evil, old and malicious. It tormented Sisyphus for all eternity. Sisyphus may be gone, but his Burden isn't. It will follow you to the ends of the Earth and make sure all your victories, all that you've reclaimed, all that you've achieved, is undone.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Burden miniature on the space indicated in the diagram, facing the most Titans.

3. **Battle track:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Burden Battle Track. Skip this step if there are no empty boxes. Burden doesn't evolve and is always considered to be LVL 1.

4. **Additional Setup:** Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Additional Rules:

Forsaken Mountain: The Battle Board represents a slippery Mountain Slope. For the purposes of this Battle, treat the Right Board Edge as the Top Board Edge and the Left Board Edge as the Bottom Board Edge. A Titan or Primordial is considered to be **above** another game element if they are in a higher column of the Board (closer to the Top Board Edge) than this element. Conversely, Game Elements are considered to be **below** another game element if they are in a lower column of the Board.

Top Board Edge is the Titan's goal in this Battle. When a Titan reaches any of the spaces adjacent to the Top Board Edge (column 20), they are immediately removed from the Battle Board and are not considered as taking part in this Battle.

Bottom Board Edge is Boundless. All Knockbacks, Kickbacks and Displacements must happen towards the Bottom Board Edge (if possible) and can never happen towards the Top Board Edge.

Tethered: Titans are tethered with ropes. They cannot move in a way that would cause them to be more than 10 spaces (counting around Obstacles) away from the closest Titan above and below them (unless there is no other Titan above/below).

This limitation applies to involuntary movement. If a Titan would be involuntarily moved more than 10 spaces away from the closest Titan above or below, this involuntary movement immediately stops.

If due to Titan death or any other effect tethered Titans end up more than 10 spaces from one another, these Titans can only move towards one another until they adhere to the limitations above. At the end of the Titan Round, if there are any Titans that are more than 10 spaces away from the Titans above or below them, kill Titans until all remaining Titans adhere to the limitations.

Victory Conditions:

Victory: Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Burden Battle track, the Argonauts may win as soon as:

Boxes	
1	One Titan reaches the Peak (the board column with the highest number).
2	Two Titans reach the Peak.
3	Three Titans reach the Peak.
4+	Four Titans reach the Peak.

When this happens, you may proceed to **Victory (Reached the Peak)** or continue the Battle. If you decide to continue the Battle, you cannot change your mind. You can win only if the Burden is slain. When this happens, proceed to **Victory (Killed the Burden)**.

Defeat: Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Burden Battle Track, the Argonauts are defeated as soon as:

Boxes	
1	1 Titan dies
2	2 Titans die
3	3 Titans die
4+	All Titans die

When this happens or all remaining Titans die, proceed to **Defeat**.

Retreat: Impossible. Trying to run with this rolling monstrosity at your backs would be suicide. You cannot retreat from this Battle.

Peak Resources: Gain additional resources depending on the number of Titans that have successfully reached the Peak:

Titans	
1	4 Retractable Mechanisms, 2 Reliefshell Fragments
2	6 Retractable Mechanisms, 5 Reliefshell Fragments
3	10 Retractable Mechanisms, 7 Reliefshell Fragments
4	13 Retractable Mechanisms, 10 Reliefshell Fragments

Pitiful: If the Battle was lost with 1 or less Argo-bred Titan participating (2 or less, if fought in Cycle III+), kill 1 random Argo-bred Titan that did not participate. You cannot use a Pygmalion Stone to save this Titan and it does not grant a Pygmalion Stone mark.

Burden Sighting: If this is your first Battle with the Burden, add the *Burden Sighting* Technology card to your Projects and gain +1 .

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens on Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

AFTERMATH

Victory (Reached the Peak)

Defeating this monstrosity seems impossible—but that isn't your true goal here, is it? You withstand its fury and the wrath of the mountain, as much your enemy as the Burden, and reach the peak. As soon as you do, the Primordial leaves, as if banished by some higher power.
See **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Defeat

Now you know why Sisyphus wept. You weep too, broken and despairing. And he did this for an eternity. That is your only hope: the legendary Greater Titan is nowhere to be found, seemingly free from his Burden, one way or another. Maybe you too will make it, one day.

Fruitless Memories: Random Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node for their Mnemos card with the most nodes. If this concludes the Mnemos, taking the option that leads to a new Argonaut being introduced to the Argo costs +1 .
Then, see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Victory (Killed the Burden)

The giant ball of anguish, harbinger of failure, recoils and takes a few shaky steps back, the monster's spindly mechanical legs suddenly too weak to sustain its weight. This is it! Now's the time to push forward!

Sisyphus's Secrets: Gain +1 (only the first time you win).

True Torment: From this point on, during Burden Battles in the current Cycle, Burden has the *Burden Hardest to Bear* Trait (Secret deck 10, card 109). Put a mark by its Battle Track to note this. Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties (ignoring Peak Resources)**, then the story continues: **See 0259 in the Cycle II Main Story Section**.

Rewards & Penalties:

Lucid Dream: Add a *Dream of Pharos* Event to the Timeline 2 days from now.

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 .

Resources: Gain resources from wounded BPs. Gain 1 Burden Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.

The Cruel Lesson Battle

Required tiles:

- 2x Fortified City
- 1x Argo Hull 1x4
- 2x Argo Hull 1x5
- 3x Spartan River Works 1x5
- 2x Spartan River Works 1x4
- 2x Spartan River Works 1x1

Introduction:

The skull-faced monstrosity is the mortal Nietzschean's shadow. His will made flesh, black and repugnant, his wrath burning like an everlasting pyre. Towering over even the mightiest of Titans, untouchable, radiating the pure, unadulterated power of manhood.

He has come to you to administer his cruel lesson and show you the path to the salvation of humanity: strength unshackled. For you are either the Blade or for the Blade. Do not disappoint him.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Nietzschean miniature on the space indicated in the diagram, facing the most Titans.

3. **Battle track:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Nietzschean Battle Track. Skip this step if there are no empty boxes. The Nietzschean doesn't evolve and is always considered to be LVL 1.

4. **Additional Setup:** Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Victory Conditions:

During your first Battle, remember to check the Special story passage when it triggers (see below).

Victory (Show Me Your Power): You must impress the Nietzschean by performing an Attack of a given Total Power (it doesn't matter if that Attack wounded a BP or not). Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Nietzschean Battle Track, the Argonauts may win as soon as:

Boxes	
1	You perform an Attack that deals 8 Total Power. **When you perform this attack, see 0011.**
2	You perform an Attack that deals 9 Total Power.
3	You perform an Attack that deals 10 Total Power.
4+	You perform an Attack that deals 11 Total Power

When this happens, you may proceed to **Aftermath (Show Me Your Power).** You may, however, continue the Battle. If you do, you may only declare a win according to the win condition of a higher order (i.e., treat it as if you had 1 more marked box on the Nietzschean Battle Track). If you deal 12 Wounds and slay the Nietzschean—are you sure you haven't misread a rule or cheated?—proceed to **Victory (Killed the Nietzschean).**

Defeat: Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Nietzschean Battle Track, the Argonauts are defeated as soon as:

Boxes	
1	The Nietzschean kills one Titan. **When he kills the Titan, see 0012.**
2	The Nietzschean kills two Titans.
3	The Nietzschean kills three Titans.
4+	The Nietzschean kills all Titans.

When this happens, proceed to **Defeat.**

Retreat: Impossible. You must face him. Someone has to. You cannot retreat from this Battle.

AFTERMATH

Victory (Show Me Your Power)

The Nietzschean monster stands there silently, its unseeing gaze washing over you like a tide. It slowly nods in approval. You have passed. This time.

If this was your first Cruel Lesson Battle, check if you went through either 0011 or 0012 story passage (see Victory Conditions above).

A Fleeting Dream: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.

Then, **see Rewards & Penalties** below.

Defeat

The Nietzschean monsters turns away from you, its seeming dismissal a sign you have failed to meet the barest of his expectations—and paid a price for it. Will you fare better next time?

If this was your first Nietzschean Battle, check if you went through either 0011 or 0012 story passage (see Victory Conditions above).
Doom: Gain +1 .

Then, **see Rewards & Penalties** below.

Victory (Killed the Nietzschean)

Inconceivable.

Are you sure? Maybe you were playing incorrectly? Have you been using the Combo system? That's a lot of attacks. ... If you're still here and still sure you defeated him, immediately **proceed to 0270.**

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 .

Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. Gain 1 Nietzschean Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card. Gain additional resources depending on the number of dealt Wounds:

Wounds	Resources
4	1 Living Abyss
5	2 Living Abyss and 1 Chimeric Tar, Supersolid Relief Mass, Black Chain or Cyclopean Metal resource
6	3 Living Abyss and 1 Chimeric Tar, Supersolid Relief Mass, Black Chain or Cyclopean Metal resource
7	4 Living Abyss and 2 Chimeric Tar, Supersolid Relief Mass, Black Chain or Cyclopean Metal resources, as well as the *Nietzschean Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 6, card 75)
8	5 Living Abyss and 2 Chimeric Tar, Supersolid Relief Mass, Black Chain or Cyclopean Metal resources
9	6 Living Abyss and 3 Chimeric Tar, Supersolid Relief Mass, Black Chain or Cyclopean Metal resources
10+	7 Living Abyss and 3 Chimeric Tar, Supersolid Relief Mass, Black Chain or Cyclopean Metal resources, as well as *The End* card (Secret deck 5, card 54).

Pitiful: If the Battle was lost with 1 or less Argo-bred Titans participating, kill 1 random Argo-bred Titan that did not participate. You cannot use a Pygmalion Stone to save this Titan and it does not grant a Pygmalion Stone mark.

Nietzschean Sighting: If this is your first Battle with the Nietzschean, gain the *Nietzschean Sighting* Technology card.

Death Would Be a Release: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Titans 'killed' in this Battle are not dead. The Nietzschean merely cripples them. Those Titans cannot be used in Battles and cannot be lost to effects (for all intents and purposes they are dead), they simply take up space in the Titan Stoa. Note: these Titans are not taken into account when checking if you're able to breed a given class of Argo-bred Titans, but cannot be lost through any effect.

Story Continues: See the noted paragraph. If no paragraph was noted, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

What Are You? Battle

Required tiles:

- 3x Fortified City
- 1x Argo Hull 1x4
- 2x Argo Hull 1x5
- 3x Spartan River Works 1x5
- 5x Spartan River Works 1x4
- 4x Small River Works 1x1
- 1x Graveyard of the Frail

Introduction:

The Nietzschean must be stopped at all costs.

It has all led to this moment. What are you? No escapes, no mercy expected. If you lose this Battle, you lose the campaign. If you win, you overthrow the tyrant.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Nietzschean miniature on the space indicated in the diagram, facing the most Titans.

3. **Additional Setup:** The Nietzschean gains the *Ticking Clock* Trait card (Secret deck 4, card 37). Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Special Setup:

Faction Cities: Each City tile on the Battle Board corresponds to a different Faction and benefits from that Factions Diplomacy bonus (see diagram for details).

Story card rules: Story card 4B introduces several rules that affect this Battle, it also includes the Battle Track that should be used in conjunction with those rules. So, during Battle Setup, place the Story card 4B near the Battle Board and refer to it when needed. The rules on the card are: **Darkest Hour**, **The Sea of People, Ties that Bind** and **Time and Edge**.

Other Specific Rules: This is a very complex Battle. Further instructions will be introduced as it unfolds, be on the lookout!

Times Story Events: Also, when one of the **markers** reaches the indicated space on the Battle Track (see Time and Edge) or you've dealt the 12th Wound to the Nietzschean, it immediately triggers a corresponding story paragraph (pause the Battle and read it immediately!):

Time 1	**see 0212**
Time 2	**see 0213**
Edge 6+	**see 0214**
Time 3	**see 0217**
Time 4	**see 0220**
Edge 10+	**see 0222**
12th Wound dealt	**see 0224**

The Battle commences: Got all that? Good. Before you begin, **see 0211**.

Victory Conditions:

Victory: The Nietzschean is slain. *It seems impossible to achieve. Is it? All. For. One.*

Defeat: All Titans died. Game over, **see 0246**.

Retreat: Impossible.

Aeon Trespass

Argo Sheet
Cycle II: Abysswatchers

Argo Fate — /9 — If 10 or more, see 0251

Argo Knowledge

Story Card | Doom Card | Map Tile

Humanity | Defectors

Hull 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 — If 0 or less, see 0248

Crew 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 — If 0 or less, see 0249

AA Limit

Titan Limit /

Titans

Godforms

Summons — Summon Limit

Evolution Track

	Timeline Battles									
Cyclonus	I	I	II	II	III	III	IV	IV	IV	
Chimera Metastasios	I		II		III	IV	IV			

Boss Primordial

Nietzschean 1 2 3 4

Adversary

1 2 3 4 5

Adventure Tracks

- Consider the Ant: α Ω
- The Other Thermopylae: α Ω
- From the Ashes: α Ω
- Intended Purpose: α Ω
- Misery Industry: α Ω
- Parable of the Butterfly: α Ω
- Truth to Weakness: α Ω
- When the Land Meets the Sea: α Ω

Diplomacy Tracks

	Hidden (-1)	Distrustful (+0)	Friendly (+1)	Allied (+2)
Helots — When Allied, see 0289	0 +1 +2	+3 +4 +5 +6	+7 +8 +9 +10 +11	+12 +13 +14 +15
Cyclopes — When Allied, see 0373	0 +1 +2	+3 +4 +5 +6	+7 +8 +9 +10 +11	+12 +13 +14 +15
Symmachy — When Allied, see 0290	0 +1 +2	+3 +4 +5 +6	+7 +8 +9 +10 +11	+12 +13 +14 +15

Cargo Hold

Mortal	Primordial			
War Trireme	Fear Essence	Maze Fragment	Cyclopean Metal	Black Chain
Relief	Chimeric Tar	Supersolid Relief-Mass	Living Abyss	Skin of Malice
War Machine	Grotesque Beak	Powdered Matter	Retractable Mechanism	Reliefshell Fragment
	Violent Ambrosia	Cores		

Hidden Hold

Divine: Priests | Sisyphus Tears | Pygmalion Stones | Rare Resources

Map

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Choice Matrix

A1	A2	A3	A4	A5	A6	A7	A8	A9	A10	A11	A12
B1	B2	B3	B4	B5	B6	B7	B8	B9	B10	B11	B12
C1	C2	C3	C4	C5	C6	C7	C8	C9	C10	C11	C12
D1	D2	D3	D4	D5	D6	D7	D8	D9	D10	D11	D12
E1	E2	E3	E4	E5	E6	E7	E8	E9	E10	E11	E12
F1	F2	F3	F4	F5	F6	F7	F8	F9	F10	F11	F12
G1	G2	G3	G4	G5	G6	G7	G8	G9	G10	G11	G12
H1	H2	H3	H4	H5	H6	H7	H8	H9	H10	H11	H12
I1	I2	I3	I4	I5	I6	I7	I8	I9	I10	I11	I12
J1	J2	J3	J4	J5	J6	J7	J8	J9	J10	J11	J12
K1	K2	K3	K4	K5	K6	K7	K8	K9	K10	K11	K12
L1	L2	L3	L4	L5	L6	L7	L8	L9	L10	L11	L12
M1	M2	M3	M4	M5	M6	M7	M8	M9	M10	M11	M12
N1	N2	N3	N4	N5	N6	N7	N8	N9	N10	N11	N12
O1	O2	O3	O4	O5	O6	O7	O8	O9	O10	O11	O12
P1	P2	P3	P4	P5	P6	P7	P8	P9	P10	P11	P12
Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5	Q6	Q7	Q8	Q9	Q10	Q11	Q12
R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	R7	R8	R9	R10	R11	R12
S1	S2	S3	S4	S5	S6	S7	S8	S9	S10	S11	S12
T1	T2	T3	T4	T5	T6	T7	T8	T9	T10	T11	T12
U1	U2	U3	U4	U5	U6	U7	U8	U9	U10	U11	U12
V1	V2	V3	V4	V5	V6	V7	V8	V9	V10	V11	V12
W1	W2	W3	W4	W5	W6	W7	W8	W9	W10	W11	W12
X1	X2	X3	X4	X5	X6	X7	X8	X9	X10	X11	X12
Y1	Y2	Y3	Y4	Y5	Y6	Y7	Y8	Y9	Y10	Y11	Y12
Z1	Z2	Z3	Z4	Z5	Z6	Z7	Z8	Z9	Z10	Z11	Z12
AA1	AA2	AA3	AA4	AA5	AA6	AA7	AA8	AA9	AA10	AA11	AA12
BB1	BB2	BB3	BB4	BB5	BB6	BB7	BB8	BB9	BB10	BB11	BB12

Boons, Afflictions, Notes

Voyage Timeline

00 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80

Relentless Adversary Special Event

Accumulation A: 7, 8, 13, 16, 19 — 14, 29, 30, 11, 12, 22

Accumulation B: 13, 1, 3, 9, 5 — 28, 10, 16, 27, 15

Accumulation C: 1, 2, 4, 6, 17, 18, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 31, 33, 34, 36, 37, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46

Pygmalion Track